

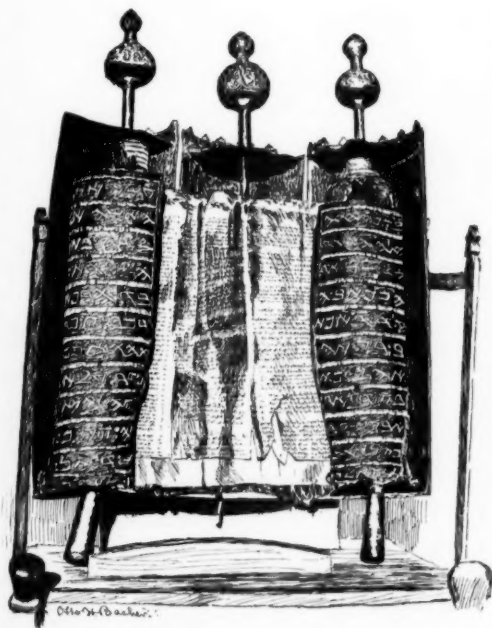
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 2.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.



THE ROLL OF THE LAW.

THE first impressions of the Sea of Galilee should be gained from the town of Safed. The point of view there is 3000 feet high and affords a nature-drawn topographical map of the whole of the sea, from north to south, from east to west. Sunken amid the encircling hills to a depth of 1659 feet, the sea is like a deep-cut intaglio,—harp-shaped, smooth, and glittering. Every incision contributing to the changing outlines of the water marks the en-

trance of some plunging torrent or the termination of a winding wady or valley.

Every valley remaining upon the Galilean shores may be exactly located. The place where the Jordan enters the lake at the north, and where it makes its departure at the south, may also be plainly discerned. Far to the north lies the long Mount Hermon range, cloud-capped and snowy.

Between Safed and the sea there is a tract of country richer in romantic scenery and holding wider interest than any other part of the region of Galilee. On the score of natural beauty the Sea of Galilee is by no means remarkable. Its mountains are high enough to be attractive, but they are even-topped and monotonous when compared with the bold outlines, the isolated domes and peaks, among which the Swiss, Scotch, and American lakes nestle. The bare rocks, meadowless inclines, and treeless shores of Galilee again place it at a disadvantage. Yet all who view it are charmed with it.

In the little life which now pervades its shores, one may daily see repeated the references made to it by the simple records of the evangelist,—

the casting of nets; the abundant supply of fish; the scattered flocks; the sheep which follow the good shepherd; the lilies of the field, in abundance; the sea, often tempestuous, and all the old-time natural surroundings. But the evidences that art once lent its generous and powerful aid to make the shores of Galilee one of the garden spots of the world are now but few, and hard to find. War, pestilence, earthquake, time, have all contributed to the surrounding scenes of ruin. The eastern side is now infested by

Bedouins whose homes are among the ruins of Bozrah, and who are as remorseless invaders as any who lived in the time of Gideon.

The western coast was once inhabited by a hardy race of mountaineers,—an energetic, remarkable people, despised by the Jews, but preferred by Christ,—industrious, skillful, and valorous, ready to muster at a time one hundred thousand men to defend Galilee against the Romans. Now there remains only a comparatively desolate waste, with but a few hamlets, in place of the once densely populated region. Since the interest held by this locality is due to the residence of Jesus in Capernaum, and since within view of the Sea of Galilee the sacred events took place which are now studied in every Christian country, a brief reference to national affairs as they then existed may perhaps be of interest.

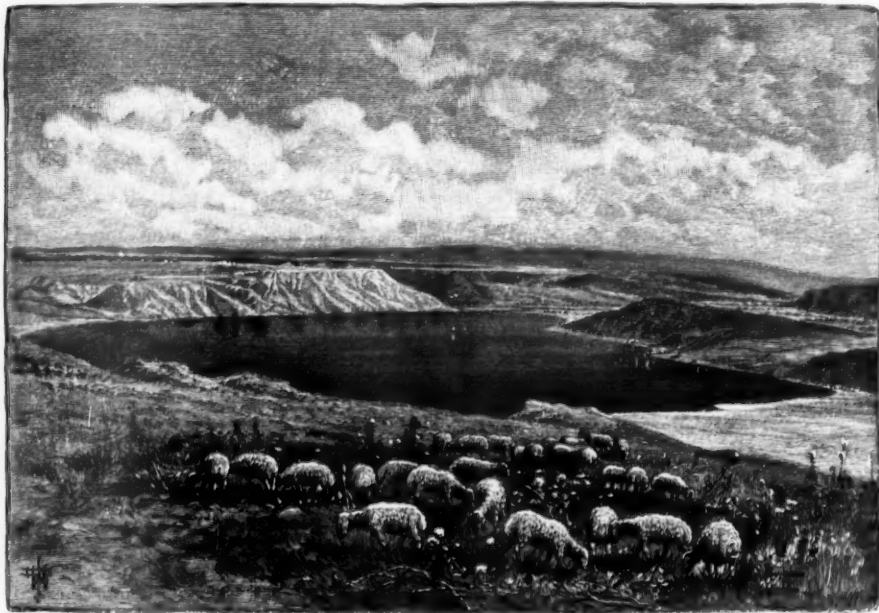
The government was Roman. Herod Antipas was the civil ruler to whom Jesus was subject. During the years when the Great Teacher resided with his parents in Nazareth, the whole country was in a state of expectation, apprehension, and excitement. The Jews chafed under the Roman yoke, and caught at every sign which gave hope of the coming of the promised Messiah. The trumpet-like tones of the Pharisees were heard daily at every market-place appealing to Jehovah for the release of the people "left of God." The synagogues were razed to the ground, though many

talents were offered to the treasury of the empire to ransom them. Scenes of tumult and confusion, involving Roman, Greek, and Jew, were of frequent occurrence.

"Sweep down the rebel! Crush him to earth!" was often the command given to the Roman horse, as amid the clang of trumpets they swept along after the terrified and retreating crowds; or, again, "Come on, men of Israel—for the Lord and Judea!" rang out with desperate bravery the Jewish cry, as the Romans and the Greeks approached, ready to sell their lives for Cæsar. Dreadful was the slaughter, and horrible were the acts of tyranny. But they only served to strengthen the hope and renew the expectation of the early coming of the Messiah to restore abridged liberty and to bring release from wanton and unbearable cruelty, as had been spoken by the prophets.

During the waiting of this oppressed people, so ready always to receive the promised Deliverer with acclamations of welcome, false prophets appeared. They caused hearts to beat with new hope, and sword and spear to be grasped ready for combat in their cause. But such impostors arose only to be rejected and driven away or crucified. At last John came.

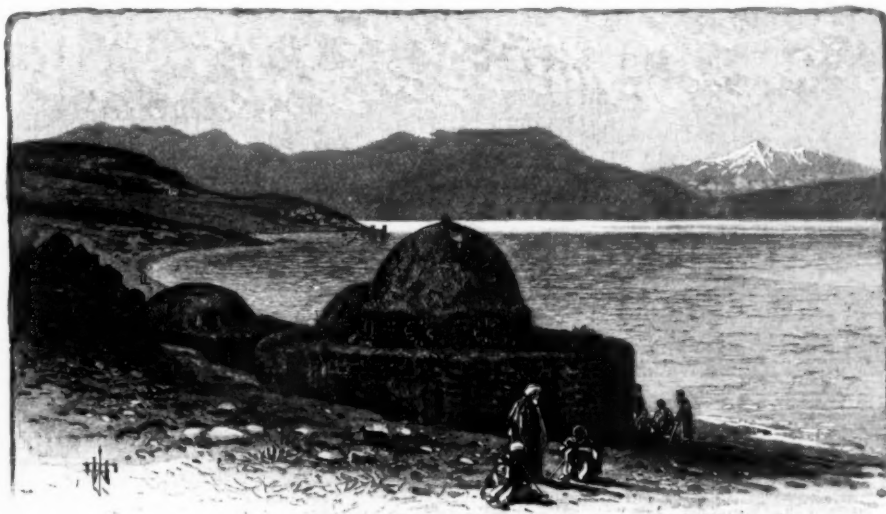
From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, "Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."



THE SEA OF GALILEE, FROM SAFED.

At that time the palatial residence and capital of Herod Antipas was at Tiberias, named thus after his friend and patron the emperor Tiberius. Herod spared neither art nor treas-

to grow up in a night. Merchants, travelers, and sojourners came from the east, the west, and the south to barter, to bathe, and to buy; and the native Galileans were put to shame before



THE WARM BATHS OF TIBERIAS.

ure to make the place worthy of his throne and his palace. By generous grants of land and immunity from taxation, and by expending large sums of money in enhancing the attractions of Tiberias, Herod induced Gentiles of great wealth to gather around him. Amphitheaters, baths, and temples were constructed on a grand scale. Groves were cut down to make room for costly works of art, that Tiberias might gain the reputation of being "the center of Roman civilization,—the Athens of the East." It became also a noted health-resort, because the extensive hot-springs close by drew many a distinguished dweller to the political and courtly center. New towns and cities sprang up along the shores of the sea and upon the neighboring hills, until a large number, rich and populous, could be seen from the pinnacle of the temple. The rich architecture of the Jewish synagogues was eclipsed by the airy columns, vast courts, and long-reaching colonnades of the heathen temples.

As the Pharisee stood at the sixth hour upon the portico of the synagogue and prayed, he was disturbed by the sounds of the hammer and chisel of the Greek artisan, shaping the marble images of the gods for the stupendous Roman shrine opposite. Villas with tropical gardens, new streets and thoroughfares, seemed

the strangers because compelled by Herod to be his builders.

"The Sea of Galilee was a focus of life and activity." Numerous ships and boats sailed upon it. Its quays were dotted here and there with the booths of the humble fishermen from whom Jesus chose his disciples. There were but few idlers there. Creeds multiplied, and disputes followed—in the houses of worship, in the market-places, and in the homes. Proficiency, splendor, conceit, arrogance, bigotry, and skepticism grew apace.

The Roman ruler even conspired against his home government and aspired to be "The King of the Jews." Stores of arms were gathered, and soldiers were secretly enlisted to fight for his cause. The "Israelite indeed" was waiting and watching, and ready to welcome the true Messiah; so that Jesus was, in the main, well received by the people among whom he dwelt.

About this tiny inland Sea of Galilee, seventeen miles long, and from six to nine miles broad, and environed by the retiring hills, during three years the most sacred scenes of history were enacted—scenes which still make this the most sacred of all localities.

Sir John Mandeville, one of the earliest travelers who makes record (A. D. 1322), thus quaintly describes the region:



EXIT OF THE JORDAN FROM THE SEA OF GALILEE.

"Upon the Sea (of Galilee Tyberie or Jenazareth) went oure Lord drye feet; and there he toke up Seynte Petir when he began to drench within the see, and seyde to him, *Molice Fidei, quare dubitasti?* and after his Resurrexioun, oure Lord appered on that See to his Disciples, and bad hem fyssche and filled alle the nett full of gret Fisshes. In that See rowed oure Lord often tyme; and there he called to hym, Seynt Petir, Seynt Andrew, Seynt James, and Seynt John, the sons of Zebedee.

"In that city of Tyberie is the Table, upon the which oure Lord cete upon with his Disciples, after his Resurrexioun, and thei knewen him in brekyng of Bred as the Gospelle seythe: *et cognoverunt eum in fractione Panis*. And nyghe that Cytee of Tyberie is the Hille where oure Lord fed 5 thousand persons, with 5 barley Loves and 2 Fisshes. In that Cytee cast an brennyng Dart in wratthe afir our Lord, and the Hed smot in to the Erthe, and wax grene, and it growed to a gret Tree; and zit it growethe, and the Bark thereof is alle lyke Coles. . . . Fast beside is Capharnaum; that Contree is clept the Gallilee of Folke (Gentiles) that were taken to Tribute of Sabulon and Neptalym."

The horseback ride from Safed to the shore of the Sea of Galilee requires of an interested traveler five or six hours. It can be "done" in one-half that time. As the descent over the winding, rocky road is made, the water is soon partly hidden from view, and is frequently altogether out of sight. The crater-like depression seems to deepen; the mountains round about appear to grow higher and to fall back farther from the shores. The last thousand feet are through narrow, rocky pathways of steep descent, which lead one to the shore

near the hot-springs below Tiberias. A large structure is located there, into which come pouring from the mountain-side four impulsive streams of hot, sulphurous water, the bulk of which is arrested by a canal and led into a huge basin. The overflow empties into the lake.

Pilgrims come from all quarters of the globe to end their days at the holy city of Tiberias, and meanwhile endeavor to prolong life by bathing in the water of these springs. The greater number are Jews, and they may be seen straggling along the beach at all hours, on the way to the baths. The afflicted either plunge or are helped into the basin, and remain there many hours. The air is suffocating; the scene is pitiful and sickening.

The only point of interest south of the baths, on the western shore, is where the Jordan, having passed through the sea, makes its departure, and follows on southward, now through fertile meadows, now between the hills which border it. A ford is there. Formerly there was a bridge, with a long, extended causeway. A great sea-wall kept the turbulent waters under control. Even now the Jordan often plunges and swirls as though maddened by the interruption of the lake, and drives hastily onward, only to be intercepted again and forever brought to a stand-still by the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Mounds of rub-

bish abound at this southern extremity of the lake, telling where a Phenician fortress and the Roman city of Tarichea, numbering about forty thousand inhabitants, stood. Here, too, was the great fishing-port where the navy

safety except in turning back. Fortunate is the navigator who is not defeated, in the effort to land again, by the mountains of spray and foam that sport with the rude boat as if it were but a palm-branch.

Again, an excursion may be easily made early in the morning, when the water is as still as death, and all on the western shore is reflected — doubled



TIBERIAS, FROM THE SOUTH.

was organized. One crossing the river at this point would find an interesting excursion up the valley of the Yarmuk as far as where it breaks forth from the bosom of the mountains of Gilead and Jaulán. But our interest at present lies northward, and we turn back.

A small, rude stone pier reaches a few feet out into the sea, near the hot-springs. There the masters of the one or two boats which comprise the present navy of Galilee land their freight of fish and arrange for excursions. A boat-ride affords ocular demonstration of the sudden and remarkable meteorological changes which take place. The water may be calm and placid when the departure is made, but before the boat is half a mile off shore the wind may rise, and the water become so perturbed that there is no



TIBERIAS, FROM THE NORTH.

and inverted in the calm surface of the sea. During the night of such a day the wind may tear the tent-pins from the sand and throw the tents down upon the head of the trustful traveler with a crash. Frequently a cold hail-storm accompanies the wind, sending home the lesson of man's weakness at such times of turbulence and terror.

The towns on the Sea of Galilee that are inhabited are still farther north. The first one reached is Tiberias, discovered by the tall minaret of its mosque and the round towers of its southern wall. The first Christian church is said to have been built on this spot by Con-



A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

stantine in the fourth century, and was called St. Peter's. Justinian rebuilt the walls of the city. It was sacked in the seventh century by Caliph Omar; in the twelfth, by Saladin. Then the real ruin began. The splendid palaces, churches, and synagogues began to crumble, and finally an earthquake completed the devastation. An atmosphere of desolation hangs about the place like a chilly fog.

Hebron, Jerusalem, Safed, and Tiberias became the "holy cities" of the Jews after the Roman persecution had ceased somewhat. The Sanhedrim was at Tiberias for a number

of years. cage, muttering and gesturing, some chiming in a high key, or imitating the blasts of a trombone through the hands. Some weep as they frantically throw up their arms; others kiss their phylacteries as they fold and unfold them about the left arm and the head; others march around and beat time with their hands and feet. Any reference to the coming of the Messiah excites them to frenzy.

Little else remains in Tiberias to interest the student. Relics of the past are found intermingled with the necessities of the present. Disks cut from the syenite columns of



BETHSAIDA WEST.

of years. Thirteen synagogues were here at one time, each one having a school connected with it as certainly as the present churches have their Sunday-schools. A Jewish school of languages became the center of the Jewish faith. To learn Hebrew from a rabbi of Tiberias is even yet considered a great privilege.

The old synagogue carries one back a thousand years. Its roof is supported by stone arches and columns. In the center is a great cage-like inclosure, constructed of wood which is dried and twisted by centuries of exposure, but yet as sound as when hewed from the log. This is the reading-place. Ascending the steps which lead to the interior, the rabbi opens the scroll and begins to teach and intone. The assembled congregation walk around the

the old temple serve as millstones to grind barley for the sons of Mohammed; fine old porphyry columns are thrown upon the ground and hollowed out for public horse-troughs; threshing-floors are paved with bits of frieze chiseled after Grecian designs paid for by Herod Antipas.

The cattle are slaughtered in the public thoroughfares; the streets are hopelessly filthy; the bazars are unattractive; the people are depressed; and, as the dragoman tells us, "the king of the fleas" resides here. Yet here come the pilgrim Jews to die, in order that their bones may rest close to the tombs of their wise men who have gone before; some declare that here the Messiah will appear.

From Tiberias the ride along the lake shore



MAGDALA.

to Magdala is a lovely one. The face of the lake may be viewed its whole length. Now, instead of being covered with sand and gravel or tiny shells, the beach is more rocky, and here and there a cliff reaches out to the shore—sometimes so tumbling its black, basaltic débris into the water that the horses must step into the lake to pass by the obstructions. Now the path again ascends. The shores are either marshy or so overgrown with thistles and reeds as to make travel impossible. On each side, the soft colors of the cliff—yellow and white and red—remind the traveler that he is in the Orient.

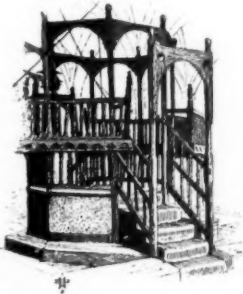
Again the path changes towards the lake and descends to El-Mejdel, or Magdala, the "Watch-tower." The poor, squalid little town, hugged in behind its low wall, seems to have crept down to the shore in self-defense to escape the suffocating heat of the cliff reflected upon it as from a fiery furnace. Magdala has but a single palm, but its view of the sea is sublime.



BOWERS ON THE HOUSE-TOPS, MAGDALA.

From its old-time "Watch-tower" nearly the whole expanse of the plain of Gennesaret may be viewed. The inhabitants are wont to erect bowers—or arbors of palm-leaves and oleander bushes upon their house-tops. In these they dwell during the hot season to escape the heat and to catch the breeze; in the wet season also they resort to them to get away from the scorpion and the centipede. The men and women of Magdala are the farmers of the plain of Gennesaret, and there enact over and over again "the parable of the sower." They look as though they never saw a whole happy day.

Magdala is at the southern border of the plain. It must have been an important place in its best days. It was and is one of the halting-places on the caravan road leading from Jerusalem to Damascus, Bagdad, and Nineveh. The walk from Magdala to Khan Minyeh is one of the most interesting and enjoyable in all Palestine. On the left is the wide plain of Gennesaret, dotted here and there with the picturesque people plowing and pushing their phlegmatic teams. Beyond is the deep wady El-Hamam, which leads towards the "Horns of Hattin," the "Mount of Beatitudes." On



READING-PLACE IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT TIBERIAS.
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the right is the sea, with all its attendant charms. Turn as you will, the view is sublime.

Soon, now, an entirely new feature breaks the landscape. The plain comes to a sudden termination, and a great black cliff rises in the way. A stream comes hurrying down the incline toward the sea, and the clatter of a mill-wheel disturbs the stillness. The voice of the turtle is heard here and there coming up

Minyeh, is, however, deemed by many modern scholars the site of Capernaum. Devout pilgrims believe that the ruins of a synagogue lying here are those of the one erected by the Roman centurion mentioned in Luke vii. 5. If so, then Christ's discourse on "that bread of life" was delivered there; there the demoniac was healed, and the stony columns still standing echoed the divine words as he



SYNAGOGUE RUINS AT TELL HÛM, A SUPPOSED SITE OF CAPERNAUM.

from the stream. From the great marsh which spreads out towards the lake the wild fowl rise in flocks, and fly frightened back far into the El-Hamam Valley.

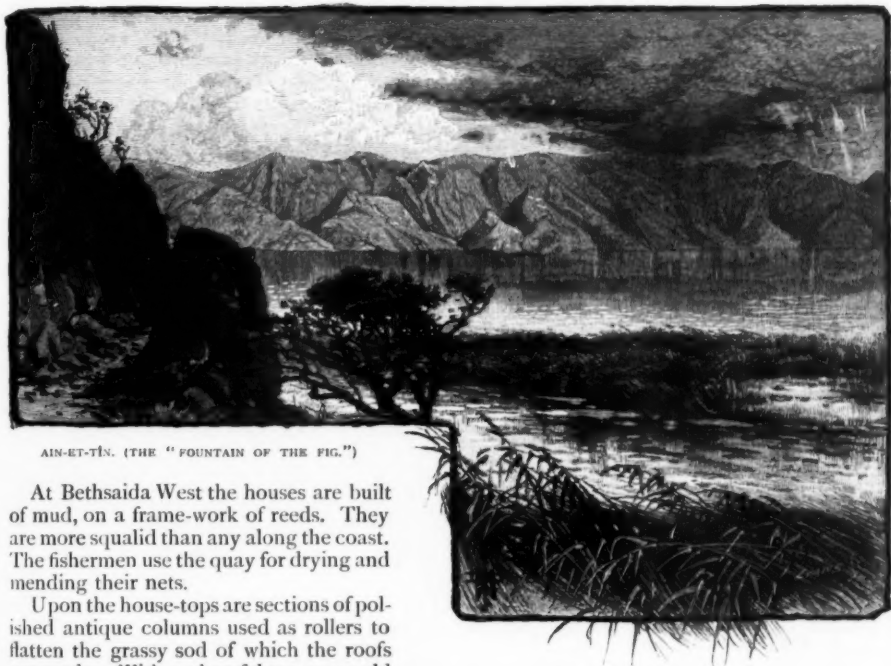
At the feet of the cliff is Ain-Et-Tin, the "Fountain of the Fig." This spot is also called Khan Minyeh, and has been thought by some geographers to be the site of ancient Capernaum. Plenty of evidences of the civilization and artistic tastes of the past are here — ruins scattered about in profusion. A section of a deep aqueduct cuts through the cliff, and serves as part of the roadway. When Josephus came hither in pursuit of the Romans, his horse fell in the bog and threw him. "But for this unforeseen accident I should have been victorious," said the great general and historian.

Tell Hûm, an hour's journey north of Khan

taught "the multitude," for "they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath-day he entered into the synagogue, and taught." (Mark i. 21.)

Seated in a boat at Capernaum, "a little way from the shore," Christ also taught; at Capernaum Zebedee lived and trained James and John to follow his vocation; there Andrew and Peter dwelt — mended their nets and landed their fish; there four of the disciples were summoned to become "fishers of men."

From Khan Minyeh to "Bethsaida of the West," the ride is less than two hours, and rather a rough one. There was also, some think, a Bethsaida east of the Jordan. Neither site holds much of interest to-day. Only the saddest of feelings are awakened when one sees how the "tooth of time" has left little but "dry bones."



AIN-ET-TIN. (THE "FOUNTAIN OF THE FIG.")

At Bethsaida West the houses are built of mud, on a frame-work of reeds. They are more squalid than any along the coast. The fishermen use the quay for drying and mending their nets.

Upon the house-tops are sections of polished antique columns used as rollers to flatten the grassy sod of which the roofs are made. With a cheerful croon, an old mill greets the little stream which creeps into it, and seems to be about the only disturber of the prevailing quiet. It is a picturesque scene, with all its dreariness. On right and left are the mountains; in full view beyond is the whole expanse of the lake. Surely, nature has made up for the interest which the unambitious inhabitants fail to inspire in the expectant traveler.

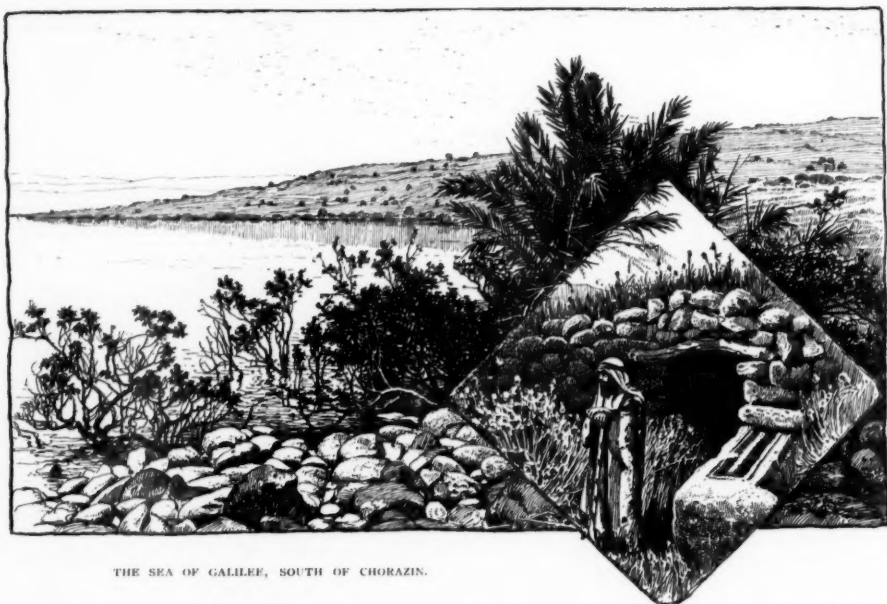
Less life and a worse "woe" are found at Kerâzeh, supposed to be Chorazin. The ruins are about two miles north of Khan Minyeh. There is said to be "a path" up the hillside which leads to them, but "woe" be to the man who tries to follow that path with his horse. He will be glad enough to dismount, and would be still more delighted if he could carry his poor animal and prevent it from straining and spraining its limbs in the effort to clamber over the rocky ruins hidden among the wheat and tares and thistles. Chorazin must have been built partly on a hill and partly in a valley, for the heaps of quarried stone abound both on a long ridge and at the bottom of the hollow. Here and there they look as if they had been methodically piled in the effort to clear some of the land for agricultural purposes. Near by is a wild gorge called "Wady Kerâzeh." From the higher elevation a lovely view of the Sea of Galilee is obtained, reaching to the extreme southern

limit, though it is not nearly so impressive as the view from Safed.

The ruins of a synagogue may be plainly made out, and some of the abiding-places — the houses of the fated city — may be traced by their strong walls and still unbroken doorways. The roofs were apparently supported by columns in the center. Sometimes one, sometimes two columns were so used. Some of the houses had small windows and as many as four apartments. A rank growth of thorns and thistles covers a large portion of the ruins of Chorazin. The industrious explorer, by beating such intruders aside, is almost sure to reveal the hiding-place of some quarried capital or column. A Bedouin farmer has piled some of the stones of Chorazin against a hillside so as to form a home. There is a fragment of frieze at his door which would be prized in any museum; and he has placed an ancient wooden arch over his doorway.

Thus much for the towns located on the Sea of Galilee. The natural points of interest connected with the sea are the plain of Gennesaret, the "Horns of Hattin" (the supposed "Mountain of the Beatitudes"), and the historical valley of El-Hamam, which connects them.

The beautiful plain of Gennesaret reaches from Magdala to Khan Minyeh, and is bounded on the east by the sea. On the west it is partly



THE SEA OF GALILEE, SOUTH OF CHORAZIN.

bordered by the hills which start at Safed and continue southward as far as we can see. The afternoon view of the plain is the most brilliant, for then the sunshine is full upon it and the elevations beyond. That brings out all the glorious coloring to its full value,—the hundred varieties of wild flowers; the “lilies of the field”; the fields green and golden and tare-tangled; the squares of yellow mustard; the pink tracts of newly plowed soil; the rank growth of blossomed thistles; the shining streams and the glistening fountains, and the cliffs beyond, catching the glare and giving us the details of their dark shadows. One is reminded by the shape of things of a valley scene in northern New Hampshire, only New Hampshire shows no such luxuriant coloring. It seems impossible to push through the thickets; but there are pathways, and the horse finds them. Here and there groups of sycamores hide placid fountains, which bubble up at their feet, reflect their images upon the shining surface, and then overflow among tall grasses and proceed upon their benign errand of giving life to the lovely plain.

Josephus, in speaking generally of the region of Galilee, praises the soil and the temper of the air, which in his day fostered the growth and fruitfulness of many varieties of trees—the palm and the walnut, the fig and the olive, all growing well together. “One may call this place the ambition of nature where it forces those plants that are naturally ene-

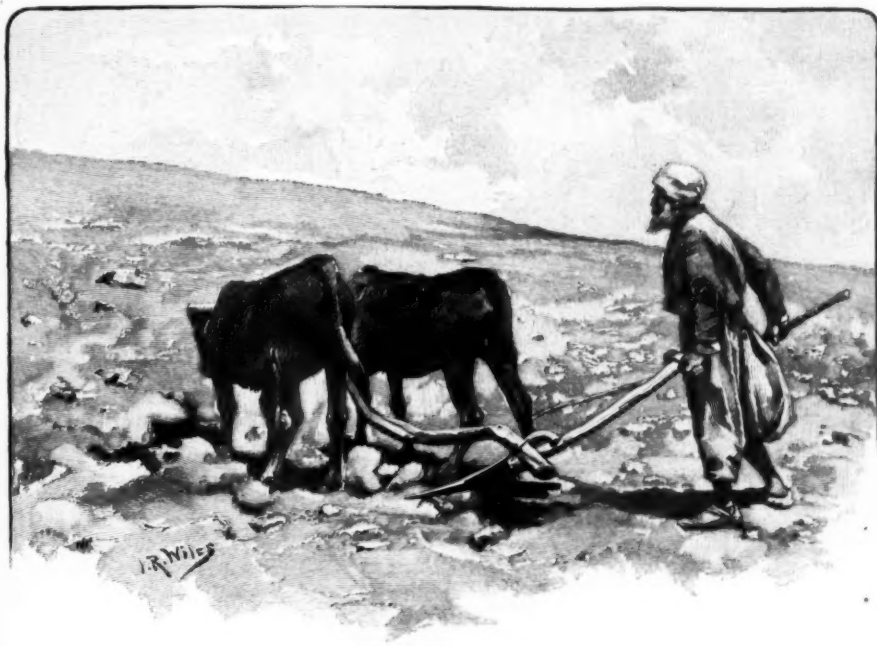
mies to one another to agree together. During ten months of the year the markets were laden with the fruit of the land.” Then the inhabitants were industrious and prosperous. To-day Moslem rule blasts all growth. One bit of history seems to be repeated on and on. “The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.” There are more idlers hereabouts who live on the charity of their creedsmen in Europe than there are industrious husbandmen. They still “pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets”; but they will not aid in making this “ambition of nature” productive.

We now leave the plain and enter Wady El-Hamam, an hour's journey southward from Mejdel. The visitor familiar with the Franconia Notch in New Hampshire would again see a resemblance here. On the left of the gorge is a cliff not unlike “Eagle Cliff.” It is over one thousand feet high and almost perpendicular; on the right is a bluff, much higher, more terrific, and requiring but little imagination to trace outlines similar to those of the “Old Man of the Mountain.” A backward look presents a stretch of the Sea of Galilee which brings “Echo Lake” to mind. Then the similarity ends; for instead of magnificent shrubbery such as clothes much of the rugged inclines of Franconia Notch, here but little foliage grows. But there have been growth and life enough here, of a far different nature, if we may trust the accounts of Josephus and

his fellow-historians for our data. In the face of the cliffs on each side, reached by lofty stone stairways, tier above tier, are vast caverns cut from the rock, with their open doorways towards the valley, and protected by walls. They were the homes of robbers in the time of Herod Antipas; the refuge of the persecuted Jew and the brave Crusader in more modern days. Now they harbor the "wild birds of the air," which fly out and then back again to "their nest" as we approach; and here too "the foxes have holes."

Caves, graves, and other signs of former habitation abound in this historical valley. Ruins of towns, often surrounded by fortresses, are

to them by the lips of Jesus. The cool stillness of the morning should be chosen for the visit to this spot. A few clouds may lie sleeping in the valley of El-Hamam then, and the thickets by the pathway may scatter their store of dew upon you if you touch them. As the breeze increases and the light penetrates, the dew-drops creep down the stalks to the ground; like the summer waves of the sea, rising and receding, always gently, the grain bends beneath the winds. As soothing as balm is the soft, warm breath of the pure air, laden with the perfume of blossoms and falling upon the brow like a benediction. Yet, upon this very plain, more than once, the roar of battle



DRUSE PLOWMAN AND TEAM.

here, all constructed by the Saracens or by those who came long before that time. The district is full of places which have long been held sacred by the Jews.

We now approach the spot which is looked upon by many as the place where Jesus sat when "teaching the multitudes" who followed him. "Kurûn Hattin"—the "Horns of Hattin"—are upon the mountain-ridge followed in journeying from Safed to the Sea of Galilee. Below them is a wide plateau where the assembled multitude could have been seated while listening to the Sermon on the Mount when the sweetness of the Beatitudes was revealed

has been heard. In July, 1187, the plain of Hattin was the gathering place of the Crusaders—the spot where they were hemmed in by the hosts that Saladin led against them. At early dawn the clash of sword and the storm of arrow and javelin began. Brave was the charge of the Saracens, and braver still the defense of the retreating Christians. Driven to and from their stronghold on Hattin, they were vanquished, and the fate of their cause was sealed.

From the historical mountain-top is seen Safed, the city which some scholars believe to be the place alluded to by Jesus when he said "a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The two "Horns" of Hattin seem to have been protected by massive structures. The approach to the higher one is easy from one side, while to the north-east there is a sheer ascent of over seven hundred feet. The white limestone hills, the basaltic cliffs, the modern village of Hattin in the plain below, the orange groves and the fruit gardens, the waving grain, the varied families of flowers, and the groups of Druse farmers present pictures at every glance.

In many spots upon the plain the traveler

in the sun, is the sacred sea. Yet only the north-east corner of the water is discerned, for the mountains of Bashan and Gilead hide the view with their sun-scorching inclines and long shadows.

The mountains of the Hauran on the east and the Jaulân on the south are visible. When the air is clear, the silver serpentine line of the Jordan may be made out, gleaming through the foliage—creeping through the jungle down to the Dead Sea.

If there be one word which fell from the



THE HORNS OF HATTIN. (THE MOUNT OF BEATITUDES.)

will be impressed by the reënactment of the "parable of the sower." Within a small space he may see where "a sower went forth to sow . . . and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside. . . . Some fell upon stony places . . . some fell among thorns . . . but other fell into good ground."

Once more the eye is turned for a farewell glance at the distant views. Far down through the rocky vista of El-Hamam Valley, to the north-east, one sees the caravans moving north and south across the Gennesaret plain. Two thousand feet below, glistening like a mirror

Divine Teacher that impresses the mind more than any other at this place, it is "Peace," for there is so much here to suggest it. Nature moves on in her luxuriant course, peacefully, calmly, with no discord. The freshness of the morning, the repose of noonday, the golden tints and purple shadows of evening, the reflections of the stars on the bright surface of the sea, all bring in continued succession the messages of peace. Much more is this so now than when Jesus dwelt at Capernaum. The city of his adoption is in ruins. On the sea to-day sails no boat with a deck upon



A FIELD OF THE SOWER.

which he could sit and teach the multitudes on the shore. The multitudes are gone to rest. The synagogues are in ruins, and "the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done" are no more. The jealous Herod and his host of admirers are gone. But there are the same mountains that echoed his voice. Here, like

a floor of adamant, still is spread the blue sea on whose troubled waters he walked in the "fourth watch of the night"—where twice he rose and "rebuked the winds," and said, "Peace, be still"; and it is here that he came to meet the disciples after his resurrection.

Edward L. Wilson.

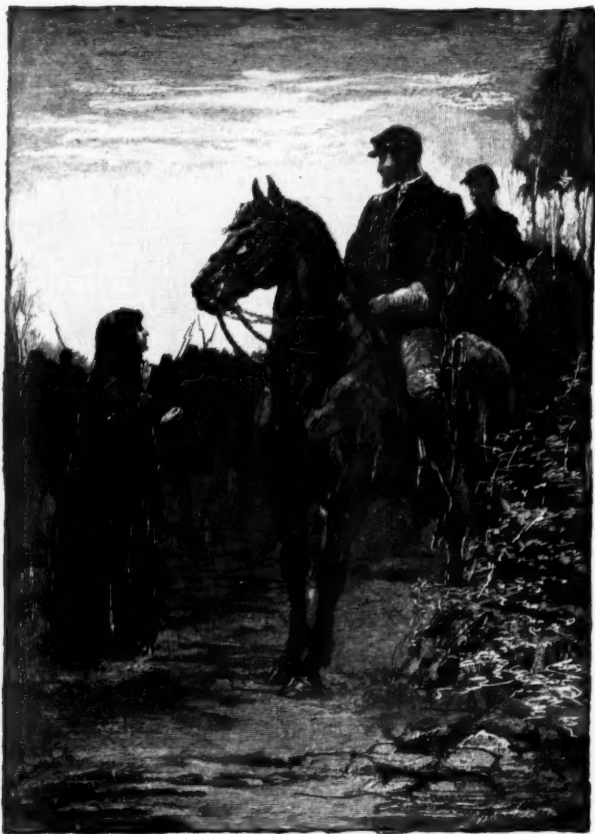
PERPETUAL YOUTH.

THIS said there is a fount in Flower Land,—
De Leon found it,—where Old Age away
Throws weary mind and heart, and fresh as day
Springs from the dark, and joins Aurora's band:
This tale, transformed by some skilled trouvère's wand
From the old myth in a Greek poet's lay,
Rests on no truth. Change bodies as Time may,
Souls do not change, though heavy be his hand.

Who of us needs this fount? What soul is old?
Our mere masks age, and still we grow more young,
For in our winter we talk most of Spring;
And as we near, slow-tottering, God's safe fold,
Youth's loved ones gather nearer;—though among
The seeming dead, youth's songs more clear they sing.

Maurice Francis Egan.

AFTER THE WAR.



VERNAFF AND CLAUDINE.

AS he reined in his horse, the provost said, "Colonel, I've some prisoners down there who asked to see the old man."

By the kindly though disrespectful appellation of "old man," the provost indicated the general commanding the division; the colonel addressed was Edgar Vernaff, his chief of staff; the place of meeting, the woods of North Carolina; and the time, not long after the surrender of the Southern army.

At this moment an orderly bearing a note directed to the general reined up his horse. The chief of staff opened it and read:

"Hon. James Algier presents his compliments to the general commanding United States forces, and requests an immediate interview. Mr. Algier is at present under arrest of the provost guard."

"Who is this Algier?" asked the chief.

"He is a man who arrested himself this morning. Captain Bryant told me to say that he did not think it of any account, if the general was busy. Captain thinks the man is crazy."

"Very well. Say to Captain Bryant I will be along in a little while, and then we'll see what the man wants."

The sun was sinking through the trees when Vernaff, accompanied by the provost, made his way through the woods to a spring, where

they found two country wagons drawn up, and protected by a detail from the guard.

An elderly man advanced from the fire, and in a stilted way began:

"Sir, have I the honor to address the general commanding this division of the Federal army?"

"I am chief of staff," answered Vernaff. "Any communication you have to make, I will receive in the general's name."

"Sir," replied the old man, "I am not habituated to dealing with subordinates; I demand an immediate interview with the officer in command."

Vernaff flushed at this rebuff, then smiled at the pompous manner of the man. Though hurt for an instant by the disdainful speech, he was too good-tempered to take deep offense, so he answered: "General Brown cannot see you to-night; maybe he will find time in the morning, but I will not promise even that. If you have anything important to say, I am the proper person to hear it."

"I have the honor to represent the twenty-fourth district of the State of Alabama in the Congress of the Confederate States, and I repeat my demand for an interview with your superior."

"Captain Bryant, you will withdraw your guard. This gentleman is free to go when he sees fit. We have prisoners enough to take care of without bagging the whole rebel Congress."

"But I refuse to be released, sir."

"I hardly see how you can help yourself," said Vernaff.

"Sir," returned the man angrily, "I have heard of the impudence of the Northern soldiery, and gave credit for all the evil of which the whole world accuses them, but this surpasses my wildest conception."

"Call in your guard. Whether he will or not, this gentleman is free." Then addressing the man, he touched his cap and wished him "Good-night." But this politeness seemed to inflame the rage of the self-made prisoner, who burst out: "I defy you to withdraw your guard, and leave me and my family unprotected from your brutal hirelings."

"If you ask for a safe-guard," said the colonel coolly, "that is another thing, and I will consider your request when you have time to speak with a little more politeness. You are not a prisoner, and we take no responsibility about you in any way; but I have no doubt that if you move up near Captain Bryant's camp he will see that you come to no harm."

"In my day and country," replied Algier, "we were taught respect for our elders, but it seems that this is not a part of Northern education. Sir, I am by the fortunes of war thrown

into your power, and in the name of the Confederate States I demand the consideration which is my due."

"I do not recognize any Confederate States," said Vernaff; "and the consideration which is your due?—I don't think you would be willing I should pay you what I think that is. And for the rest, my time is of some value, so I will go on my way."

The guard had already left. The dusk had risen up under the trees, though the open places were still flooded with light. The sweet, cool smell of the swamp flowers, the murmurous silence, so strange after the turmoil of camp, flowed over the rider and softened his mood. True, the old man was a representative of the class most offensive to the Northern mind, and Vernaff was a New Englander of the new school, cool and without enthusiasm; yet at heart he was a strong partisan, and the loud vaporings of the Southerner grated upon his nerves.

Scarcely had he turned his face, when a new person entered into the conversation. Close beside him some one said: "Pardon my father. We are all alone here, far from home, and are starving. We have hardly eaten for three days."

The voice was very low and sweet, and the articulation of the words slow, and muffled by a slight lingering upon the vowel sounds. If it had been a male voice, the prolongation of the syllables would have suggested a drawl, and the distinct pauses between the words indicated indifference; but so liquid were the intonations, so sweetly constrained the pronunciation, that at first he did not comprehend that the appeal was a cry for help; and so rare and pure was the cadence, that when it ceased he continued to listen, and the echoes sank deep into his heart—it was like a cool hand upon a fevered brow.

He was disappointed when on looking down his eyes encountered the face of his petitioner. She who stood beside him was a young girl, clothed in garments dragged to the knees with yellow mud and torn in a hundred places. Her head and shoulders were covered with a dirty black and green shawl drawn tightly together under her chin. Her face was too long, her nose too large, and her mouth too full; through the grime and soot which lay in ridges under her eyes it was impossible to guess at her complexion, though the tear-courses had striped this envelope, and their channels showed white by contrast against the surrounding blackness. But the clear brown eyes which were turned on his face were piteously beautiful. There was nothing vulgar or bold about the face, and through all the misery there was a suspicion of mockery—shamed amusement at her uncouth appearance, as well as a wild desperation at

her terrible condition. She looked like a lady playing the part of stage beggar, but not quite able to forget herself in the dramatic impersonation.

Though she stated the fact that they were starving but as an excuse for her father's excitement, yet her manner was that of one asking for charity, and so he understood it, and would have granted aid without question, probably without verbal reply to her words, but that the circumstances were so novel.

The girl repeated, though less earnestly this time: "We are wofully hungry. Your men, or some one else, have stolen our mules; we can't get on, we can't go back, we can't stay here,—and what in the world are we to do? Father at last made up his mind to surrender, and now it seems you won't have him." Then, with a faint little attempt at a smile and a careless gesture, she added: "He thought at least you would feed and protect your prisoners."

Vernaff hesitated; and before he found words, the old man broke in: "Come away, Claudine. These people do not care for our misfortunes. To them it is but one more injury they find themselves permitted to inflict upon their hated enemies. Why allow them the satisfaction? I had supposed you to have too much pride to bandy words with persons of their class."

Bryant laughed aloud at the dignity assumed by the old Southerner, and even Vernaff threw down an amused glance. He did not reply directly, but gave orders to the provost to have the two cared for. Something in his contemptuous tone and manner made the girl flush at the indignity.

As the young officer rode off, Bryant said to the colonel: "I hardly know what to do with these people; I've got five hundred now in the bull-pen, and I guess some of them are pretty rough. I can't very well spare a special detail, and besides, my own lambs ain't saints, and I don't want to take the responsibility of a female Sunday-school on my shoulders; so it is not a very nice place for a woman. Don't you think if I should send them some rations and let them look out for themselves here in the woods, it would be just as well? Then if there should be any trouble, it would be their own fault and not ours."

"But," responded Vernaff, "the woods are full of stragglers, broken men of both armies. No, we must take care of them in some way. If you think best, you may send them up to headquarters. I suppose they will be safe enough under our guard, and General Brown can shoulder the responsibility. But don't pick up any more women, if you please. Camp is no place for them."

Vernaff, who was just completing his studies when the war came, had left women out of his consideration, and now the idea of having a girl on his hands was disagreeable to contemplate. He tried to forget her, but somehow he could not bring himself to that state of feeling; the refugees were to be in some sort his guests—they must be fed and given shelter. This, at least, he could attend to, and to-morrow some arrangement might be made for forwarding them to their destination.

The chief of staff made a report to his commanding officer on his return, who was amused at the narration of the old man's peculiarities, laughing off the whole affair as a jest. "They are your friends, colonel," he said; "I wash my hands of all responsibility. Do with them as you please."

"But you will see the man?"

"Not to-night, I guess. Give him some supper to cool off his blood, and, if I feel like it, I'll talk with him to-morrow. But where do you propose to stow them? If Bryant's guards are a little wild, what do you think of the joyous reprobates you have picked out for headquarters?"

"If you have no objections, I will give up my rooms to them," answered Vernaff.

"Very well," said the general.

The general and his staff were lodged in an old plantation house, the commander and his chief of staff taking the upper story for their own quarters, each occupying the suite on each side of the wide hall. The lower floor was devoted to the remainder of the staff, while tents and shelters ranged around the yard served for the guard and the band. Vernaff and the young aide-de-camp, who was his mess-mate, gave up their rooms, arranging the front one with what comforts they could find, and Vernaff ordered the best supper the place afforded for the entertainment of his guests.

In an hour the wagon came. The night had fallen, but the lanterns on the piazza gave light enough to show the passengers as they stepped from the rude vehicle. The old man walked across the veranda as solemnly as Jugurtha marching to the Mamertine. He cast a haughty look of recognition at Vernaff, but did not vouchsafe a word. "You will go upstairs with this gentleman," said the colonel, indicating the aide-de-camp. "The lady will take the front room. There is a door between the two."

The girl, her head still covered by the dark shawl, hesitated a moment, then said pleasantly:

"We thank you very much for your politeness: yes, you are very kind." She paused, drew a long sigh of relief, and continued: "I never thought I should be so glad to see

a Federal—but it is much better than the dark."

The young lieutenant showed the father and daughter to their rooms, while Vernaff directed the servants to carry their goods and chattels after them. In a few moments the aide returned, saying that the lady wished to speak with the chief, and in obedience the colonel presented himself at her door, which she opened at his knock. She had removed the dingy shawl, and her hair, long and thick, hung in careless coils about her neck and face. Her whole expression was changed by this flood of brown and golden red: thin and pale as she was, the outlines of her features were not so angular, nor her profile so sharp as it had appeared. It was a striking face—not very pretty, and maybe a little harsh, but one capable of infinite variety; a face that would become more attractive as one grew better acquainted with its charm. But now there was a deprecatory trembling of her lips, though an amused smile sparkled in her eyes. With a quick gesture she began:

"I want to be a model prisoner, and how can I obey you if you don't send me some soap and hot water?" She paused a moment; then, looking frankly into his eyes, continued: "I would n't trouble you so much,—but, oh! I am so uncomfortable, and I could n't make up my mind to speak to the other officer. You won't think me unreasonable, will you?"

"I shall be extremely happy to supply all your wants," answered Vernaff stiffly. He wanted to say something pleasant, and to relieve the girl from her evident embarrassment; but under his calm demeanor he was the more embarrassed of the two, and could only articulate this frigid sentence. But he avenged himself on his awkwardness by sending the whole of his dressing-service—and it was a very elegant one—to the young lady's chamber. For now it was slowly dawning upon him that she was a lady. They should be made to understand that the officers of the United States could be kind when occasion called for kindness.

It was the custom of the division that the band should play before the general headquarters every pleasant evening, and a couple of hours after the arrival of the refugees the music burst out with a sudden crash. Vernaff was smoking his pipe on the lower piazza when the concert began. He knew that his prisoners—if so they were to be considered—could hear perfectly well from their apartments, and that it would be a work of supererogation to inform them that the band was playing; yet, after some hesitation, he ascended the stairs and knocked at the old man's door. It was opened by Miss Algier, who,

candle in hand, made way for him to pass. The change in her appearance was startling. Her rich hair was carefully brushed and coiled in a graceful knot; her face, too thin and careworn for beauty, was refined and full of intelligence. She had changed her dress, and though poor in material, it was clean and skillfully fitted to her person, and the hand that held the candle was the hand of a person with a grandmother.

Vernaff looked at her with astonishment. Except for her eyes he would not have known her,—they were sparkling with excitement from the coffee, and their redness had been washed away, but they were the same great brown eyes that had looked out from under the shawl when he encountered her in the wood.

"If you would like," began the colonel, "you may go on the upper piazza to hear the music."

The old man answered, from the cot where he was seated: "I had hoped that my cell would be free from intrusion. No, sir; if it is permitted, I will remain in my confinement."

"As you please," said Vernaff, changing color at this rebuff. But the words were hardly uttered when the lady interrupted: "Oh! I shall be very glad to go. Please wait a moment." And without consulting her father, she darted into her own room, and returned with a shawl hanging over her arm. "Good-night, papa," she said, throwing her arm around his neck and kissing him on the forehead. "Don't keep awake for me; I shall not be gone long. Leave the door between our rooms half open, so that we can hear each other in the night"; and she came into the dusky hall, closing the door behind her.

When she was alone with the chief, she said demurely: "Am I to be shot at sunrise?"

"No; why?" he asked.

"Oh, I did not know. From your tone I thought you might mean,"—and here she tried to imitate his voice,—"the condemned are now permitted to take the air for a few moments, before being led to execution. Now I feel relieved."

"You are in no sense a prisoner," he answered gravely.

By this time they had come to the piazza, where it was light enough to distinguish faces, the great fire in the yard throwing a red glare over the scene.

The girl looked up at her companion with amused astonishment; she could not understand why he should take her badinage so seriously. But seeming to reason that it must be the way with all "Yankees," her mouth hardened into a faint ironical smile, and following his example, she sedately said: "But I do

not know but that I would rather like to be a prisoner."

"And why is that?" he asked.

"Oh, I have read that in jail they allow, with other things, one chair for their convicts; and I think I should like to sit down." Vernaff brought a chair for the lady and a blanket for himself. When she was seated, he threw the latter at her feet, but at a respectful distance, and in camp fashion cast himself down upon it.

"How in the world did you get lost in these woods?" he asked, in a pause of the music.

She told how they had left Richmond on the Sunday afternoon of the evacuation; how, there being no railroad available, her father had procured the team, and how they had intended to find their way back to their home, across the mountains; and that when they arrived at this halting-place, their draught animals had been stolen, and they could go no farther. Their provisions were exhausted; their money, being in Confederate currency, was worthless; and altogether their condition was desperate. Then the advance of the Union army came in sight. "I knew," she said, "that you Yankees were cannibals, but I thought father was too old and I too thin to serve. So, being hungry and perfectly miserable, we surrendered; and on the whole," she concluded, "I don't know but I rather like being a prisoner; it relieves one of all responsibility,—though of course it would depend on who your jailer might be."

"So you consider all Yankees cannibals?" asked Vernaff.

"Certainly; there can be no doubt about that. We Southrons live entirely upon fire and blazes, and you all upon your fellow-creatures. But," checking herself, "I do not include you with the rest. You might almost pass for a rebel. That is the highest compliment I can pay any one."

"Thank you," he said, flattered by her evident desire to please, and too unaccustomed to women's ways to suspect that she was playing with his vanity for her own amusement.

When again the band was silent, the girl drew a long breath of quiet satisfaction. She looked at her companion, and speaking lazily, said: "Yes, I think I like being a prisoner. I feel very contented."

"I'm sure," he responded, "I like being a jailer; at least, if I am to have you for my charge."

"That sounded very pretty," she said, without changing the tone of her voice. "But yes, it would make a difference who might be your keeper. Your friend Captain Bryant, for instance, would have been very attentive and

flattering,—but I don't think I should have liked him. He would have disturbed me, whereas you rest me."

"Then you are satisfied with your stern jailer?" he asked.

"Oh, I suppose I must make the best of a bad bargain; and again, I am dependent on you for my breakfast, so must make friends of my enemies. Don't you think a little deception is justifiable?"

The conversation drifted on in this way until, the band long retired, the moon rose high above the pines. Then at length the girl arose to go in, and Vernaff sprang to his feet.

"Good-night," she said, holding out her hand. "Again let me thank you for all your kindness, and for a very pleasant evening."

Now, among the people with whom Vernaff had been educated, the old custom of shaking hands has fallen somewhat into disuse. Perhaps a light touch of the fingers might be allowed when meeting after a long separation, or a gentle pressure when taking farewell; but the clasping of hands on every possible occasion, as is the fashion in the South, was a surprise to him. Of course he took the hand which was extended to him; but then he found that he did not know what to do with it. It was an honest, firm hand, warm and pleasant to hold, and he did not care to drop it; so, not knowing what else to do, he raised it to his lips and kissed its smooth surface.

It was the young lady's turn to be astonished. With eyes full of half-covert indignation, she examined him from head to feet; then seeing that no ill meaning was attached to his motion, she withdrew her hand, and, repeating her farewell, entered her apartment. Once in her room, she carefully washed away the innocent kiss, rubbing the spot until it burned red.

In the morning Vernaff was grave and distant. He had sent a handful of flowers at breakfast-time, and when they met in Algier's room she thanked him for the politeness with pleasant effusion.

"You are very welcome," he replied solemnly; and then gravely made arrangements with her father concerning their journey home. He gave the old man a safe conduct through the lines of the army, furnished provisions, and even supplied a pair of condemned government mules for draught. They were to leave at once, and before dark travel beyond danger from stragglers.

The girl sat watching while he was talking to her father. The mastery which he seemed to have over everything at first irritated her nerves, but presently she succumbed to his strong personality. The old man, haughtily accepting the proffered assistance, asked: "Are

these things furnished by your Federal Government?"

"I am not authorized to supply you from the Government, so I have taken the liberty of doing what I thought best, on my own account," replied Vernaff.

"I prefer that it should be so," said Algier, with an assumption of great dignity. "I will endeavor to compensate you at the earliest time possible. May I ask the amount of your expenditures, and the address to which I may remit the sum of this indebtedness, with interest?"

"I have not the least idea what it will cost," answered the colonel. "It is nothing. I hoped that Miss Algier and you would use what I could supply, and say no more about it."

Vernaff looked at the daughter, and saw that she was pained at the manner her father had chosen to take, flushing up under his gaze, but not interrupting the conversation; so, to end the matter, he wrote the address of his New England home.

"Is there anything further?" asked Algier, when the writing was finished. "If not, I will bid you a very good morning"; and the old man rose, making a stiff bow of dismissal. Vernaff also rose, returning the bow, and saying under his breath, "D—— his impudence!" took his departure. But Miss Algier followed him to the door and into the hall. She was flushed and trembling, and there was an angry look in her eyes which showed how indignant she was at her father's ungracious conduct. She spoke rapidly and with forced enunciation.

"My father is worn out by fatigue and disappointment. He does not mean to be rude, and I know he will appreciate your kindness when he is himself again; please forgive him. And me! I thank you more than words can say." She held out her hand. "I will never forget your goodness to us poor unfortunates."

II.

Six months after this, Colonel Vernaff was ordered to Esperanza, Alabama, as agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. The position was not of his seeking, nor quite to his liking, but he was made to feel that his duty called him to take the place. Some one with authority must be present to prevent friction, or the new relation of races would cause a social conflagration.

So far as the limits of his district extended the agent was supreme. Law was under his feet and the whole army of the country stood ready to support him. His accountability was practically so slight that he was virtually irresponsible. Public opinion was so strongly antagonistic to these agents that any attempt at conciliation was folly.

When Vernaff was established at Esperanza, he found himself entirely alone in a hostile country; he endeavored to perform the duties of his office with impartial justice.

The feeling that he was on a battle-field, and must not desert, alone prevented him from throwing up his commission. His sympathy went out towards the poverty-stricken people around him, and in every way in his power—and there were many—he endeavored to alleviate their suffering. Knowing that all the whites hated his office, and feeling that this animosity extended to his person, he did not slacken his hand in helping, but rather increased his kindness, feeling a savage sort of satisfaction in heaping benefits on the most rancorous of his enemies. The negroes felt an awful reverence for their sad-visaged protector, and the whites grew to consider him as a passionless but sternly just fanatic. No tale of trouble came to his ears which he did not, so far as he might, relieve; but no one ever heard a sympathetic word from his lips.

Vernaff remembered that Miss Algier had mentioned Esperanza as the end of her journey, but he had been three months in the town without any recognition either from the young lady or her father. He had discovered that their residence was a few miles outside the town proper, and that, like most of their neighbors, they were reduced to abject poverty, with only the naked lands from which to derive subsistence. The girl's face and manner were still fresh in his memory; it seemed in character that she should have given him some recognition, some payment of thanks, for his kindness in her hour of need. But now there was no sign from her that she had ever heard his name.

One day he received, for his approval, a copy of a contract which differed from others. In this bargain the proprietor of the lands had bound himself even more strictly than in the common form, but had expressly left the negroes untied in every respect. Vernaff did not notice the signature attached to the paper, but turned with some interest to the note which accompanied it. In this the land-owner stated that he desired fully to try the effects of the new liberty on his late slaves; that he was willing to run the risk to himself of any failure in his project. "I wish," he wrote, "to put the hands under the protection of the United States Government; I purpose to protect myself solely by doing justice. I am not very sanguine of success, but wish to find some fair *modus vivendi* under the new régime." This note and the contract were signed by James Algier, who also appointed a time when he would call at the office and acknowledge the execution of the paper before the agent. The

note was addressed, "Agent Freedmen's Bureau," without naming the officer.

One day General Algier came to the Bureau. The room was filled with people awaiting their turns to transact business, but by tacit consent they made way for the old man,—for he, by inheritance and by force of character, was the first man in the county, and the feeling of subservience to representative men was still alive in this community. As he passed through the crowd, greeting every one with loud condescension, Vernaff recognized his voice, and his heart stirred with bitterness when he remembered the ungraciousness of his visitor. But this feeling was changed into astonishment at the effusive manner with which the old man accosted him. The instant their eyes met, a pleasant glow came to the face of the Southerner, and advancing with outstretched hand, he exclaimed: "Truly, this is an unexpected pleasure; I had no idea that in the Bureau officer I should find the gallant gentleman to whom I am so much indebted both for material and spiritual comfort. Sir, I welcome you among us. We are poor and disconsolate; but we still know how to appreciate kindness. I know that I was forgetful of the laws of politeness when last we met. But now, sir, if you will forgive the irritation of a starving man, bitter and sore from defeat, and who has since regretted his conduct sincerely, I will try and pardon you for not letting me know that you were in my vicinity."

General Algier concluded his business, and afterwards sat with Vernaff in the agent's private apartment. He said that he had made his way home safely and without adventures worth narration; that he was ruined in pocket, and at first bankrupt in hope. "I am an elderly man, sir, and it was hard to accept, or even to understand, the new conditions of social polity; but in a little while Claudine and I looked the matter over, and saw that it was necessary for some one occupying a prominent position to set an example. Sir, I went to work in the fields: yes, sir, with my own hands—and your mules. I deserve no credit, sir; I ask for none. The consciousness that I am putting a light in the path of my unfortunate countrymen is satisfaction enough for me. I said I was bankrupt in hope: no, sir; that divine feeling springs eternal in the human breast. The South must be restored by industry. I intend to do my part, and with God Almighty's blessing I will succeed."

"And Miss Algier, may I inquire after her?" said Vernaff.

"She, sir," responded the general, "is teaching music and French to the descendants of Jews and army contractors,—they are the only people here who can afford to pay for

the education of their children. I did not wish that she should engage in a money-making occupation, but she insisted, and I am proud of it, sir. She will be pleased to see you, sir, and add her thanks to mine for your great consideration, both to our wants and, what is more, to our feelings. For though we are now very poor,—downtrodden, sir,—yet we remember all your kindness in our time of trouble. My daughter comes to town twice a week—Tuesdays and Fridays—to perform the duties she has taken upon herself, but we shall be at home at all other times; and you will be more than welcome to our best, poor as it is. Will you not come next Saturday and spend Sunday? There is preaching in the neighborhood which you can attend: for lack of a better minister, I sometimes ascend the sacred desk myself. Our whole social system is overthrown, and one must make himself a rallying-point for all the better elements of the community."

III.

VERNAFF had no difficulty in finding his way when, on Saturday, he rode out of the dirty little town. Every one knew the road to General Algier's plantation; so as the dusk fell on the short winter afternoon, he dismounted at the door of his expectant host.

The house was of the ordinary plantation type,—large, white, with double piazzas, standing high from the ground; and in the yard was a collection of negro-cabins and stables. Algier met his guest at the foot of the long steps which led to the front door, and gave him a cordial welcome. Now, in his own house, though the host was somewhat overpowering in his attentions, his loud politeness accorded not unpleasantly with the spacious rooms and wide halls of his residence.

The interior of the mansion was very bare; it seemed that it had been sacked during the war, and there had been no refurnishing. Yet the room into which the visitor was shown was comfortable enough, though there was an incongruity about its appointments which gave to Vernaff the feeling that Miss Algier had plundered her own apartments to render his more attractive. Pleasantest of all, there was no attempt at shabby gentility. Indeed, throughout this visit the guest felt, that however poor the entertainment, it was honest and without pretense. No effort was made to conceal the actual poverty, nor, on the other hand, was there any parade of ruined fortunes—never once was the *ante-bellum* grandeur mentioned either by Algier or his daughter. They gave their best to their guest, but made no embarrassing apology. The one thing which struck the young officer as extravagant was the number of useless ne-

groes around the place. He knew that the wages paid must be very small, if any, but the blacks must at least be fed; and they swarmed about the yard and even into the house, with no work to do and no will to do any. He afterwards discovered that this retinue were but waifs from the old days, remaining on the property because they had no other shelter, and that to some extent the old condition of affairs was inverted,—now the white man was working to put bread into the mouths of the idlers, and though the negroes seemed good-natured enough, neither the master nor his daughter called upon their pensioners for assistance. The late slaves still lived in their cabins, and received such rations as the industry of their former owner could supply, but were not expected to make any returns for these favors. Any little service which they might perform was scrupulously paid for—at a very low rate, to be sure; but some payment marked the distinction between slavery and freedom.

Vernaff did not see Miss Algier until she came into the general's sitting-room to announce that supper was waiting. She entered easily, and without sign of embarrassment renewed the acquaintance begun, and ended, under such different circumstances. She was neatly though very plainly dressed; her hair was parted smoothly over her round forehead, and there was just a little color brightening her pure, pale face. There was a defiant sparkle in her eyes which contradicted the gravity of her speech and added piquancy to her gentle manners.

All through the supper she was the attentive hostess: there were cheerful smiles and sallies of wit, and to the guest the whole room was illuminated by her presence, though he felt that every moment she was growing further away from him. She talked more than at their former interview, but easily turned the point of any remark of a personal nature. After the first greeting, she made no allusion to their previous meeting, but in her conversation he found little suggestions of the thoughts they had interchanged on that night of moonlight and music in the spicy woodlands.

In the evening, she sat with the two men and joined in the talk, her sweet voice mingling with the rounded tones of the older man like a silver thread through a dark web, but Vernaff was refused an instant's *tête-à-tête*. Inwardly he raged against his luck—and the girl knew that he was raging; still, she gave him no opportunity to address her outside the general conversation. But when she rose to say good-night, after kissing her father with lingering emphasis, she extended her hand to the guest as he stood holding the door for her to pass, and said in an undertone,

"I always knew you would come. Good-night."

This remark, which might mean anything, he turned over in his mind all night, until it sounded as if it had been, "I am glad you have come; I have waited for you."

In the morning Mr. Algier excused himself, and set out alone for the church, leaving his daughter to follow with the new friend. This arrangement did not seem perfectly satisfactory to the young lady, but her father was serenely unconscious of her objections, and strode away wrapt in the thought of the sermon which he was to preach.

At length the lady was ready, and, accompanied by the young officer, took the by-path leading through the woods to the place of meeting. There was a demure expression on the girl's face, a kind of Sunday look, which at first abashed her companion; but he gathered courage as they went on, and, dropping the commonplace tone in which they had been talking, said:

"I wish I had known of your whereabouts sooner; I feel that I have lost so much by not knowing I was so near your home."

"I knew who the agent was on the first day of your arrival at Esperanza," she answered.

"And why did you not let me know that you were living here?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then stopped, and faced him. The color came to her cheeks, a gleam of hard, determined light showed through the tender brown of her eyes, and there was a little tremble in the voice with which she answered him.

"I did not care to see you again; at least, just at present. I did not mention your coming to my father; I have told no one that I ever saw you before. My own circle of friends is large enough for me; we are all proud and poor together, and there is no room or place, for a new-comer. I would not say anything to hurt you, or anything ungentle, but you ask me, and I must tell you the truth. You are my father's guest. Once you did me a kindness greater than you knew,—you saved my father's reason, and probably my life. For this I respect you and honor you, and would in my weak way repay you; but I know, and you know, that all social intimacy is impossible. I can't think it best to associate with the people of your country. The recollection of the suffering brought on by the war, the whole conflict, rankles perhaps more with us women than with the men, who have so much else to think about. But, oh, Colonel Vernaff, we cannot forget so readily! Then you, whom I know to be so different from my idea of a Yankee, came here, armed with such authority as no

man should have over another. You are an autocrat; I cannot hire a servant without your assent; why, I almost need your permission to buy a spool of thread. You trample upon everything I hold dear; your very presence is a perpetual reminder of our shame and despair; our necks are bowed before you, though our souls refuse the chains. So it is best that the two people dwell apart. But, there! I am getting as long in my speeches as father is sometimes. Come, let us go on to the church. If I have offended you, I ask your pardon; but I know that I am right, and please don't let us talk about such things. I suppose we can be good friends enough, if you do your part. And now that I have poured out all the perilous stuff there was on my mind, and maybe hurt myself more than I have you, I feel more like a Christian on the way to church."

Vernaff could not but admit that there was a certain amount of reason in this long argument; but he did not agree with any conclusion that would deprive him of Miss Algier's society. It would be difficult to say if he knew just what his feelings had been before he listened to her logic, but now there was no doubt but that he was driven towards her with irresistible impulse. He did not stop to think of his words.

"Miss Algier, if you should tell me that my presence was personally disagreeable to you, then I should feel obliged either to give up your acquaintance or change my conduct; but when you say that politics raises a bar between us that cannot be taken down, I deny your position." Then turning to her he added, slowly and distinctly: "You *shall* like me. Do you remember that you once said to me, 'You shall pay for it,' when you thought I offered you a slight? Well, now I am going to pay you."

"And how, pray?" she answered, defiantly.

"By making you like me better than you do any one else in the world," he answered.

"But would that not be rather punishment than payment?"

"I will try that it shall not be," he answered.

"Well," she said gayly, "at least you have given me fair warning, and I can look out. I doubt if the game is worth the candle. You could get nothing but a poor amusement, and I should get nothing but a great deal of annoyance. So let us settle it now. You paid me that same night by your kindness. I give you full quittance. Now, do let me off from the terrible fate you denounce against me."

"Would the fate be so terrible?" he asked.

"I can conceive of nothing so horrible," she answered, with a mocking smile, "unless it is to be late at church." And hurrying her

steps, they soon came to the log meeting-house.

In the evening some people called upon General Algier on private business, so Vernaff and the young lady were left together; and this situation did not seem displeasing to either. They sat in the half-dusk of the great parlor, lighted only by the pitch-pine fire, which, flaming on the hearth, threw warm yellow illuminations about the room, softening the angles and concealing the barrenness.

A storm was rising in the woods outside, the murmur of the pines grew louder and deeper, and the shrunken casement shook and rattled in the wind. Inside, the colonel, under his daughter's laughing instructions, piled high the light wood-knots upon the fire. It was very sweet and homelike, these two shut in from the wild weather, warmed and cheered by the same fire, talking or silent as the moods changed, and perhaps saying most in the pauses. The girl's pure face was lit up yet softened by the rosy splendor of the fire. What wonder that love grew up in his heart so suddenly yet so easily that it was in flower and filling his soul with perfume before he was conscious of its existence. To the girl, surely it was pleasant to be with him. Why struggle? why think of consequences? why think at all? The last years had been passed in conflict and tempest; her daily life was hard and barren, and there was but little peace and joy in her world; even her hopes were dull and uninteresting. She voluntarily forgot that there must be a to-morrow, and floated down the river of the present. It would have been easy for him to have checked her then: had he made one rash step towards familiarity, she would have taken the alarm and closed the door of her heart. But a trembling delicacy came to him with this new precious love, a tender compassion, a will to shield her even from himself.

Monday was so stormy that it was impossible to leave the house, so the day was passed indoors, and was tedious to all. But the old general did everything in his power to amuse his guest, and Miss Algier finally allowed him to sit with her in the housekeeping-room, where she was engaged in her domestic duties. He had become an intimate of the family and taken position as house friend. There was something very fascinating in his new relation; and in watching the girl's industry, assisting with his uncalled-for advice, both of them laughing and talking like children playing at doll's housekeeping, the stiffness of the young man wore away. There was a graceful shiftlessness about Miss Algier's methods which amused him; she did not know how to produce the desired ends by the simpler means, but

she seemed so bright and happy, so full of charming petulances, that far from losing his illusions by the sight of her homely everyday life, he found her only more attractive. His practical Yankee sense told him that she was not proficient in her tasks, and he doubted if housekeeping was within the scope of her mind; but he admired her none the less for this want, and her efforts were so earnest, her spirits so buoyant, that the charm grew with every motion of her white hands. Once he ventured to offer his sympathy, complaining that she was doing work which was beneath her. She stopped her labors, and looking at him sidewise said, with just a little flutter in her voice:

"I don't care if you know it, although it is a matter of small interest to you, but I can change all this whenever I please. To-day it is poverty and hard work; to-morrow, if I choose to write the word, it is leisure and wealth."

"Then why don't you write?" he asked, with a sharp pang of bitterness.

"I don't know; perhaps I may some time."

"If you love the man who can so change your life, I should n't think you would wait an instant."

"That is the point," she said. "I don't know if I love him or not." Then turning full towards him, she continued, in an indifferent tone, "What do you think?"

Notwithstanding the jealous pain in his heart, he could not help laughing at this singular question. "You must answer for yourself," he replied.

"But," she said, doubtingly, "every one would be so much pleased."

"Perhaps not every one."

She refused to notice the innuendo, and continued: "Then you think I had better say 'yes,' and have done with it?"

"No, I did not say that; I don't think I am a fair judge."

"Why, I thought you were sent South to arrange all our affairs. I shall have to report you at Washington as neglecting your duties. I expected you to issue a decree, 'By authority of the United States, and the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees, and Abandoned Lands, etc., etc.' You refuse? Then I shall be obliged to decide for myself."

"I hoped," he said, willing to change the subject, "that you had forgotten that I was one of the hated Yanks."

"No," she answered; "I have not forgotten, nor do I wish to." Then seeing that he was hurt at her remark, she added coquettishly, "But if you continue good-tempered, perhaps some time I may forgive you."

"That will be far better," he answered.

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"Far better for *you*," she replied, with daring emphasis on the pronoun.

"Why not for you, too?" he asked seriously.

"For me? Oh, I shall get along well enough," she said, avoiding a direct answer.

When he was about to leave her she explained. "I thought I would tell you about my affairs, because you seemed to pity my forlorn condition. Now, my condition is not forlorn, at least to my eyes. And again, I don't think I like commiseration—certainly not from you." Then maliciously she added: "Remember, I had enough of that in North Carolina."

"Will you never forgive that fancied slight?" he asked.

"I think not. No, I never shall. And for this reason,—it hurts my vanity, that you should have seen me when I was so—so dilapidated. Do you think it was quite fair?"

"How in the world could I help it?"

"Well, you won't pity me any more?"

"No, now I shall only pity myself," he answered.

"That is of no consequence," she replied, gayly nodding a farewell.

The next day was fair, and the two rode to town together,—he to resume his Bureau duties, she to give lessons in music.

IV.

AFTER this he contrived to meet her almost every time she came to Esperanza, and these meetings became the objects of his life. To her also, though she disapproved of the intimacy, they were very pleasant. She did not dare look at the future,—every day this stranger grew dearer to her, and every day the bitter railings of her acquaintances made the political idea which he represented more hateful in her eyes. He was an intruder, a carpet-bagger, a Northern satrap, or at least a deputy satrap. She ground her white teeth when she thought of the humiliation of her country, and her pride called upon her to break away from the friendship forced upon her by one of the oppressors. But her heart called out to her that it was too late,—the die was cast. She could not bear to acknowledge it even to herself, yet she knew that all that was tender and loving in her nature had gone out to him. And she felt by no means sure of his love.

And the man,—he, too, was in doubt. She fascinated him, and he felt that his life was wrapt up in this woman. Yet, in a little while his work in the South, always distasteful, would be finished, and the path which he must follow in after life was already chosen. This girl would enter as a new factor in his plans; and her education, the simple fact that she

came from the South, would, if she were his wife, force a change in his projects. But why think about consequences, when the present was so delightful? When he was with her he was ready to bow down and worship; it was only when they were apart that the doubts came to his mind. He knew that he loved her better than anything else in the world, but from his standpoint all the world was in one side of the balance, and just this girl in the other. His taste was offended daily by the tone of the society in which she lived—even the girl herself sometimes shocked him by some expression which he considered as provincial; but for all this he loved her and admired her every motion. These doubts and hesitations were but the dying struggles of his own narrow prejudices, but they made him unhappy and irritable—discontented with himself and out of patience with his surroundings.

While in this confused state of mind, he received a call from Major Royal Algier, a nephew of the general, and so cousin to the young lady. Vernaff knew of this Major Algier, though he had never seen him. The gentleman lived in another county, and was the leader of the irreconcilable party in the vicinity. Neither young nor old, reduced like his neighbors to poverty, his dominant will and reckless courage had made him a marked man. A bitter opponent of the reconstruction policy of the Government, he refused to be silent, and carried his animosity even to blows. Once or twice Vernaff had been on the point of ordering his arrest, but there was a good-humored jollity about his high-handed outrages which turned the current in his favor, and, if he killed a man, as it was rumored he sometimes did, at least he shot from the front, and his adversary was some one whom society could well spare. Perhaps Vernaff thought that the major was a necessary evil in this law-breaking community, or it is possible that he allowed his personal feelings to influence him, and the relationship between the rough rider and the family of General Algier may have covered a multitude of sins. However this may have been, the Bureau agent made no difficulty in admitting the redoubtable major to his private apartments.

When the visitor entered, Vernaff was pleasantly disappointed at his appearance. Except that he was greatly browned by the sun and wind, and, like most men who ride on horseback, walked with his feet far apart, which gave a truculent air to his stride, he was as well mannered a red-eyed gentleman as ever filled the atmosphere with the rank fumes of corn whisky.

"Colonel Vernaff, of the United States, I presume?" said the major.

"Major Algier, I am happy to see you. Will you be seated?"

"Thanks; no, sir. The business between us will take but an instant. I have called to say that your persistent attentions to my cousin, Miss Algier, are not approved by her family, and from this time on must cease. The honor of my family will not permit any relations except those of the most distant civility between one of its members and—avoiding personality—persons from your section. I trust that having received this warning, I shall hear no more about it. Sir, I wish you a very good-evening." He turned to go, raising his slouch hat with ceremonious politeness.

"Stop!" cried Vernaff. "Do I understand that this is a message from Miss Algier or the general?"

"Such a question is unnecessary," replied the major. "I think I am sufficient authority in this matter. If my fair cousin has forgotten her position for a moment, or if my respected uncle, General Algier, has allowed her to amuse herself at your expense, that is their affair. But now I forbid you, sir."

For a moment the young officer was too angry to speak. The blood surged to his brain. The sublime impudence of his visitor was the accentuation of all that was hateful to him in Southern manners, and, coming as it did on his already exasperated feelings, broke down the last barrier of his self-control.

"D— you, sir! I'm not likely to hold myself accountable to any blood-and-thunder reprobate who tries to influence my conduct. But, be sure, if you venture to use that young lady's name in my presence, I'll whip you within an inch of your life, cousin or no cousin."

He stood leaning one hand on the back of a chair, pale, and shaken with excitement, and his words were spoken slowly and distinctly. There was no bravado in his manner, but there was a look in his eyes and about the lines of his mouth that was even more menacing than his speech.

The major was apparently astonished at this outbreak. Whatever answer he may have expected, at any rate it was not this. He was no coward, and had often risked his life in brawl and in battle; but the white, rigid face of his opponent daunted him. It was not the fear of death or injury, but the spirit of the man before him, which overawed him. The situation became embarrassing; no further explanation was possible. He therefore, after saying, "You have heard my business, sir," departed in some haste.

The other did not follow, but stood rooted to the floor, his mind in a swirl of contending emotions. He stood long without changing a muscle, then lighted a cigar and paced the

apartment with long, even strides far into the night. The measured cadence of his step sounded through the room, and morning found him still deep in thought. At last, his mind made up, he threw himself upon his couch and slept. At noon he mounted his horse and galloped to the plantation of General Algier. He was happier than ever before in his life; whatever the issue of his errand, one thing was settled forever. He was willing to give up all his plans, all his prospects; give up, so far as he could, his very self. Brought to the dividing of the paths, he deliberately chose to turn from the broad and easy road and blindly trace his steps in a new direction. Once decided, no cloud remained in his mind; he knew that his doubts were dead, never to revive.

As he rode up the avenue leading to the great white house, and saw it standing cold and bare before him, he looked at it with new interest. Was this the last time he should ever look upon it? If this were so, then the picture would go with him to the grave. Would he sometime see it again? Then the house no longer would seem barren, but filled with a glory which would be his forever. He would have lingered before entering, but as he rode up to the steps, Miss Algier came upon the piazza and welcomed him.

"My father," she said, "is somewhere in the fields. Will you go to find him, or come in and wait?"

He dismounted, and joined her on the steps. "If you are willing," he said, "we will go in; I can see him by and by."

So together they entered the house, the great door closed behind them, and they were alone in the dismantled drawing-room, where they had met so often. She instinctively knew that the hour had come; she would willingly have avoided an explanation. Her heart throbbed, her eyes moistened, and her voice failed; yet she was clear as to the course she would follow,—there was no shadow of wavering in her mind. She had regarded this day as something to be kept out of sight as long as possible, but had felt no doubt as to what she must do, at whatever cost.

For a while they fenced with embarrassed gayety, then he resolutely forced her attention.

"Miss Algier," he said, "does it seem so strange a thing to you that I dare to love you, that from the first moment I saw you my whole heart went out toward you? I can no longer hide from you, and from myself, that this love is all my life. I know no more than this. I love you."

She made no answer to this appeal, but sat white and seemingly unmoved, her face bowed down, and her hands closely clasped before her. He rose and came to her side, and, stoop-

ing down, took her hands and said very softly, "Claudine, you cannot bid me leave you."

A moment longer she was silent; it was very sweet to listen. For an instant she doubted her resolution; a wave of satisfied longing flowed into her heart, then ebbed again, but, summoning her strong will, she withdrew her hand and said:

"Please sit down again. I cannot speak just yet, nor with you so near."

Impressed by the strained composure in her tones, he obeyed her request; and, awed by her manner and evident distress, waited for her answer.

Presently she spoke again, hesitating at first, but as she went on, her voice grew firmer and her words clearer; a flush of color came into her face, and her eyes yearned towards him, full of love, and yet of inflexible determination.

"Perhaps I am to blame—I must be; but you will forgive me when you know all. Of course I wanted you to love me. How could I help that? Yet all the time I knew that the end could be nothing but sorrow to us both. Still, you know that this thing cannot be; our paths in this world are too far apart ever to come together. My lot, my duty, is here with my father, and with the people among whom I was born and with whom I have suffered. You belong to another world; your education, your choice, your duties are different. Shall I tell you truly? I could not bear to go among your people. I cannot forgive them all the wrong they have done us. I should feel like a traitor to my God and my country, if I went among them asking kindness. My father, too; he cannot live without me. I am all that is left to him, and he must stay among his old friends. No, don't speak. I have been thinking very hard. I know what is right, and this is wrong. You must not stay here; you cannot be one with us, and I would not have you change even if possible. Go back to the victorious North; I know that your place is waiting for you. You must not take up our burden. No, no; you must go, and I must stay. You will forget me, no doubt, or think of me as one who saved you from a great folly."

The man came again to her side. "Claudine," he said, "I, too, have thought of all this. If you can love me and give yourself to me, what do I care for the rest? If it is right that you should stay with your father, so be it, but that need not separate us; I will not let anything come between you and me." And he put his arm around her and raised her to his breast.

One moment she lingered, then gently released herself from his embrace. She was

frightened at her own passion. She felt herself yielding, and glad to yield. But she recovered, and, standing erect, her face full of determination, said, but not harshly:

"Please do not touch me, and do not argue with me. I know that I am right, and that what I do is for your best happiness. I don't think I am a heroine—I hope not. But listen, and then I must leave you. I refuse your suit. If you love me, if you respect me, then you will not press me, for this answer is the only one I can give. And, dear, you will leave here, won't you? Go back North. This is no place for you, and you cannot add to my happiness by staying." She moved to the door, as if to protect herself, not from her lover, but from herself; then returning, she held out her hand and said "Good-bye," and with a sob she added, "Would it make it any easier for you if I told you something? I do not know just how to say it. Perhaps it is unwomanly, but I do love you—yes, I think ever since that first meeting so long ago. How could I help it? And now again good-bye, and for the last time." She glided out of his hands, and was gone before he could answer her.

V.

SHORTLY after this, the colonel was visited by one of his acquaintances, bearing a note from Major Algier, which read:

"SIR: In our interview of the 11th inst. you made use of certain expressions which were offensive to my honor. I have waited, hoping that you would see fit, without motion on my part, to apologize for your language. The fact that you have acceded to the request I had the honor of making does not excuse your conduct to me on that occasion. Nothing remains for me to do but to say that my friend, the bearer of this note, will receive the apology which I demand, and your assurance of continued good conduct in connection with the matter of which we spoke; or, you refusing, he is authorized to make the arrangements for the meeting due to outraged honor. Hoping that one of these alternatives—it is indifferent to me which one—will meet your approbation, I remain your obedient servant."

"This is a challenge from Major Algier?" asked Vernaff.

"That," answered the other, "is as you choose to consider it. I understood from him that if you were willing to make a satisfactory apology, and to grant his request, nothing further would come of it."

"Sit down, Mr. Dupont," said the colonel. "First, as to any apology from me, or any attention to his impertinent demand, that is all nonsense, and I suppose he knows it. And as to being forced into fighting a duel, no man can do that to me. I do not put it on moral grounds. You and I probably look upon it from such different standpoints, that neither would

understand the other. To tell the truth, I suppose the whole moral question to be a matter of education, and we have been brought up in different schools. I have nothing against Major Algier. If he would mind his own business, I should have no quarrel with him. Please tell him from me, that I consider him an officious ass, and am ready to fight him at any time or place." Vernaff began coolly enough, and had determined to refuse with dignity, but as he went on, his passion rose. The thought of his lost love, and the smirk on the face of his visitor, exasperated him. In desperation he turned to the old savage idea of fighting, and accepted the challenge. But he determined that Miss Algier's name should not appear, and so asked Dupont if he was acquainted with the original cause of the dispute. On being assured that Major Algier had made it a point that this should remain a secret between the principals, Vernaff felt easier, and angrily agreed to accept any arrangement that might be made. He insisted, however, that he should go to the ground without a second. "If I do choose to make a fool of myself, I'm not willing to involve any one else in this medieval absurdity. I want as few witnesses as possible to my idiocy in paying any attention to the vaporings of this man. So tell him what I say, and fix things to suit himself. Let me know when you are ready."

In the afternoon Dupont came again, and proposed that the meeting should take place at dawn on the following morning, but Vernaff demurred to this, saying:

"I shall not get up to please you or go without my breakfast. I recognize the fact that I was a fool for entering into this thing. I am sorry that I consented, but now I'll keep my agreement. At 11 o'clock, at the place you mention, I'll be there. If it is any comfort to you, you can go at 'sun-up,' as you call it, and wait for me, but I shall not hurry to suit you. I am ashamed of myself for pandering to your ridiculous customs so far as I have. Perhaps it would be better not to try me further."

"I suppose," said Dupont, taken aback, and misunderstanding the fierce irritation of the colonel,—"I suppose my principal would still accept an apology."

"I will fight him now, if I have to follow him to Texas. I despise the whole race to which he belongs, and him as a particularly offensive specimen of his class"; and the excited agent showed his visitor to the door.

At the appointed hour the Northerner rode to the designated place. His opponent was already on the ground, and had brought with him a gentleman who was to act as witness for Vernaff, who carelessly accepting the prof-



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ferred service, only asked that all possible haste be made in arranging the preliminaries.

The principals were posted and the question asked, "Are you ready? Fire! One!" At the word "One!" Major Algier fired. His intention was to wound his adversary but not to kill; but the ball went whizzing past, and Vernaff stood unharmed. He covered the major with his pistol while the second continued "two! three!" and it was too late to return the shot. Then he dropped his weapon and said: "Do you want to try it over?"

Algier was too much astonished to reply, but stood glaring, his red face redder than ever before. At length he gasped out, "I cannot understand your conduct, sir."

"It is not necessary that you should," returned the other. He halted an instant, then, with a sudden start, threw his pistol on the ground, and advanced towards his late antagonist.

"Major Algier," he began, "if I said anything improper to you, and I know that I did, I say freely that I am ashamed of myself. You acted up to your light, and I acted like a petulant ass."

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"No more, sir; no more!" cried Algier, advancing with extended hand. "Even so much is more than I can ask of a brave man. Let us be friends now, and I, too, will ask pardon for my attempt at interference in affairs which probably I had better left alone. Come out to my place and see me; and, for God's sake, don't let my wife know about this scrape!"

At this moment General Algier dashed through the woods, and drove his horse directly between the speakers. "In the devil's name, gentlemen," he shouted, "what are you doing? Royal, I am ashamed of you! Can't you see that any injury to Colonel Vernaff would bring upon us the most terrible retaliation, and upset the little we have been able to do to get going again? You call yourself a patriot, and would do more harm in a moment than you could undo in a lifetime."

Then turning to Vernaff, he said, with less heat, "Colonel, I am old enough for you to listen to my advice without being offended. I had expected, from the good sense you have always exhibited, that you were above such escapades. Now, let me pray you, forget this matter, and remember that your life is not your own. It belongs to us all, if for no other reason, from the position you occupy among us."

The old man drew a long breath, cleared his throat, and smoothed his features. "I saw," he continued, "that you boys had made up before I came; but I was so full of it that I could not stop my remarks on that account. That is right; I don't intend to inquire into the merits of your quarrel. Of course, now, there can be none between you. Shake hands again, and both of you with me. Vernaff, I can't say that I respect you any more than I did, but I like you none the less. Only, don't do so any more. Royal, you fire-eating boy! I wonder when you will grow to years of discretion! But, now mount your horses; I promised Claudine to bring you both to lunch, safe and sound. So come along."

"If you will excuse me," said Vernaff, "I will deny myself the pleasure, and go back to town."

"I can't let you off; you must come," exclaimed the general. Then speaking in a more serious tone, he added, "I make it as a particular request, and as your oldest friend in the county. And how should I account to Claudine for your absence? She expects you."

So they mounted their horses and galloped across the country to the plantation.

"Here, Claudine!" cried the old man as the party arrived at the house and saw her standing on the step. "Here are two foolish boys

who have quarreled, and have made friends. They have come to eat salt together in token of a new peace. So hurry the lunch all you can, dear; and in the mean time I suppose they would like to wash their hands. I'll take Royal to my room,—I have yet some scolding left for him,—and please have some one show Colonel Vernaff to his apartment."

"My pardon is nothing. I have no right to blame you. But when I heard of the affair, I did feel that you were not just kind to me. And when I knew that, even indirectly, I was the cause, I felt how wrong we had been these past six months, and I spoke to my father about it. Perhaps I ought not to have done this without your consent, but it was all so



THE DUEL.

As Vernaff left his room, after making his toilet, he met Miss Alger, who evidently was waiting for him in the hall. She did not hesitate, but began speaking as she stepped towards him.

"Colonel Vernaff," she said, "do you think it was right for you to fight a duel with my cousin?"

"No," he answered boldly, "I don't think it was right; and to you I can say how sorry I am. I think I must have been crazy with your Southern fever when I accepted his challenge. I am not ashamed to ask your pardon—and I do."

sudden and terrible that I was overcome—and told him all."

"And what did he say?" asked Vernaff eagerly.

"He mounted his horse and rode to stop the duel," she answered.

"Yes, I know. But what did he say when you told him all?"

She blushed, looked down, then, with some return to her old provoking manner, said, "I fear I have forgotten his exact words." Then she looked up, and, with a tearful smile lighting her eyes, continued, "I suppose you might ask him yourself. He may remember."



IN THE HALL.

At the smile and the words hope sprang up his arms, trembling, frightened at his tender in Vernaff's heart. In an instant she was in violence, but unresisting.

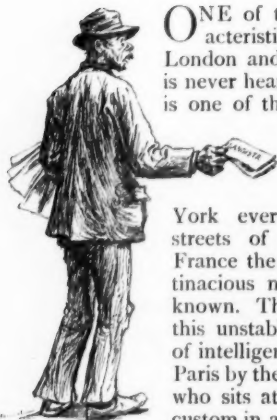
J. G. Perkins.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

TIME is no rushing torrent, dark and hoarse,
 As thou hast heard from bards and sages old;
 Sit here with me (wouldst thou the truth behold)
 And watch the current hour run out its course.
 See how without uproar or sullen force
 Glides the slim, shadowy rill of atom gold,
 Which, when the last slow, guileful grain is told,
 Forever is returned unto its source!
 This is Time's stream, by whose repeated fall
 Unnumbered fond ones, since the world was new,
 Loitered as we, unwarned of doom the while:
 Wouldst think so slender stream could cover all?
 But as we speak, some eddy draws us too.—
 Meseems dim grow thine eyes and dim thy smile.

Edith M. Thomas.

NOTES ON PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.



ONE of the most characteristic street-cries of London and of New York is never heard in Paris, nor is one of the most picturesque figures in the streets of London and of New York ever seen in the streets of Paris, for in France the noisy and pertinacious newsboy is unknown. The functions of this unstable disseminator of intelligence are filled in Paris by the staid old dame who sits at the receipt of custom in a *kiosque*. A Parisian

kiosque has nothing oriental but the name. It is a little sentry-box of glass, just large enough to shelter the news-vender from the changeable weather of the French capital. On a little stand in front of the *kiosque* are tiny heaps of the countless newspapers of the city, and on strings on each side are pendent numbers of the chief illustrated journals, artistic and comic. These *kiosques* are scattered along the boulevards, and from them the Parisian buys his "Figaro" in the morning and his "Temps" at five in the afternoon.

This difference of attitude between the hurrying American, who has to have his newspaper brought to him in haste hot from the press, and the leisurely Frenchman, who is content to pick up his paper when he goes abroad—this difference is far more than external; it is essentially typical of the irreconcilable difference between the French journal and the English or American newspaper. For one thing, the French journal is not a *newspaper* in the American sense of the word—and of a truth it does not pretend or desire to be. The "Figaro" now and again makes a ludicrous claim to the ubiquitous omniscience of the London "Times" or "The New York Herald," but this is not to be taken seriously. The fact is, that while the primary quality of a good English or American daily paper is news, the primary quality of a good French paper is not news, but criticism,—criticism of politics in the first place, of course, and in the second, criticism of commerce, of law, of finance, of science, of art, of literature, and of the drama. The aim and ideal of the best French editors is to

present not so much the minor details of a fact, but the best possible opinion on the fact. Of mere brute news, minute particulars of scandals, crimes, and horrors, such as we here in America have dumped upon our breakfast table every morning, with all the accompanying repetition and accumulation of uninteresting fact,—of all this the reader of the Parisian journal sees little or nothing. The childish or unintelligent thirst to know what has happened, regardless of the importance of the event, has not yet been developed in France by the rivalry of scrambling editors; and it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that even if they could have it without cost and without trouble, French editors would refuse to print most of the trivial trash which cumbers the columns of even the foremost American papers.

It is not that some Parisian papers do not print trivial trash and trash worse than trivial; the difference is rather in aim, the French editor thinking first of criticism and the American editor only too often thinking of mere news—first, last, and all the time. Yet the leading principle which should govern even in news-gathering is better understood in Paris than in London or New York. This is the principle which has been aptly called the "perspective of news," and by virtue of which a trifling accident in the immediate neighborhood is of more importance than a great calamity a thousand miles away. As Villemessant concisely put it, "A dog run over on the Boulevard des Italiens is of more consequence to the 'Figaro' than an earthquake in Australia." If we substitute for the injured dog a picture exhibited or a new play produced, we have just the things about which the Parisian papers give the most news.

In the eyes of foreigners the "Figaro" is the typical French newspaper, just as the London "Times" is the typical English newspaper and "The New York Herald" the typical American newspaper. Perhaps the "Figaro" is indeed as fairly representative of the French character, or, at least, of certain predominant traits in it, as the "Times" or "The New York Herald" is representative of English or American character. In so far as it is representative, the "Figaro" represents Paris rather than France; and in Paris it represents the boulevards, and not the faubourgs. It is the organ of society and of the stage; it is fashionable and frivolous; and it affects to be royalist and re-

actionary; it delights in scandal; it is mercenary; it is always pert, lively, and amusing; and it has the largest circulation of all the papers in Paris — excepting, of course, the little journals sold for five centimes each. The "Figaro" pretends now to be royalist, just as it pretended under the Empire to be in the liberal opposition; and it let M. Saint Geneste fall foul of the Republic as it once let M. Rochefort rain epigrams on the Empire. At bottom the "Figaro" has no principles — except to sell as many copies as possible. It has skillfully allowed honest and enthusiastic writers to urge their causes in its columns with what heat and strength they might: as their articles were signed, the paper bore no odium for their opinions, while it reaped the benefit of the attention they might attract. Nowadays its political attacks are perfunctory, and but little notice is paid to them by any serious politician. It continues to defend the throne and the altar in the language of the tap-room and the stable; but the circulation of the paper in no wise depends on these empty assaults. It may be that this violent devotion to reactionary faith pleases the old ladies of the conservative party; and certainly the "Figaro" — so Mr. Hamerton tells us — is taken throughout France by the country *cures*.

The real cause of the "Figaro's" success is the skill with which it reflects the shifting scenes and opinions of the boulevard. A glance at its make-up will show how carefully it has considered the taste of the modern Athenians who idle away their time under the shadow of the opera. It is a four-page paper. On the lower third or fourth of the first and second pages is the *feuilleton*, or daily installment of the serial story which is now to be found in every well-regulated French newspaper. The opening article on the first page is what we should call the chief "editorial" and what the

English term a "leader." In Paris it is known as a *chronique*, and in the "Figaro" it is always signed by the writer's name or pseudonym. Here in this post of honor are placed the vehement protests of M. Saint Geneste, of the pompous person who signs himself "Ignotus," and of the other political polemicists of



A NEWSPAPER KIOSQUE ON THE BOULEVARD.

his kind. Here, in default of a political essay, are placed the social essays of M. Albert Wolff, of M. Bergerat, and of the other lively writers who devote themselves to the manufacture of the glittering and flimsy *article de Paris*. Here the "Figaro" is wont to put the paper it has coaxed from the man of the moment — from M. Émile Zola, for example, whom it engaged, after his quarrel with the "Voltaire," to contribute a weekly essay on topics chosen by himself. (M. Zola's volume "Une Cam-

pagne" is a reprint of most of these "Figaro" articles.) Generally the second article is a series of paragraphs, personal and political, put under the title of "Echoes of Paris" and signed "The Iron-Mask." The final paragraphs are jokes, not long and often broad.

vertisements generally begin on the third page and fill the fourth.

Most of the reading-matter on the third page is given up to the theaters, which are probably more amply considered in the "Figaro" than in any other daily paper in the world — and this is typical of the importance of the theater in France. New plays are criticised at length by the dramatic critic, M. Auguste Vitu, a writer with a wide knowledge of theatrical history. M. Vitu's criticisms are of special value to those who seek to know the probable success of a new play, since he is apt to yield his own judgment somewhat to popular opinion. The musical criticisms were signed "Benedict," which is a pseudonym of M. Jouvin, the son-in-law of Villemessant, the founder of the "Figaro." There is a column of theatrical notes and news, announcements of new plays, anecdotes, puffs, and so forth. There is a list of plays to be acted at the different theaters that night; and during the theatrical season there is an article called the "Soirée Théâtrale," in which a "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," formerly M. Arnold Mortier and now M. Émile Blavet, gossips about the theatrical sensation of the hour, describing the people present at an important "first night," commenting on the



THE OFFICE OF THE "TEMPS."

After these may come a "society" article, a report of the proceedings of the two chambers, a review of the other papers, a summary of the chief cases in the law-courts, an occasional letter from a special or a foreign correspondent, and a column of local news — accidents, fires, murders, and the like. These fill the second page and lap over on the third. The ad-

scenery and the costumes, and inventing humorous conversations between histrionic celebrities. The connection of the "Figaro" with the theater has always been very close. Nearly every one of its writers has written plays, and M. Millaud, the comic poet of the "Figaro," and M. Philippe Gille, the editor of the department of "Paris Echoes," and the

late M. Mortier have all collaborated with M. Henri Meilhac. M. Vitu was the French adapter of Signor Giacometti's "Morte Civile," the painful play in which Salvini acts with so much pathetic effect. M. Jules Prével, the collector of theatrical news, M. Émile Blavet, and M. Albert Wolff are other of the contributors to the "Figaro" who are also contributors to the stage.

It was in 1826 that "Figaro" was first used as the name of a weekly paper, which lived brilliantly for seven years. Many attempts were made to revive it, notably one by M. Alphonse Karr in 1837. But its actual resurrection took place in 1854, when the late M. de Villemessant, with the aid of Auguste Villemot, Edmond About, M. Francisque Sarcey, M. Aurélien Scholl, M. Charles Monselet, M. Théodore de Banville, and other wits as lively, succeeded in making the "Figaro" the most alert and vivacious weekly journal in Paris. In 1866, when the daily "Événement," belonging also to Villemessant, was suppressed, he filled its place instantly by turning the "Figaro" into a daily. Then came the engagement

of M. Henri Rochefort and his rattling fire of small shot against the Empire and the Emperor. Villemessant, leaving the responsibilities of these attacks to the man whose signature



THE OFFICE OF THE "FIGARO."

they bore, artfully counterbalanced them by other signed articles defending the Empire or advocating the Legitimist cause. When M. Rochefort's violence became dangerous to the "Figaro," Villemessant advised him to found a paper of his own, and the result was the "Lanterne," which lighted up the last days of the last Empire.

This is typical of Villemessant's tact in using honest enthusiasm to turn the "Figaro's" grindstone; and the "Figaro" has always an ax to grind. Of the important newspapers of the world, the "Figaro" is the least reputable and the most frankly mercenary. Its columns are for sale to the highest bidder. Its financial review, and with this the right to control every paragraph in the paper bearing in any way on the money market, stocks, investments, etc., are sold openly to the Banque Parisienne for a sum exceeding a quarter of a million francs a year. Puffs of all kinds can be seen on every page: the mingling of advertisements with the more important articles of a newspaper, so that the praise of the advertiser seems to be the expression of editorial opinion, is a prevailing sin of most Parisian journals; but no other paper is quite so shameless as the "Figaro." Even its literary and dramatic departments are tainted. The "Figaro" publishes on Wednesdays and Saturdays a literary supplement, much as the American daily enlarges its Sunday issue; and this supplement, in addition to a letter from London, other odd bits of correspondence, and a few selected articles, contains a review of current literature with abundant quotations from books of the day. Many of these criticisms are the work of friendship; some are purchased. If a publisher wishes a few words of praise in the "Figaro" to precede the quotation of the most striking chapter of a new novel, he finds that there is a regular tariff for this as for any other advertisement. One of the oldest of French dramatists, speaking to me of the "Figaro," said that "it is nothing but a shop"—and such, in fact, it is.

It is, however, an example of successful shop-keeping. Its circulation varies from sixty to eighty thousand copies daily, and its profits from advertisements, both open and concealed, are large. Within a few years it has moved into a house of its own, in the Rue Drouot. In this hotel the "Figaro" now and again gives receptions to visiting notabilities, calling on the leading artists of the leading theaters of Paris to aid in entertaining the wandering monarch or prince after he or she has finished inspecting the power-presses, the business offices, and the editorial rooms. The building is a rather erratic specimen of Parisian architecture. The front is adorned by a bronze statue

of *Figaro*, ordered only after a competition of designs. On the ground-floor of the building is another money-making invention of the "Figaro's"—the *Salle de dépêches*, a hall in which the public can gaze on the latest dispatches, maps of the seat of war wherever it



ALBERT WOLFF.

may now chance to be, sketches, autographs, and caricatures of the celebrities of the moment.

M. Albert Wolff is the typical writer for the "Figaro." His biography, by the friendly hand of M. Toudouze, was given to the world three or four years ago. M. Wolff is called a Parisian of the Parisians, and he thinks himself the absolute quintessence of the boulevards, but by birth he is a German. As a boy in Cologne he met that other typical Parisian, Offenbach, and became possessed of the idea that Paris was the center of the solar system. He made his first appearance in literature with a book of comic travels on the Rhine, illustrated by his own rough wood-cuts. Then he wrote sentimental tales for children. Suddenly he gave up Germany and German for Paris and French. In Paris he had to begin at the bottom; but he had wit and will, and in time he began to be noticed as a writer of flashing brilliancy. He toiled at his trade of acquired cleverness, and he learnt the art of being a Parisian. He collaborated with M. Rochefort in writing a farce or two, and with M. Blum in writing the "Memoirs of Thérèse, by Herself," a book which had a questionable notoriety. By dint of hard labor he made himself a Frenchman, as his fellow-German Grimm, as the Englishman Hamilton, as the Italians Galilei and Fiorentino had done before him. He

is as clever as Fiorentino, and as much feared. He is the art critic of the "Figaro," and he writes its annual report on the Salon. It may suffice to say that although his hostility is dreaded, his praise is not respected — yet of course it has its influence.

The success of the "Figaro" has led to many imitations. The chief of these are the "Gaulois," the "Événement," the "Voltaire," and the "Gil Blas." The "Gaulois" is the oldest and has had the most ups and downs; it has less originality and says ditto to the "Figaro" more persistently than the others. The "Événement" is perhaps the most prosperous of the "Figaro's" immediate rivals; its circulation is more than half as large; its theatrical gossip is as accurate as the "Figaro's" and more aggressive; and in M. Aurélien Scholl it had a writer of chroniques quite as Parisian as M. Wolff and far wittier. M. Scholl writes too much, and the quality of his writing suffers from the quantity, but at his best he is really a wit. He has written countless columns of copy, but lost in this mass are articles of the finest temper and the most perfect point.

I remember hearing M. Sarcey say that there could be collected from M. Scholl's essays a book of two hundred or three hundred pages equal to the best of Chamfort — and Chamfort is the French equivalent for Sheridan or Sydney Smith. Even M. Scholl's average articles are very clever — clever, indeed, as the acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the plays of M. Victorien Sardou, or the architecture of M. Charles Garnier, all very clever Parisians. The "Voltaire" is also prosperous; among its chief writers are M. Ranc, M. Naquet, and M. J. J. Weiss, one of the sharpest and most sarcastic of all French journalists. The "Voltaire" owes much of its circulation to the skill with which its serial stories are chosen. M. Émile Zola was once the dramatic critic of the "Voltaire."

Here occasion serves to note how many distinguished French authors have been engaged as dramatic critics on the daily papers. M. Zola now no longer writes dramatic criticism, as the success of his novels has made him independent. M. Alphonse Daudet was in 1882 the dramatic critic of the "Parlement," and M. Georges Ohnet held the same post on the "Constitutionnel." M. Adolphe Jullien, the erudite author of the "History of Theatrical Costume" and of several studies in the history of music, is the musical critic of the "Français." M. François Coppée, the poet, criticised the acted drama for the "Patrie," and his fellow-poets M. Armand Silvestre and M. Henri de Bornier did the same for the "Estatette" and the "Nouvelle Revue." Three other poets are or until recently have been dramatic critics — M. Théodore de Ban-

ville, M. Jean Richepin, and M. Paul Arène. And while these distinguished writers are dramatic critics just as Théophile Gautier was a dramatic critic, simply because the position is honorable and remunerative, — for a poet must live, — the chief of those who are dramatic critics by vocation because they love their work, M. Francisque Sarcey of the "Temps" and M. Auguste Vitu of the "Figaro," have also done noteworthy work in other branches of literature and journalism.

The "Gil Blas" as a rival of the "Figaro" demands a few words by itself. It was started seven or eight years ago, in the belief that a purely literary daily paper would succeed in Paris. Unfortunately the belief was not founded on fact, as the event proved, and the "Gil Blas" came near foundering. It was in the habit of printing short stories, sketches, and little tales in nearly every number. One day it published a funny story as broad as anything in Boccaccio or Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques." That day the "Gil Blas" sold its whole edition. A few days later another story of the same sort appeared, and was eagerly bought. In a little while the circulation of the "Gil Blas" quadrupled. Again a little while and the paper was seized by the police. It mended its manners and its morals for a time. When next it fell from grace the police seized it again. Having attracted attention, the "Gil Blas" has now moderated its grossness, and is trying to regain its position as a literary journal. M. Guy de Maupassant, M. Théodore de Banville, M. Jean Richepin, M. Armand Silvestre are all clever men, and their writing is often brilliant, but work like theirs in the "Gil Blas" — to use Cowper's words —

"Shines in the dark, but ushered into day
The stench remains, the luster dies away."

The success of lively and entertaining newspapers like the "Figaro" and the "Événement" has greatly cut into the circulation and diminished the influence of the staid and sober papers like the "Journal des Débats." The "Parlement," the organ of M. Dufaure, was recently consolidated with the equally judicial and temperate "Débats." In an article on the Forty Immortals of the French Academy, in the number of THE CENTURY for January, 1884, there was a portrait of M. John Lemoine, the chief writer on the "Débats" and in many respects the foremost of French journalists. Among his fellow-contributors are M. Renan, M. Taine, and M. Cuvillier-Fleury, all of whom are also members of the Academy. It was for the "Débats" that Jules Janin wrote his famous dramatic criticisms, now well-nigh unreadable. The "Constitutionnel" and the "Siècle" are fast fading away. It is said that the

circulation of the "Constitutionnel" is now only two thousand. Edmond About, the novelist, was the founder and manager of the "XIX^e Siècle," and it was to his own paper that he contributed his manly "Romance of an Honest Man." The "XIX^e Siècle" was the organ of the anti-clerical middle class, the Voltairean bourgeois. Its success was assured when it took a bold and patriotic position during the revolutionary usurpations of the 16th of May; after About's death it lost its grip.

"La France" was founded by the late Émile de Girardin, the inventor (in France, at least)



ROCHEFORT.

of the cheap newspaper. In his hands the paper was a militant republican organ. Like the "XIX^e Siècle," its opportunity came with the reactionary and insidious intrigues of the 16th of May. The double-leaded and double-shotted articles of M. de Girardin were awaited daily with the utmost interest; the crowds formed in line before the kiosques every afternoon to get early copies of the paper; and its circulation rose at one time to 120,000 copies. But Girardin is dead, "La France" has gone over to the monarchists and the anarchists, and its influence has departed. Under Émile de Girardin "La France" fought side by side

with the "République Française," the paper started in 1871 by Gambetta with the aid of M. Challemeil-Lacour, M. Paul Bert, M. Spuller, M. Ranc, and M. de Freycinet. It was his share in the "République Française" which made Gambetta financially independent. In the hands of his friends it is the outspoken advocate of the policy he professed, and its influence on contemporary politics is perhaps larger than that of any other paper in Paris — excepting only the "Temps." Part of this influence is due to the circulation of more than 150,000 achieved by a one-cent tender to the "République Française" — the "Petite République Française," a tiny little sheet, modeled on the "Petit Journal," and advocating with mingled vigor and moderation the same broad views of French politics which are set forth in the parent paper.

Among the more radical journals are the "Justice," the "Rappel," and the "Intransigeant." The "Justice" is the organ of M. Clémenceau. The "Rappel" was the organ of Victor Hugo: it was started just before the fall of the Empire by his two sons, now both dead, and by his chief disciples and personal adherents, M. Paul Meurice and M. Auguste Vacquerie. It beats time for the more advanced democrats. Its chief writer is M. Edouard Lockroy, who married the widow of one of Hugo's sons. The "Rappel" has a literary quality more pronounced than is usual in polemic and political newspapers. It was in the "Rappel" that M. Henri Rochefort, when he was an exile, published the most of his serial stories, at least one of which, "Mlle. Bismark," has been translated in America.

M. Rochefort is one of the most striking figures in contemporary Parisian journalism, and his career is curious in its contrasts. A radical republican of an advanced type, M. Rochefort is by birth the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay. A free-thinker now of the most aggressive school, one of M. Rochefort's earliest efforts in literature was a poem in honor of the Virgin. Successful beyond expectation in his destructive attacks on the hollow pretensions of the Second Empire, M. Rochefort began as a hack writer of comic copy for the minor papers and as a maker of cheap farces for the minor theaters. It is to be said, however, that M. Rochefort's entrance into politics was almost accidental, and that his bitterest diatribes owe their effect chiefly to his mastery of the methods of comic journalism. In fact, M. Rochefort's transformation from a lively critic of ephemeral fashions into a stinging assailant of the Imperial Government was a slow and gradual evolution, and it took the best of three years (1865-1868) before the change was complete. It was in June, 1868, that he abandoned



CLÉMENCEAU.

the "Figaro," and issued the first number of his own weekly, the "Lanterne," a little pamphlet of thirty-two pages, clad in a cover of fiery red. Of the first number eighty thousand copies were sold. In the "Lanterne," the flippant chatter of the "Figaro" no longer accompanying it, the girding wit of M. Rochefort had full play, and the Imperial court winced under the satire which made it ridiculous. When the "Lanterne" was forbidden in France, its offices were transferred to Brussels, and the weekly numbers were smuggled into France. A favorite device was to pack them inside plaster busts of the Emperor of the French. In 1869 M. Rochefort was elected to the Assembly, and returning to Paris, founded the "Marseillaise." It was in consequence of articles in the "Marseillaise" that one of its contributors, Victor Noir, called on Prince Pierre Bonaparte and was shot dead by the Prince. Arrested in February, 1870, M. Rochefort was set free in September by the fall of the Empire. In February, 1871, he founded the "Mot d'Ordre," and in September he was condemned to a long

term of imprisonment for his part in the resistance of the Commune of Paris to the Republic of France. Sent in 1873 to New Caledonia, he escaped in 1874, crossed America, paused in London, and settled in Geneva, whence he returned to Paris in July, 1880, when the general amnesty of the communists was proclaimed. Two days after his return he brought out a new daily paper, "L'Intransigeant," which remains the mouthpiece of the extreme Left, impracticable and intractable. "L'Intransigeant" seems, however, to be to the taste of a certain section of Parisians, for its circulation is quite thirty thousand copies—nearly as large as that of the "Temps," which most competent critics would be inclined to call the best paper in Paris. "L'Intransigeant" is M. Rochefort's personal organ; it says what he thinks, and it is read simply to see what he says; its importance is due wholly to M. Rochefort. And so the "Justice" is the personal organ of M. Clémenceau: but M. Clémenceau is taken seriously and M. Rochefort is not. The "République Française" was Gam-

betta's organ, but Gambetta was the center of the strongest and sanest group in French politics, and the "*République Française*," although it has lost a little of its circulation since Gambetta's death, did not depend on any one man, however popular or able. It is a good general newspaper, while "*L'Intransigeant*" of M. Rochefort and the "*Justice*" of M. Clémenceau are organs, no more and no less.

The "*Temps*" and the "*République Française*" are the best representations of the temperate, moderate, and yet vigorous republicanism of France. The "*République Française*" is tainted by a certain aggressive agnosticism, the result of a violent reaction against ultramontane pretensions. The "*Temps*" is Protestant in its leanings. The "*République Française*" is a morning journal, and the "*Temps*" is an afternoon paper: they support the same views, and pay the same attention to foreign affairs. The "*Temps*" is now owned and managed by M. Adrien Hébrard and M. Jacques Hébrard, who are both senators. It has the strongest staff of any Parisian paper. In foreign correspondence, in political information and criticism, in literary and artistic reviewing, and even in the gathering of news, it is the foremost of French newspapers. In its sobriety of tone and dignity of manner it resembles the best English and American dailies. It is in the "*Temps*" that M. Edmond Schérer publishes his critical articles, and M. Schérer is the French critic whose articles on Wordsworth and Goethe served as texts for two of Mr. Matthew Arnold's most interesting essays. M. Schérer is, in a measure, the successor of Sainte-Beuve, but he has not yet Sainte-Beuve's authority. His mind and his manner are drier and have less charm; but none the less is he a chief representative of the higher criticism in France.

Among the other eminent literary contributors is M. Legouvé, the dramatist, who published in the "*Temps*" the most of his admirable notes on reading aloud, an art of which he is past-master. The art critic is M. Paul Mantz, and the musical critic is M. Weber; and, although they may have equals among their fellow-journalists, they have no superiors. The dramatic critic is M. Francisque Sarcey, to whom I shall recur shortly. There is a weekly scientific review by M. Vernier. There is an abundance of foreign correspondence of a very high quality. There is a weekly sketch of country life called "*La Vie à la Campagne*," by M. Georges de Cherville; and there was a weekly chronicle called "*La Vie à Paris*," by M. Jules Claretie. Since the fall of 1885, when M. Claretie was appointed director of the *Théâtre Français*, this article has been contributed by that charming writer, M. Anatole France.

M. Jules Claretie is perhaps best known in America as a novelist. His "*M. le Ministre*" and "*Le Million*" have been translated — or rather mistranslated, for the books were shamefully mangled — for American readers. "M.



CLARETIE.

le Ministre" is an admirable novel; it stands even a comparison with the "*Numa Roumestan*" of his friend M. Alphonse Daudet, which deals with a subject closely akin. As a novelist M. Claretie has had the tact and the insight to borrow from the naturalists just enough of their descriptive methods, without allowing the exhibition of things to overpower the revelation of persons. Besides his novels, M. Claretie has also written plays, at least one of which, the "*Régiment de Champagne*" has been acted in the United States. He is also a historian, and he has made the epoch of the French Revo-

lution wholly his own. He has a wider knowledge of literature and life in England and in Germany than most Frenchmen, having frequently visited both countries. Next to the breadth of his knowledge of men and things, he has indefatigable industry, and the union of these two qualities makes him one of the foremost journalists of France. M. Claretie has a pleasant wit and a sharp eye; his tastes are clean and honorable; and so the best of his chroniques in the "Temps" was sometimes not unlike one of Mr. George William Curtis's always delightful "Easy-Chair" articles, and the worst of them was always an amusing medley of judicious observation and antiquarian research. As M. Claretie's chroniques in the "Temps" were more widely quoted from than any other non-political articles of the Parisian press, it is no wonder that they have found many readers when gathered together into annual volumes. The future historian of manners and customs and fashions and ephemeral fancies will have no more trustworthy source of information than the yearly tomes of M. Claretie's "Vie à Paris." (For the instruction of the inquiring, it may be noted that M. Claretie pronounces his name "Clar-ty.")

The honor of being the most quoted writer on the "Temps" M. Claretie shared with M. Sarcey, whose criticism of the drama of the day fills the ground-floor of the "Temps" every Sunday afternoon. M. Sarcey is a graduate of the Normal School; and M. Taine and About were his classmates there. When they left the school in 1848, M. Taine was first, About third, and M. Sarcey fifth. For ten years M. Sarcey taught; then he gave up teaching and took to journalism under the guidance of his friend About. M. Sarcey has recently written a lively and instructive account of his life at the Normal School and of the constant intellectual fencing in which the brilliant band of scholars indulged. He asserts that he can always tell a graduate of the Normal School by the sincerity of his disputation, and he informs us that the scholars had declared war on two formulas only too frequently heard in debate. One of these is the assertion that the adversary is an ass, and the other impugns his motives, declaring that he is too clever to believe what he says. Whenever, therefore, any of the young debaters lost his temper and sneered at the sincerity of his opponent, the entire body arose as one man and said: "Sir, you are an ass!" And when he protested in vain, the chorus rejoined: "Then you do not believe a word of what you say." The German students have in like manner made war on two other silly formulas, which they term the apple and the spinach argument. The apple argument is the twitting of an opponent with a

change of opinion, and it is so called because an apple when accused of having changed color answered that "it is only bad fruit which remains green"; and the spinach argument is the self-congratulation on the fact that one does not think like the opponent, and it is so called because a lady once declared that she was very glad she did not like spinach, for if she did, she would eat it, and she could not bear it.

The robust sincerity thus learnt in the Normal School M. Sarcey has carried through life. M. Sarcey is honest, earnest, and devoted to his work, whether it be the exposure of an ultramontane trick or the analysis of a new play. He used to roast a priest for breakfast every morning in the "XIX^e Siècle," and he parboils himself every evening in one of the Parisian play-houses, all of which are as innocently free from ventilation as a Turkish bath. M. Sarcey is independent; he has never been willing to join any society or to accept any honors; more than once has he refused the cross of the Legion of Honor. His special characteristics are a robust and broad common sense and an equally broad good humor. As a dramatic critic he has attained to the highest repute; his authority, I venture to believe, is greater than was Jules Janin's—and it is assuredly founded on a firmer base. M. Sarcey has a great many qualifications for a dramatic critic, and he has in abundance the most important of all—he is very fond of the theater. He is fair, he is willing to hear both sides, the temper of his mind is judicial, and it is only when he is absolutely convinced of the guilt of the prisoner that the sword of justice falls; but when it does fall, it falls swiftly and to good purpose. M. Sarcey has sympathy with both the dramatic and the histrionic arts. He has insight into both, and he has logically coördinated a system of principles about them both. He is almost the only dramatic critic I know whose report of a performance gives a sound reason for its success or its failure. He has a habit of going at once to the heart of a play, and in telling the story of a drama he sets forth first of all the essential situation, the vital knot, the salient point where this play differs from all other plays. This is a very rare faculty. M. Vitu, for example, contents himself with a verbatim report of the plot of a play, followed by a criticism of its construction and its characters; but M. Sarcey so sets before you the situation that you are enabled to criticise for yourself and to seize at once on every point of his criticism. M. Sarcey has always refused to allow the collection of his dramatic criticisms, declaring that they are journalism and not literature. The only book about the stage he



A CORNER OF SARCEY'S LIBRARY.

has published is "Comédiens et Comédiennes," a series of biographic criticisms of the leading actors of Paris. A satire of M. Sarcey's on the French fondness for office has been translated in America as "The Miseries of Fo-Hi."

The "Temps," it is to be recorded to its credit, has kept itself free from the financial scandals which disgrace most of the Parisian papers. As a rule a new paper is either started by some stock speculator or its financial columns are sold outright. Even the most of the personal organs of prominent French politi-

cians do not disdain to turn a dishonest penny by the open and unblushing advocacy of all sorts of wild-cat enterprises. Indeed, the more swindling the speculation, the more lucrative is the assistance of the journalist. A French friend told me that he had heard the publisher of a Parisian daily complaining that only sound companies were being launched just then, and that of course there was little or no profit to be made out of sound companies. No puffs of this kind disfigure the "Temps," which is in this, as in most respects, the cleanest and most wholesome of Parisian papers.

In another respect also is the "Temps" setting a good example—its political articles are anonymous. Under the Empire the law required every article to be signed, that the courts might lay hands at once on an offending writer. The effect of this was undoubtedly to lower the tone of discussion, which tended always to leave the secure ground of argument for the quaking mor-

rass of personality. Both the "Temps" and the "République Française" let their admirable political articles speak for themselves without the intrusion of the personality of the writer. The purely artistic criticisms—literary, dramatic, or musical—still bear the signatures of the writers.

The most widely circulated daily paper in Paris, and indeed in the world, is the "Petit Journal," which prints daily more than half a million copies. The "Petit Journal" is a tiny little four-page paper, sold for a cent. It contains a daily chronicle, a few items of news, a little correspondence, a little theatrical gossip, nearly a page of advertisements, and installments of two serial stories. To these

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serial stories the keeping up of its circulation is due. The announcement of the beginning in its columns of a new novel by one of the writers beloved of its readers suffices sometimes to send up its circulation fifty thousand copies. On the other hand, with an unsatisfactory story its circulation soon drops. To guard against this, proba-

One of the most characteristic of Parisian journals remains to be considered; this is the "Charivari." George Eliot opens her essay on Heine with a quotation from Goethe to the effect that "nothing is more significant of men's characters than what they find laughable"; and in one of her novels she declares that a difference of tastes in jests is a great strain on the



SARCEY.

bly, there are two serials, that one may hit if the other miss. The authors most popular with the readers of the "Petit Journal" have little popularity elsewhere, and their stories, when reprinted as books, have only an insignificant sale. Chief among them are M. Émile Richebourg, M. Xavier de Montépin, and M. Arthur Arnould.

affections. The Parisian of the boulevards is a laughing biped without feathers; his wit is easy and his humor free: he is not like the Scots editor who "jocked w' difficulty"; and his taste in jests can be best discerned in "Charivari." The Frenchman born with a bitter wit created the vaudeville, so the saying goes; and he also created the comic paper.

"Le Charivari"—which was the model of "Punch," as the sub-title of that journal attests to the present day—was founded more than half a century ago by Charles Philipon, the inventor of the historic likeness of Louis Philippe to a pear. The comic journalist is like unto the Irish-American immigrant who when questioned as to his politics asked anxiously, "Have ye a government?—Thin I'm ag'in' it!" "Le Charivari" was against the government of Louis Philippe, so was it against the Republic of 1848, and so would it have been against the Second Empire, if the Imperial censors had not held it bound and muzzled. Forced to turn from the manly satire of politics to the more effeminate satire of fashion and life, "Le Charivari" lost much of its influence and power. The boisterous fun of Cham and the delicate indelicacies of M. Grévin but ill made up for the loss of the rough-and-ready satires of Daumier, often of a vigorous and vitriolic brutality unmatched in the history of caricature. Only too frequently both the text and the illustrations of "Le Charivari" and of its fellow comic papers "Le Journal Amusant" and "Le Petit Journal Pour Rire" bear witness to the French worship of the strange goddess. Only too frequently are they absolutely unfit for publication. M. Taine, in his "Notes on England,"

was specially struck by the total unlikeness of the English comic paper to the French in the subjects it treated and in the decency and cleanliness of the treatment. The English comic paper, like the English novel, is written to be read by the English young lady, while the French comic paper, like the French novel, is more often than not intended only for men, or for women who are willing to look at life as a coarse-grained man views it. Of course it is easy to say that just as the French novel is more artistic than the English,—I do not include the American novel with the English here,—so the French comic paper is comic while the English not unfrequently is comic only in intent; but this is in reality only an aggravation of the offense. There is no sin more heinous than letting the devil have all the fun. It is to be said for "Le Charivari" that it has never speculated in pornography, and that its lapses from what we of the English stock are wont to consider as good morals, if not good taste, are accidental rather than premeditated. It remains to be noted that "Le Charivari" is a four-page daily,—and for many years it was the only illustrated daily paper in the world. Its illustration or illustrations fill the most of the third page: formerly they were lithographic, but they are now produced by one of the many mechanical processes.

Brander Matthews.

THE WINGING HOUR.

"It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world than to consider a half hour a trifle."

GOETHE'S *Sprüche in Prosa.*

STAY not! Pause not!
The noon is near;
The sun hath climbed the height.
Stay not nor fear!
Follow till thy work be done!
On, ever on!

No summer beam shall scorch thee,
Nor sudden wave o'erwhelm thee,
Till thy task be ended.
On, ever on!

Through the mist and through the night,
Through the blinding morning light,
By elements befriended,
Till thy work be done.

Thou wouldst sail the sea,
The mountain wouldst thou scale,
Upon the starry worlds
Exhaust thy vision frail,

Stay not for the storm
And stay not for the hour,
A greater master yet
Holds thee in his power.

The noon is here,
Thy work undone,
The end draws near
Ere thou hast won.

Conquer Death, for he is weak
And the gathering days are strong!
Time to struggle, time to seek
While the untired moments throng
Close about thee; seize the first!
Then to thee the second turns,
And the third is all thine own;
Thine the light and thine the strength,
Thine the throne!

Mrs. Fields.

AU LARGE.*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Grande Pointe," etc.

V.

FATHER AND SON.



SUCH strange things storms do,—here purifying the air, yonder treading down rich harvests, now replenishing the streams, and now strewn shores with wrecks; here a blessing; there a calamity. See what this one had done for Marguerite! Well, what? She could not lament; she dared not rejoice. Oh! if she were Claude and Claude were she, how quickly—

She wondered how many miles a day she could learn to walk if she should start out into the world on foot to find somebody, as she had heard that Bonaventure had once done to find her mother's lover. There are no Bonaventures now, she thinks, in these decayed times.

"Mamma,"—her speech was French,—
"why do we never see Bonaventure? How far is it to Grande Pointe?"

"Ah! my child, a hundred miles; even more."

"And to my uncle Rosamond's,—Rosamond Robichaux, on Bayou Terrebonne?"

"Fully as far, and almost the same journey."

There was but one thing to be done—crush Claude out of her heart.

The storm had left no wounds on Grande Pointe. Every roof was safe, even the old tobacco-shed where Bonaventure had kept school before the school-house was built. The sheltering curtains of deep forest had broken the onset of the wind, and the little cotton, corn, and tobacco fields, already harvested, were merely made a little more tattered and brown. The November air was pure, sunny, and mild, and trilled every now and then with the note of some lingering bird. A green and bosky confusion still hid house from house and masked from itself the all but motionless human life of the sleepy woods village. Only an adventitious china-tree here and there had been stripped of its golden foliage and kept only its ripened berries with the redbirds darting and fluttering around them like so many

hiccoughing Comanches about a dram-seller's tent. And here, if one must tell a thing so painful, our old friend the mocking-bird, neglecting his faithful wife and letting his home go to decay, kept dropping in, all hours of the day, tasting the berries' rank pulp, stimulating, stimulating, drowning care, you know,—
"Lost so many children, and the rest gone off in ungrateful forgetfulness of their old hard-working father; yes"; and ready to sing or fight, just as any other creature happened not to wish; and going home in the evening scolding and swaggering and getting to bed barely able to hang on to the roost. It would have been bad enough, even for a man; but for a bird—and a mocking-bird!

But the storm wrought a great change in one small house not in Grande Pointe, yet of it. Until the storm, ever since the day St. Pierre had returned from the little railway station where Claude had taken the cars, he had seemed as patiently resigned to the new loneliness of Bayou des Acadiens as his thatched hut, which day by day sat so silent between the edges of the dark forest and the darker stream, looking out beyond the farther bank, and far over the green waste of rushes with its swarm of blackbirds sweeping capriciously now this way and now that, and the phantom cloud-shadows passing slowly across from one far line of cypress wood to another. But since that night when the hut's solitary occupant could not sleep for the winds and for thought of Claude, there was a great difference inside. And this did not diminish; it grew. It is hard for a man to be both father and mother, and at the same time be childless. The bonds of this condition began slowly to tighten around St. Pierre's heart and then to cut into it. And so, the same day on which Claude in Vermillionville left the Beausoleils' tavern, the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, ever in his mind's eye, was empty, and in Grande Pointe his father stood on the one low step at the closed door of Bonaventure's little frame school-house.

He had been there a full minute and had not knocked. Every movement, to-day, came only after an inward struggle. Many associations crowded his mind on this doorstep. Six years before, almost on this spot, a mere brier patch then, he and Maximian Roussel had

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risen from the grassy earth and given the first two welcoming hand-grasps to the schoolmaster. And now, as one result, Claude, who did not know his letters then, was rising — nay, had risen — to greatness! Claude, whom once he would have been glad to make a good fisherman and swamper, or at the utmost a sugar-boiler, was now a greater, in rank at least, than the very schoolmaster. Truly, "Knowledge is power" — alas! yes; for it had stolen away that same Claude. The College Point priest's warning had come true: it was "good-bye to Grande Pointe!" — Nay, nay, it must not be! Is that the kind of power education is? Power to tear children from their parents? Power to expose their young heads to midnight storms? Power to make them eager to go, and willing to stay away, from their paternal homes? Then indeed the priest had said only too truly, that these public schools teach everything except morals and religion! From the depth of St. Pierre's heart there quickly came a denial of the charge; and on the moment, like a chanted response, there fell upon his listening ear a monotonous intonation from within the door. A reading-class had begun its exercise. He knew the words by heart, so often had Claude and he read them together. He followed the last stanza silently with his own lips.

"Remember, child, remember
That you love, with all your might,
The God who watches o'er us
And gives us each delight,
Who guards us ever in the day
And saves us in the night."

Tears filled the swamper's eyes. He moved as if to leave the place, but paused with one foot half lowered to the ground. His jaws set, a frown came between his eyes; he drew back the foot, turned again to the door, and gave a loud, peremptory knock.

Bonaventure came to the door. Anxiety quickly overspread his face as he saw the gloom on St. Pierre's. He stood on the outer edge of the sill and drew the door after him.

"I got good news," said St. Pierre, with a softening of countenance.

"Good news?"

"Yass. — I goin' make Claude come home."

Bonaventure could only look at him in amazement. St. Pierre looked away and continued:

"S no use. Can't stand it no longer." He turned suddenly upon the schoolmaster. "Why you di' n' tell me ed'cation goin' teck my boy 'way from me?" In Bonaventure a look of distressful self-justification quickly changed to one of anxious compassion.

"Wait!" he said. He went back into the school-room, leaving St. Pierre in the open door, and said:

"Dear chil'run, I perceive generally the aspects of fatigue. You have been good scholars. I pronounce a half-hollyday till tomorrow morning. Come, each and every one, with lessons complete."

The children dispersed peaceably, jostling one another to shake the schoolmaster's hand as they passed him. When they were gone he put on his coarse straw hat, and the two men walked slowly, conversing as they went, down the green road that years before had first brought the educator to Grande Pointe.

"Dear friend," said the schoolmaster, "shall education be to blame for this separation? Is not also non-education responsible? Is it not by the non-education of Grande Pointe that there is nothing fit here for Claude's staying?"

"You stay!"

"I? I stay? Ah! sir, I stay, yes! Because, like Claude, leaving my home and seeking by wandering to find the true place of my utility, a voice spake that I come at Grande Pointe. Behold me! as far from my childhood home as Claude from his. Friend, — ah! friend, what shall I, — shall Claude, — shall any man do with education? Keep it? Like a miser his gol'? What shall the ship do when she is load'? Dear friend," — they halted where another road started away through the underbrush at an abrupt angle on their right, — "where leads this narrow road? To Belle Alliance plantation only, or not also to the whole worl'? So is education! That road here once fetch me at Grande Pointe; the same road fetch Claude away. Education came whispering, 'Claude St. Pierre, come! I have constitute' you citizen of the worl'. Come, come, forgetting self!' Oh, dear friend, education is not for self alone! Nay, even self is not for self!"

"Well, den," — the deep-voiced woodman stood with one boot on a low stump, fiercely trimming a branch that he had struck from the parent stem with one blow of his big, keen clasp-knife, — "self not for self, — for what he gone off and lef' me in the swamp?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Bonaventure, "what do I unceasingly tell those dear school-chil'run? 'May we not make the most of self, yet not for self?'" He laid his hand upon St. Pierre's shoulder. "And who sent Claude hence if not his unselfish father?"

"I was big fool," said St. Pierre, whitening on.

"Nay, wise! Discovering the great rule of civilize-ation. Every man not for self, but for every other!"

The swamper disclaimed the generous imputation with a shake of the head.

"Naw, I dunno nut'n' 'bout dat. I look out

for me and my boy, me.—And, beside,—he abruptly threw away the staff he had trimmed, shut his knife with a snap, and thrust it into his pocket,—“I dawns’t see ed’cation make no diff’ence. You say ed’cation—priest say religion—me, I dawns’t see neider one make no diff’ence. I see every man look out for hisself and his li’l’ crowd. Not you, but—” He waved his hand bitterly toward the world at large.

“Ah, sir!” cried Bonaventure, “’t is not something what you can see all the time, like the horns on a cow! And yet, sir,—and yet!”—he lifted himself upon tiptoe and ran his fingers through his thin hair—“the education that make’ no difference is but a dead body! and the religion that make’ no difference is a ghost! Behole! behole two thing’ in the worl’, where all is giving and getting, two thing’, *contrary*, yet resem’ling! ’T is the left han’—alas, alas!—giving only to get; and the right, blessed of God, getting only to give! How much resem’ling, yet how *contrary*! The one—han’ of all strife; the other—of all peace. And oh! dear friend, there are those who call the one civilize-ation, and the other religion. Civilize-ation? Religion? They are one! They are body and soul! I care not what religion the priest teach you; in God’s religion is comprised the total *mécanique* of civilize-ation. We are all in it; you, me, Claude, Sidonie; all in it! Each and every at his task, however high, however low, working not to get, but to give, and not to give only to his own li’l’ crowd, but to all, to all!” The speaker ceased, for his hearer was nodding his head with skeptical impatience.

“Yass,” said the woodman, “yass; but look, Bonaventure. Di’n’yousaid onetime, ‘Knowledge is power’?”

“Yes, truly; and it is.”

“But what use knowledge be power if goin’ give ev’t’in’ away?”

Bonaventure drew back a step or two, suddenly jerked his hat from his head, and came forward again with arms stretched wide and the hat dangling from his hand. “Because—because God will not let it sta-a-y given away! ‘Give—it shall be give’ to you.’ Everything given out into God’s worl’ come back to us roun’ God’s worl’! Resem’ling the stirring of water in a bucket!”

But St. Pierre frowned. “Yass,—wat’ in bucket,—yass. Den no man dawns’t keep nut’n’. Dawns’t own nut’n’ he got.”

“Ah! sir, there is a better owning than to own. ’T is giving, dear friend; ’t is giving. To get? To have? That is not to own. The giver, not the getter; the giver! he is the true owner. Live thou not to get, but to give.” Bonaven-

ture’s voice trembled; his eyes were full of tears.

The swamper stood up with his own eyes full, but his voice was firm. “Bonaventure, I don’t got much. I got dat li’l’ shanty on Bayou des Acadiens and li’l’ plunder inside—few kittle’ and pan’,—cast-net, fish-line’, two, t’ree gun’, and—my wife’ grave, yond’ in graveyard. But I got Claude,—my boy, my son. You t’ink God want me give my son to whole worl’?”

The schoolmaster took the woodsman’s brown wrist tenderly into both his hands and said, scarce above a whisper, “He gave His, first. He started it. Who can refuse, He starting it? And thou will not refuse.” The voice rose—“I see, I see the victory! Well art thou nominated ‘St Pierre’! for on that rock of giving—”

“Naw, sir! Stop!” The swamper dashed the moisture from his eyes and summoned a look of stubborn resolve. “Mo’ better you call me St. Pierre because I’m a fisherman what cuss when I git mad. Look! You dawns’t want me git Claude back in Gran’ Point’. You want me to give, give. Well, all right! I goin’ *quit* Gran’ Point’ and give myself, me, to Claude. I kin read, I kin write, I t’ink kin do better ’long wid Claude dan livin’ all ’lone wid snake’ and alligator’. I t’ink dass mo’ better for everybody; and anyhow, I dawns’t care; I dawns’t give my son to nobody; I give myself to Claude.”

Bonaventure and his friend gazed into each other’s wet eyes for a moment. Then the schoolmaster turned, lifted his eyes and one arm toward the west, and exclaimed:

“Ah, Claude! thou receivest the noblest gift in Gran’ Point’!”

VI.

CONVERGING LINES.

ON the prairies of Vermillion and Lafayette winter is virtually over by the first week in February. From sky to sky, each tree and field, each plain and plantation grove, are putting on the greenery of a northern May. Even on Côte Gelée the housewife has persuaded *le vieux* to lay aside his gun, and the early potatoes are already planted. If the moon be at the full much ground is ready for the sower; and those plowmen and pony teams and men working along behind them with big, clumsy hoes, over in yonder field, are planting corn. Those silent, tremulous strands of black that in the morning sky come gliding, high overhead, from the direction of the great sea marshes and fade into the northern blue, are flocks that have escaped the murderous gun of the pot-hunter. Spring and summer are driving these before

them as the younger and older sister, almost abreast, come laughing, and striving to outrun each other across the Mexican Gulf.

Those two travelers on horseback, so dwarfed by distance, whom you see approaching out of the north-west, you shall presently find have made, in their dress, no provision against cold. At Carancro, some miles away to the north-east, there is a thermometer; and somewhere in Vermillionville, a like distance to the south-east, there might possibly be found a barometer; but there is no need of either to tell that the air to-day is threescore and ten and will be more before it is less. Before the riders draw near you have noticed that only one is a man and the other a woman. And now you may see that he is sleek and alert, blonde and bland, and the savage within us wants to knock off his silk hat. All the more so for that she is singularly pretty to be met in his sole care. The years count, on her brows, it is true, but the way in which they tell of matronhood—and somehow of widowhood too—is a very fair and gentle way. Her dress is plain, but its lines have a grace that is also dignity; and the lines of her face—lines is too hard a word for them—are not those of time, but of will and of care, that have chastened, refined, one another. She speaks only now and then. Her companion's speech fills the wide intervals.

"Yesterday morning," he says, "as I came along here a little after sunrise, there was a thin fog lying only two or three feet deep, close to the level ground as far as you could see, hiding the whole prairie and making it look for all the world like a beautiful lake, with every here and there a green grove standing out of it like a real little island."

She replies that she used to see it so in her younger days. The Acadian accent is in her words. She lifts her black eyes, looks toward Carancro, and is silent.

"You're thinking of the changes," says her escort.

"Yass; 'tis so. Dey got twenty time' many field' like had befo'. Peop' don't raise cattl' no mo'; raise crop'. Dey say even dat land changin'."

"How changing?"

"I dunno. I dunno if 'tis so. Dey say prairie risin' mo' higher every year. I dunno if 'tis so. I t'ink dat land don't change much; but de peop', yass."

"Still, the changes are mostly good changes," responds the male rider. "'T is n't the prairie, but the people that are rising. They've got the school-house, and the English language, and a free, paid labor system, and the railroads, and painted wagons, and Cincinnati furniture, and sewing-machines, and melo-

deons, and Horsford's Acid Phosphate; and they've caught the spirit of progress!"

"Yass, 'tis so. Dawn't see nobody seem satisfied—since de army—since de railroad."

"Well, that's right enough; they ought n't to be satisfied. You're not satisfied, are you? And yet you've never done so well before as you have this season. I wish I could say the same for the 'Album of Universal Information'; but I can't. I tell you that, Madame Beausoleil; I would n't tell anybody else."

Zoséphine responds with a dignified bow. She has years ago noticed in herself that, though she has strength of will, she lacks clearness and promptness of decision. She is at a loss, now, to know what to do with Mr. Tarbox. Here he is for the seventh time. But there is always a plausible explanation of his presence, and a person of more tactful propriety, it seems to her, never put his name upon her tavern register or himself into her company. She sees nothing shallow or specious in his dazzling attainments; they rekindle the old ambitions in her that Bonaventure lighted; and although Mr. Tarbox's modest loveliness is not visible, yet a certain fundamental rectitude, discernible behind all his nebulous gaudiness, confirms her liking. Then, too, he has earned her gratitude. She has inherited not only her father's small fortune, but his thrift as well. She can see the sagacity of Mr. Tarbox's advice in pecuniary matters, and once and once again, when he has told her quietly of some little operation into which he and the ex-governor—who "thinks the world of me," he says—were going to dip, and she has accepted his invitation to venture in also, to the extent of a single thousand dollars, the money has come back handsomely increased. Even now, the sale of all her prairie lands to her former kinsmen-in-law, which brought her out here yesterday and lets her return this morning, is made upon his suggestion, and is so advantageous that somehow, she does n't know why, she almost fears it is n't fair to the other side. The fact is, the country is passing from the pastoral to the agricultural life, the prairies are being turned into countless farms, and the people are getting wealth. So explains Mr. Tarbox, whose happening to come along this morning bound in her direction is pure accident—pure accident.

"No, the 'A. of U. I.' has n't done its best," he says again. "For one thing, I've had other fish to fry. You know that." He ventures a glance at her eyes, but they ignore it, and he adds, "I mean other financial matters."

"'T is so," says Zoséphine; and Mr. Tarbox hopes the reason for this faint repulse is only the nearness of this farm-house peeping at

them through its pink veil of blossoming peach-trees, as they leisurely trot by.

"Yes," he says; "and, besides, 'Universal Information' is n't what this people want. The book's too catholic for them."

"Too Cat'oleek!" Zoséphine raises her pretty eyebrows in grave astonishment—"Cadian' is all Cat'oleek."

"Yes, yes, ecclesiastically speaking, I know. That was n't my meaning. Your smaller meaning puts my larger one out of sight; yes, just as this Cherokee hedge puts out of sight the miles of prairie fields, and even that house we just passed. No, the 'A. of U. I.'—I love to call it that; can you guess why?" There is a venturesome twinkle in his smile, and even a playful permission in her own as she shakes her head.

"Well, I 'll tell you; it's because it brings you and I so near together."

"Hah!" exclaims Madame Beausoleil, warningly, yet with sunshine and cloud on her brow at once. She likes her companion's wit, always so deep and yet always so delicately pointed! His hearty laugh just now disturbs her somewhat, but they are out on the wide plain again, without a spot in all the sweep of her glance where an eye or an ear may ambush them or their walking horses.

"No," insists her fellow-traveler; "I say again, as I said before, the 'A. of U. I.'—" he pauses at the initials, and Zoséphine's faint smile gives him ecstasy—"has n't done its best. And yet it has done beautifully! Why, when did you ever see such a list as this? He dexterously draws from an extensive inner breast-pocket, such as no coat but a book-agent's or a shoplifter's would be guilty of, a wide, limp, morocco-bound subscription book. "Here!" He throws it open upon the broad Texas pommel. "Now, just for curiosity, look at it—Oh! you can't see it from away off there, looking at it sideways!" He gives her a half-reproachful, half-beseeking smile and glance and gathers up his dropped bridle. They come closer. Their two near shoulders approach each other, the two elbows touch, and two dissimilar hands hold down the leaves. The two horses playfully bite at each other; it is their way of winking one eye.

"Now, first, here's the governor's name; and then his son's, and his nephew's, and his other son's, and his cousin's. And here Pierre Cormeaux, and Baptiste Clement, you know, at Carancro; and here's Bazilide Sexnailder, and Joseph Cantrelle, and Jacques Hebert; see? And Gaudin, and Laprade, Blouin, and Roussel,—old Christophe Roussel of Beau Bassin,—Duhon, Roman and Simonette Le Blanc, and Judge Landry, and Thériot,—Colonel Thériot,—Martin, Hebert

again, Robichaux, Mouton, Mouton again, Robichaux again, Mouton—oh, I've got 'em all!—Castille, Beausoleil—cousin of yours? Yes, he said so; good fellow, thinks you're the greatest woman alive." The two dissimilar hands, in turning a leaf, touch, and the smaller one leaves the book. "And here's Guilbeau, and Latiolais, and Thibodeaux, and Soudrie, and Arcenaux—flowers of the community—" I gather them in"—and here's a page of Côte Gelée people, and—Joe Jefferson had n't got back to the Island yet, but I've got his son; see? And here's—can you make out this signature? It's written so small—"

Both heads,—with only the heavens and the dear old earth-mother to see them,—both heads bend over the book; the hand that had retreated returns, but bethinks itself and withdraws again; the eyes of Mr. Tarbox look across their corners at the sedate brow so much nearer his than ever it has been before, until that brow feels the look and slowly draws away. Look to your mother, Marguerite; look to her! But Marguerite is not there, not even in Vermillionville; nor yet in Lafayette parish; nor anywhere throughout the wide prairies of Opelousas or Attakapas. Triumph fills Mr. Tarbox's breast.

"Well," he says, restoring the book to its hiding-place, "seems like I ought to be satisfied with that; does n't it to you?"

It does; Zoséphine says so. She sees the double meaning, and Mr. Tarbox sees that she sees it, but must still move cautiously. So he says:

"Well, I'm not satisfied. It's perfect as far as it goes, but don't expect me to be satisfied with it. If I've seemed satisfied, shall I tell you why it was, my dear—friend?"

Zoséphine makes no reply; but her dark eyes meeting his for a moment, and then falling to her horse's feet, seem to beg for mercy.

"It's because," says Mr. Tarbox, while her heart stands still, "it's because I've made"—there is an awful pause—"more money without the 'A. of U. I.' this season than I've made with it."

Madame Beausoleil catches her breath, shows relief in every feature, lifts her eyes with sudden brightness, and exclaims:

"Dass good! Dass mighty good, yass! 'Tis so."

"Yes, it is; and I tell you, and you only, because I'm proud to believe you're my sincere friend. Am I right?"

Zoséphine busies herself with her riding-skirt, shifts her seat a little, and with studied carelessness assents.

"Yes," her companion repeats; "and so I tell you. The true business man is candid to

all, communicative to none. And yet I open my heart to you. I can't help it; it won't stay shut. And you must see, I'm sure you must, that there's something more in there besides money; don't you?" His tone grows tender.

Madame Beausoleil steals a glance toward him,—a grave, timid glance. She knows there is safety in the present moment. Three horsemen, strangers, far across the field in their front, are coming toward them, and she feels an almost proprietary complacency in a suitor whom she can safely trust to be saying just the right nothings when those shall meet them and ride by. She does not speak; but he says:

"You know there is, dear Jos—friend!" He smiles with modest sweetness. "G. W. Tarbox does n't run after money, and consequently he never runs past much without picking it up." They both laugh in decorous moderation. The horsemen are drawing near; they are Acadians. "I admit I love to make money. But that's not my chief pleasure. My chief pleasure is the study of human nature.

"The proper study of mankind is man.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

"This season I've been studying these Acadian people. And I like them! They don't like to be reminded that they're Acadians. Well, that's natural; the Creoles used to lord it over them so when the Creoles were slaveholding planters and they were small farmers. That's about past now. The Acadians are descended from peasants, that's true, while some Creoles are from the French nobility. But, hooh! would n't any fair-minded person—the horsemen are within earshot; they are staring at the silk hat—"Adjieu."

"Adjieu." They pass.

"—Would n't any fair-minded person that knows what France was two or three hundred years ago—show you some day in the 'Album'—about as lief be descended from a good deal of that peasantry as from a good deal of that nobility? I should smile! Why, my dear—friend, the day's coming when the Acadians will be counted as good French blood as there is in Louisiana! They're the only white people that ever trod this continent— island or mainland—who never on their own account oppressed anybody. Some little depredation on their British neighbors, out of dogged faithfulness to their king and church,—that's the worst charge you can make. Look at their history! all poetry and pathos! Look at their character! brave, peaceable, loyal, industrious, home-loving—"

But Zoséphine is looking at the speaker.

Her face is kindled with the inspiration of his praise. His own eyes grow ardent.

"Look at their women! Ah, Josephine, I'm looking at one! Don't turn away.

"One made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon."

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

"You can't stop me, Josephine; it's got to come, and come right now. I'm a homeless man, Josephine, tired of wandering, with a heart bigger and weaker than I ever thought I had. I want you! I love you! I've never loved anybody before in my life except myself, and I don't find myself as lovely as I used. Oh, take me, Josephine! I don't ask you to love as if you'd never loved another. I'll take what's left, and be perfectly satisfied! I know you're ambitious, and I love you for that! But I do think I can give you a larger life. With you for a wife, I believe I could be a man you need n't be ashamed of. I'm already at the head of my line. Best record in the United States, Josephine, whether by the day, week, month, year, or locality. But if you don't like the line, I'll throw up the 'A. of U. I.' and go into anything you say; for I want to lift you higher, Josephine. You're above me already, by nature and by rights, but I can lift you, I know I can. You've got no business keeping tavern; you're one of Nature's aristocrats. Yes, you are! and you're too young and lovely to stay a widow—in a State where there's more men than there's women. There's a good deal of the hill yet to climb before you start down. Oh, let's climb it together, Josephine! I'll make you happier than you are, Josephine; I have n't got a bad habit left; such as I had, I've quit; it don't pay. I don't drink, chew, smoke, tell lies, swear, quarrel, play cards, make debts, nor belong to a club—be my wife! Your daughter'll soon be leaving you. You can't be happy alone. Take me! take me!" He urges his horse close—her face is averted—and lays his hand softly but firmly on her two, resting folded on the saddle-horn. They struggle faintly and are still; but she slowly shakes her hanging head.

"O Josephine! you don't mean no, do you? Look this way! you don't mean no?" He presses his hand passionately down upon hers. Her eyes do not turn to his; but they are lifted tearfully to the vast, unanswering sky, and as she mournfully shakes her head again, she cries,

"I dunno! I dunno! I can't tell! I got to see Marguerite."

"Well, you 'll see her in an hour, and if she —"

"Naw, naw! 't is not so; Marguerite is in New Orleans since Christmas."

Very late in the evening of that day Mr. Tarbox entered the principal inn of St. Martinville, on the Teche. He wore an air of blitheness which, though silent, was overdone. As he pushed his silk hat back on his head and registered his name with a more than usual largeness of hand, he remarked:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

"Give me a short piece of candle and a stumpy candlestick — and

"Take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber —"

"Glad to see you back, Mr. Tarbox," responded the host; and as his guest received the candle and heard the number of his room, — "Books must 'a' went well this fine day."

Mr. Tarbox fixed him with his eye, drew a soft step closer, said in a low tone:

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me."

The landlord raised his eyebrows, rounded his mouth, and darted out his tongue. The guest shifted the candle to his left hand, laid his right softly upon the host's arm, and murmured:

"List! Are we alone? If I tell thee something, wilt thou tell it never?"

The landlord smiled eagerly, shook his head, and bent toward his speaker.

"Friend Perkins," said Mr. Tarbox, in muffled voice —

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams —"

"Don't let the newspapers get hold of it — good-night."

But it was only at daybreak that Mr. Tarbox disordered the drapery of his couch to make believe he had slept there, and at sunrise he was gone to find Claude.

VII.

'THANASE'S VIOLIN.

HAD Marguerite gone to New Orleans the better to crush Claude out of her heart? No,

no! Her mother gave an explanation interesting and reasonable enough, and at the same time less uncomfortably romantic. Marguerite had gone to the city to pursue studies taught better there than in Opelousas; especially music.

Back of this was a reason which she had her mother's promise not to mention: the physician's recommendation — a change of scene. He spoke of slight malarial influences and how many odd forms they took; of dyspepsia and its queer freaks; of the confining nature of house cares, and of how often they "ran down the whole system." His phrases were French, but they had all the weary triteness of these; while Marguerite rejoiced that he did not suspect the real ailment, and Zoséphine saw that he divined it perfectly.

A change of scene. Marguerite had treated the suggestion lightly, as something amusingly out of proportion to her trivial disorder, but took pains not to reject it. Zoséphine had received it with troubled assent, and mentioned the small sugar farm and orangery of the kinsman Robichaux, down on Bayou Terrebonne. But the physician said, "If that would not be too dull"; mentioned, casually, the city, and saw Marguerite lighten up eagerly. The city was chosen; the physician's sister, living there, would see Marguerite comfortably established. All was presently arranged.

"And you can take your violin with you and study music," he said. Marguerite had one, and played it with a taste and skill that knew no competitor in all the surrounding region.

It had belonged to her father. Before she was born, all Lafayette parish had known it tenderly. Before she could talk she had danced — courtesied and turned, tiptoed and fallen and risen again, latter end first, to the gay strains he had loved to ring from it. Before it seemed safe, for the instrument, to trust it in her hands, she had learned to draw its bow; and for years, now, there had been no resident within the parish who could not have been her scholar better than to be her teacher.

When Claude came she had shut the violin in its case, and left the poor thing hidden away, despising its powers to charm, lost in self-contempt, and helpless under the spell of a chaste passion's first enchantment. When he went she still forgot the instrument for many days. She returned with more than dutiful energy to her full part in the household cares, and gave every waking hour not so filled to fierce study. If she could not follow him, — if a true maiden must wait upon faith, — at least she would be ready if fate should ever bring him back.

But one night, when she had conned her simple books until the words ran all together on the page, some good angel whispered,

"The violin!" She took it and played. The music was but a song, but from some master of song. She played it, it may be, not after the best rules, yet as one may play who, after life's first great billow has gone over him, smites again his forgotten instrument. With tears, of all emotions mingled, starting from her eyes, and the bow trembling on the strings, she told the violin her love. And it answered her:

"Be strong! be strong! you shall not love for naught. He shall — he shall come back — he shall come back and lead us into joy." From that time the violin had more employment than ever before in all its days.

So it and Marguerite were gone away to the great strange city together. The loneliness they left behind was a sad burden to Zoséphine. No other one thing had had so much influence to make so nearly vulnerable the defenses of her heart when Mr. Tarbox essayed to storm them. On the night following that event, the same that he had spent so sleeplessly in St. Martinville, she wrote a letter to Marguerite, which, though intended to have just the opposite effect, made the daughter feel that this being in New Orleans, and all the matter connected with it, were one un-mixed mass of utter selfishness. The very written words that charged her to stay on seemed to say, "Come home!" — Her strong little mother! always quiet and grave, it is true, and sometimes sad; yet so well poised, so concentrated, so equal to every passing day and hour! — she to seem — in this letter — far out of her course, adrift, and mutely and dimly signaling for aid! The daughter read the pages again and again. What could they mean? Here, for instance, this line about the mother's coming herself to the city, if, and if, and if!

The letter found Marguerite in the bosom of a family that dwelt in the old rue Bourbon, only a short way below Canal street, the city's center. The house stands on the street, its drawing-room windows opening upon the sidewalk, and a narrow balcony on the story above shading them scantily at noon. A garden on the side is visible from the street through a lofty, black, wrought-iron fence. Of the details within the inclosure, I remember best the vines climbing the walls of the tall buildings that shut it in, and the urns and vases, and the evergreen foliage of the Japan plum-trees. A little way off, and across the street, was the pleasant restaurant and salesroom of the Christian Women's Exchange.

The family spoke English. Indeed, they spoke it a great deal; and French — also a great deal. The younger generation, two daughters and a son, went much into society. Their name was that of an ancient French

noble house, with which, in fact, they had no connection. They took great pains to call themselves Creoles, though they knew well enough they were Acadians. The Acadian caterpillar often turns into a Creole butterfly. Their great-grandfather, one of the children of the Nova Scotian deportation, had been a tobacco farmer on the old Côte Acadian in St. John the Baptist parish. Lake des Allemands lay, there, just behind him. In 1815, his son, their grandfather, in an excursion through the lake and bayou beyond, discovered, far south-eastward in the midst of the Grande Prairie des Allemands, a "pointe" of several hundred acres extent. Here, with one or two others, he founded the Acadian settlement of "La Vacherie," and began to build a modest fortune. The blood was good, even though it was not the blood of ancient robbers; and the son in the next generation found his way, by natural and easy stages, through Barataria and into the city, and became the "merchant" of his many sugar and rice planting kinsmen and neighbors.

It was a great favor to Marguerite to be taken into such a household as this. She felt it so. The household felt it so. Yet almost from the start they began to play her, in their social world, as their best card — when they could. She had her hours of school and of home study; also her music, both lessons and practice; was in earnest both as to books and violin, and had teachers who also were in earnest; and so she found little time for social revels. Almost all sociability is revel in New Orleans society, and especially in the society she met.

But when she did appear, somehow she shone. A native instinct in dress — even more of it than her mother had at the same age — and in manners and speech left only so little rusticity as became itself a charm rather than a blemish, suggested the sugar-cane fields; the orange grove; the plantation house with pillared porch, half-hidden in tall magnolias and laurestines and bushes of red and white camellias, higher and wider than arms can reach, and covered with their regal flowers from the ground to their tops; and the bayou front lined with moss-draped live-oaks, their noon-day shadows a hundred feet across. About her there was not the faintest hint of the country tavern. She was but in her seventeenth year; but on her native prairies, where girls are women at fourteen, seventeen was almost an advanced stage of decay. She seemed full nineteen, and a very well-equipped nineteen as social equipments went in the circle she had entered. Being a school-girl was no drawback; there are few New Orleans circles where it is; and especially not in her case, for

she needed neither to titter nor chatter,—she could talk. And then, her violin made victory always easy and certain.

Sometimes the company was largely of downtown Creoles; sometimes of uptown people,—“Americans”; and often equally of the two sorts, talking French and English in most amusing and pleasing confusion. For the father of the family had lately been made president of a small bank, and was fairly boxing the social compass in search of depositors. Marguerite had not yet discovered that—if we may drag the metaphor ashore—to enter society is not to emerge upon an unbroken tableland, or that she was not on its highest plateau. She noticed the frequency with which she encountered unaccomplished fathers, stupid mothers, rude sons and daughters, and ill-distributed personal regard; but she had the common sense not to expect more of society than its nature warrants, guessed rightly that she would find the same thing anywhere else, and could not know that these elements were less mixed with better here than in any other of the city's circles, of whose existence she had not even heard. However:

Society, at its very best, always needs, and at its best or worst always contains, a few superior members who make themselves a blessing by working a constant, tactful redistribution of individuals by their true values, across the unworthy lines upon which society ever tends to stratify. Such a person, a matron, sat with Marguerite one April evening under a Chinese lantern in the wide, curtained veranda of an Esplanade street house whose drawing-room and Spanish garden were filled with company.

Marguerite was secretly cast down. This lady had brought her here, having met her but a fortnight before and chosen her at once, in her own private counsels, for social promotion. And Marguerite had played the violin. In her four months' advanced training she had accomplished wonders. Her German professor made the statement, while he warned her against enthusiastic drawing-room flattery. This evening she had gotten much praise and thanks. Yet these had a certain discriminative moderation that was new to her ear, and confirmed to her, not in the pleasantest way, the realization that this company was of higher average intelligence and refinement than any she had met before. She little guessed that the best impression she had ever made she made here to-night.

Of course it was not merely on account of the violin. She had beauty, not only of face and head, but of form and carriage. So that, when she stood with her instrument, turning, as it were, every breath of air into music, and the growing volume of the strains called forth

all her good Acadian strength of arms and hand, she charmed not merely the listening ear, but the eye, the reason, and the imagination in its freest range.

But, indeed, it was not the limitations of her social triumphs themselves that troubled her. Every experience of the evening had helped to show her how much wider the world was than she had dreamed, and had opened new distances on the right, on the left, and far ahead; and nowhere in them all could eye see, or ear hear, aught of that one without whom to go back to old things was misery, and to go on to new was mere weariness. And the dear little mother at home!—worth nine out of any ten of all this crowd—still at home in that old tavern-keeping life, now intolerable to think of, and still writing those yearning letters that bade the daughter not return! No wonder Marguerite's friend had divined her feelings, and drawn her out to the cool retreat under the shadow of the veranda lanterns.

A gentleman joined them, who had “just come,” he said. Marguerite's companion and he were old friends. Neither he nor Marguerite heard each other's name, nor could see each other's face more than dimly. He was old enough to be twitted for bachelorhood, and to lay the blame upon an outdoor and out-of-town profession. Such words drew Marguerite's silent but close attention.

The talk turned easily from this to the ease with which the fair sex, as compared with the other, takes on the graces of the drawing-room. “Especially,” the two older ones agreed, “if the previous lack is due merely to outward circumstances.” But Marguerite was still. Here was a new thought. One who attained all those graces and love's prize also might at last, for love's sake, have to count them but dross, or carry them into retirement, the only trophies of abandoned triumphs. While she thought, the conversation went on.

“Yes,” said her friend, replying to the bachelor, “we acquire them more easily; but why? Because most of us think we must. A man may find success in one direction or another, but a woman has got to be a social success or she's a complete failure. She can't snap her fingers at the drawing-room.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Marguerite, “she can if she want!” She felt the strength to rise that moment and go back to Opelousas, if only—and did not see, until her companions laughed straight at her, that the lady had spoken in jest.

“Still,” said the bachelor, “the drawing-room is woman's element—realm—rather than man's, whatever the reasons may be. I had a young man with me last winter—”

"I knew it!" thought Marguerite.

"—until lately, in fact; he's here in town now,—whom I have tried once or twice to decoy into company in a small experimental way. It's harder than putting a horse into a ship. He seems not to know what social interchange is for."

"Thinks it's for intellectual profit and pleasure!" interrupted the ironical lady.

"No, he just does n't see the use or fun of it. And yet, really, that's his only deficiency. True, he listens better than he talks—overdoes it; but when a chap has youth, intelligence, native refinement, integrity, and good looks, as far above the mean level as many of our society fellows are below it, it seems to me he ought to be —"

"Utilized," suggested the lady, casting her eyes toward Marguerite and withdrawing them as quickly, amused at the earnestness of her attention.

"Yes," said the bachelor, and mused a moment. "He's a talented fellow. It's only a few months ago that he really began life. Now he's outgrown my service."

"Left the nest," said the lady.

"Yes, indeed. He has invented —"

"Oh! dear!"

The bachelor was teased. "Ah! come, now; show your usual kindness; he has, really, made a simple, modest agricultural machine that — meets a want long felt. Oh! you may laugh; but he laughs last. He has not only a patent for it, but a good sale also, and is looking around for other worlds to conquer."

"And yet spurns society? Ours!"

"No, simply develops no affinity for it; would like to, if only to please me; but can't. Doesn't even make intimate companions among men; simply clings to his fond, lone father, and the lone father to him, closer than any pair of twin orphan girls that ever you saw. I don't believe anything in life could divide them."

"Ah, don't you trust him! Man proposes, Cupid disposes. A girl will stick to her mother; but a man? Why, the least thing — a pair of blue eyes, a yellow curl —"

The bachelor gayly shook his head, and, leaning over with an air of secrecy, said: "A pair of blue eyes have shot him through and through, and a yellow curl is wound all round him from head to heel, and yet he sticks to his father."

"He can't live," said the lady. Marguerite's hand pressed her arm, and they rose. As the bachelor drew the light curtain of a long window aside, that they might pass in, the light fell upon Marguerite's face. It was entirely new to him. It seemed calm. Yet instantly the question smote him, "What have I done?—what have I said?" She passed, and turned

to give a parting bow. The light fell upon him. She was right; it was Claude's friend, the engineer. When he came looking for them a few minutes later, he only caught, by chance, a glimpse of them, clouded in light wraps and passing to their carriage. It was not yet twelve.

Between Marguerite's chamber and that of one of the daughters of the family there was a door that neither one ever fastened. Somewhere downstairs a clock was striking three in the morning, when this door softly opened and the daughter stole into Marguerite's room in her night-robe. With her hair falling about her, her hands unconsciously clasped, her eyes starting, and an outcry of amazement checked just within her open, rounded mouth, she stopped and stood an instant in the brightly lighted chamber.

Marguerite sat on the bedside exactly as she had come from the carriage, save that a white gossamer web had dropped from her head and shoulders and lay coiled about her waist. Her tearless eyes were wide and filled with painful meditation, even when she turned to the alarmed and astonished girl before her. With suppressed exclamations of wonder and pity the girl glided forward, cast her arms about the sitting figure, and pleaded for explanation.

"It is a headache," said Marguerite, kindly but firmly lifting away the entwining arms.— "No, no, you can do nothing.—It is a headache.—Yes, I will go to bed presently; you go to yours.—No, no —"

The night-robed girl looked for a moment more into Marguerite's eyes, then sank to her knees, buried her face in her hands, and wept. Marguerite laid her hands upon the bowed head and looked down with dry eyes. "No," she presently said again, "it is a headache. Go back to your bed.—No, there is nothing to tell; only I have been very, very foolish and very, very selfish, and I am going home to-morrow. Good-night."

The door closed softly between the two. Then Marguerite sank slowly back upon the bed, closed her eyes, and, rocking her head from side to side, said again and again, in moans that scarcely left the lips:

"My mother! my mother! Take me back! Oh! take me back, my mother! my mother!"

At length she arose, put off her attire, lay down to rest, and, even while she was charging sleep with being a thousand leagues away,—slept.

When she awoke, the wide, bright morning filled all the room. Had some sound wakened her? Yes, a soft tapping came again upon her door. She lay still. It sounded once more. For all its softness it seemed nervous and eager. A low voice came with it:

"Marguerite!"

She sprang from her pillow.—"Yes!"

While she answered, it came again:

"Marguerite!"

With a low cry she cast away the bed-coverings, threw back the white mosquito-curtain and the dark masses of her hair and started up, lifted and opened her arms, cried again, but with joy, "My mother! my mother!" and clasped Zoséphine to her bosom.

VIII.

THE SHAKING PRAIRIE.

MANIFESTLY it was a generous overstatement for Claude's professional friend to say that Claude had outgrown his service. It was true only that by and by there had come a juncture in his affairs where he could not, without injustice to others, make a place for Claude which he could advise Claude to accept, and they had parted, with the mutual hope that the separation would be transient. But the surveyor could not but say to himself that such incidents, happening while we are still young, are apt to be turning-points in our lives, if our lives are going to have direction and movement of their own at all.

St. Pierre had belted his earnings about him under the woolen sack that always bound his waist, shouldered his rifle, taken one last, silent look at the cabin on Bayou des Acadiens, stood for a few moments with his hand in Bonaventure's above one green mound in the church-yard at Grande Pointe, given it into the schoolmaster's care, and had gone to join his son. Of course, not as an idler; such a perfect woodsman easily made himself necessary to the engineer's party. The company were sorry enough to lose him when Claude went away; but no temptation that they could invent could stay him from following Claude. Father and son went one way, and the camp another.

I must confess to being somewhat vague as to just where they were. I should have to speak from memory, and I must not make another slip in topography. The changes men have made in southern Louisiana these last few years are great. I say nothing again of the vast widths of prairie stripped of their herds and turned into corn and cane fields: when I came, a few months ago, to that station on Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad where Claude first went aboard a railway train, somebody had actually moved the bayou, the swamp, and the prairie apart!

However, the exact whereabouts of the St. Pierres is not important to us. Mr. Tarbox, when, in search of the camp, he crossed the Teche at St. Martinville, expected to find it somewhere north-eastward, between the stream

and Atchafalaya. But at the Atchafalaya he found that the work in that region had been finished three days before and that the party had been that long gone to take part in a new work down in the *prairies tremblantes* of Terrebonne parish. The Louisiana Land Reclamation Company—I think that was the name of the concern projecting the scheme. This was back in early February, you note.

Thither Mr. Tarbox followed. The "Album of Universal Information" went along and "did well." It made his progress rather slow, of course; but one of Mr. Tarbox's many maxims was, never to make one day pay for another when it could be made to pay for itself, and during this season—this Louisiana Campaign, as he called it—he had developed a new art,—making each day pay for itself several times over.

"Many of these people," he said,—but said it solely and silently to himself,—“are ignorant, shiftless, and set in their ways; and even when they're not, they're out of the current, as it were; they have n't headway; and so they never—or seldom ever—see any way to make money except somehow in connection with the plantations. There's no end of chances here to a man that's got money, sense, and nerve to use it.” He wrote that to Zoséphine; but she wrote no answer. A day rarely passed that he did not find some man making needless loss through ignorance or inactivity; whereupon he would simply put in the sickle of his sharper wit and garner the neglected harvest. Or seeing some unesteemed commodity that had got out of, or had never been brought into, its best form, time, or place, he knew at sight just how, and at what expense, to bring it there, and brought it.

"Give me the gains other men pass by," he said, "and I'll be satisfied. The saying is, 'Buy wisdom'; but I sell mine. I like to sell. I enjoy making money. It suits my spirit of adventure. I like an adventure. And if there's anything I love, it's an adventure with money in it! But even that is n't my chief pleasure; my chief pleasure 's the study of human nature.

"The proper study of mankind is man.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

This spoiling of Assyrian camps, so to speak, often detained Mr. Tarbox within limited precincts for days at a time; but "is n't that what time is for?" he would say to those he had been dealing with, as he finally snapped the band around his pocket-book; and they would respond, "Yes, that's so."

And then he would wish them a hearty farewell, while they were thinking that at least he might know it was his treat.

Thus it was the middle of February when at Houma, the parish seat of Terrebonne, he passed the last rootlet of railway, and, standing finally under the blossoming orange-trees of Terrebonne bayou far down toward the Gulf, heard from the chief of the engineering party that Claude was not with him.

"He did n't leave us; we left him; and up to the time when we left he had n't decided where he would go or what he would do. His father and he are together, you know, and of course that makes it harder for them to know just how to move."

The speaker was puzzled. What could this silk-hatted, cut-away-coated, empearled free lance of a fellow want with Claude? He would like to find out. So he added, "I may get a letter from him to-morrow; suppose you stay with me until then." And, to his astonishment, Mr. Tarbox quickly jumped at the proposition.

No letter came. But when the twenty-four hours had passed, the surveyor had taken that same generous—not to say credulous—liking for Mr. Tarbox that we have seen him show for St. Pierre and for Claude. He was about to start on a tour of observation eastward through a series of short canals that span the shaking prairies from bayou to bayou, from Terrebonne to Lafourche, Lafourche to Des Allemands, so through Lake Ouacha into and up Barataria, again across prairie and at length, leaving Lake Cataouaché on the left, through cypress swamp to the Mississippi River, opposite New Orleans. He would have pressed Mr. Tarbox to bear him company; but before he could ask twice Mr. Tarbox had consented. They went in a cat-rigged skiff, with a stalwart negro rowing or towing whenever the sail was not the best.

"It's all of sixty miles," said the engineer; "but if the wind does n't change or drop we can sleep to-night in Achille's hut, send this man and skiff back, and make Achille, with his skiff, put us on board the Louisiana avenue ferry-launch to-morrow afternoon."

"Who is Achille?"

"Achille? Oh! he's merely 'Cajun pot-hunter living on a shell bank at the edge of Lake Cataouaché—with an Indian wife. Used to live somewhere on Bayou des Allemands, but last year something or other scared him away from there. He's odd—seems to be a sort of self-made outcast. I don't suppose he's ever done anybody any harm; but he just seems to be one of that kind that can't bear to even try to keep up with the rest of humanity; the sort of man swamps and shaking prairies were specially made for, you know. He's living on a bank of fossil shells now,—thousands of barrels of them,—that he knows would bring him a little fortune if only he

could command the intelligence and the courage to market them in New Orleans. There's a chance for some bright man who is n't already too busy. Why did n't I think to mention it to Claude? But then neither he nor his father have got the commercial knowledge they would need. Now—" The speaker suddenly paused and, as the two men sat close beside each other under an umbrella in the stern of the skiff, looked into Mr. Tarbox's pale blue eyes, and smiled, and smiled.

"I'm here," said Mr. Tarbox.

"Yes," responded the other, "and I've just made out why! And you're right, Tarbox; you and Claude, with or without his father, will make a strong team. You've got no business to be canvassing books, you—"

"It's my line," said the canvasser, smiling fondly and pushing his hat back,—it was wonderful how he kept that hat smooth,—"and I'm the head of the line—"

"A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior!"

"I was acquainted with Mr. Longfellow."

"Tarbox," persisted the engineer, driving away his own smile, "you know what you are; you are a born contractor! You've found it out, and"—smiling again—"that's why you're looking for Claude."

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Tarbox.

"Well, I told you the truth when I said I did n't know; but I have n't a doubt he's in Vermillionville."

"Neither have I," said the book-agent; "and if I had, I would n't give it room. If I knew he was in New Jersey, still I'd think he was in Vermillionville, and go there looking for him. And wherefore? For occult reasons."

The two men looked at each other smilingly in the eye, and the boat glided on.

The wind favored them. With only now and then the cordelle, and still more rarely the oars, they moved all day across the lands and waters that were once the fastnesses of the Baratarian pirates. The engineer made his desired observations without appreciable delays, and at night they slept under Achille's thatch of rushes.

As the two travelers stood alone for a moment next morning, the engineer said:

"You seem to be making a study of my pot-hunter."

"It's my natural instinct," replied Mr. Tarbox. "The study of human nature comes just as natural to me as it does to a new-born duck to scratch the back of its head with its hind foot; just as natural—and easier. The pot-hunter is a study; you're right."

"But he reciprocates," said the engineer; "he studies you."



ST. PIERRE AND DONAVENTURE IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

The student of man held his smiling companion's gaze with his own, thrust one hand into his bosom, and lifted the digit of the other: "The eyes are called the windows of the soul.—

"And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes—"

"Have you tried to look into his eyes? You can't do it. He won't let you. He's got something in there that he does n't want you to see."

In the middle of the afternoon, when Achilles's skiff was already reëntering the shades of the swamp on his way homeward, and his two landed passengers stood on the levee at the head of Harvey's Canal with the Mississippi rolling by their feet and on its far-

ther side the masts and spires of the city, lighted by the western sun, swinging round the long bend of her yellow harbor, Mr. Tarbox offered his hand to say good-bye. The surveyor playfully held it.

"I mean no disparagement to your present calling," he said, "but the next time we meet I hope you'll be a contractor."

"Ah!" responded Tarbox, "it's not my nature. I cannot contract; I must always expand. And yet—I thank you."

"Pure thoughts are angel visitors. Be such
The frequent inmates of thy guileless breast."

"Good luck! Good-bye!"

One took the ferry; the other, the west-bound train at Gretna.

George W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

FROM the east we turn now to the north-east of England. Here again we find a great Norman church, but one which differs widely from the three Norman sister-churches at Ely, Peterborough, and Norwich.

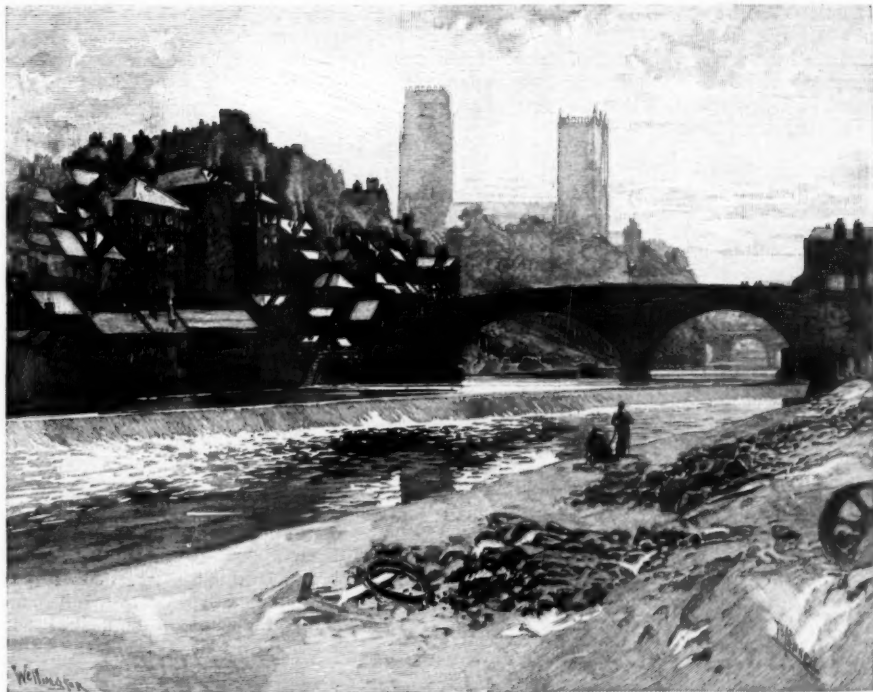
Among all the cathedrals of England, Durham is perhaps the most imposing, and its situation is magnificent past rivalry. We have seen that Ely stands well; but Durham stands well in an opposite sense. At Ely nature seems to have suppressed herself that there might be no scale by which the immeasurable dignity of man's work could be computed. At Durham she seems to have built a great work of her own just that man's work might complete and crown it; not a pinnacled hill, but a broad promontory with a level summit—a lordly pedestal where sits the lordly group of structures as kings sit upon thrones the single end of whose splendor is to enhance and show their own. Lincoln's site is as grand as Durham's, but Lincoln's only; and at Lincoln beauty does not aid and soften grandeur as it does at Durham.

I.

THE history of the choosing of this site takes us very far back in time.

I have spoken of that early church which had christianized a great part of the British Islands under Roman rule. I have said that with the gradual progress of the English conquest in the fifth and sixth centuries it was swept out of sight and almost out of memory in the south and center of England; but that in the far west it lingered on, and that when the good seed from Rome had begun to bear fruit among the heathen English, it too awoke to missionary effort and played its part in the re-christianizing of the realm. Ireland was the chief nurse of this ancient faith during its long languor. But Irish monks were constantly at work in Scotland, and no early monastery was more famous than that which St. Columba established in the sixth century upon the island of Iona off the western Scottish coast.

The Northumbrian land seems not to have been christianized in British-Roman days. So far as we know, the gospel won its first conspicuous body of adherents when it was preached by Paulinus, one of the missionaries of Rome who came from Kent early in the seventh century with the daughter of Ethelbert when she married King Edwin of Northumbria. Nor was this evangelization final. In 633 Edwin was slain by Penda and Cadwalla, heathens of vigorous arm; Paulinus was obliged to flee, and the district was left again



DURHAM CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

to paganism. But when Oswald conquered it in his turn he brought back the Christian faith, which he had imbibed in Scotland, and sent to Iona for priests to help him teach his people. Among those who answered his call was Aidan, whom he made the first bishop of the new diocese he established — the diocese which is now of Durham, but was then called of Bernicia and had its first seat at Lindisfarne.

From Scotland too a little later came the great patron saint of Durham — Cuthbert. An evangelist who preached far and wide in a savage and desolate country, a hermit who lived for nine years in a rude cell on the island of Farne, and then in his turn became bishop of Bernicia, Cuthbert shares with Oswald and Aidan the honor of the final christianizing of the great north-eastern land. Thus we see it owes its faith of to-day not to St. Augustine's mission, but to the old pre-English establishment.

Cuthbert, Oswald, and Aidan were all canonized by Rome; and in their case at least the halo was worthily given, for Oswald was a kingly and a truly Christian king, and Aidan and Cuthbert were saints of the true saintly pattern. Aidan's name is less well remembered

now; but St. Oswald the king and St. Cuthbert the monk are still alive in men's minds, not only at Durham, which is their monument, but wherever the outlines of Christian history are read. Oswald was slain by Penda, and his head and arms were exposed on stakes on the battle-field. But they afterwards came into ecclesiastical keeping, and the head was buried in Cuthbert's coffin.*

To Northumbria, as well as to the fen-lands, the Danes in the ninth century brought their swords and torches. The monks of Lindisfarne fled before them carrying the holy coffin. For eight years they wandered until, in 883, they settled at an old Roman station — Chester-le-Street — which was given them by a christianized Danish king. Thence they removed again, and again for fear of the rovers, about a century later. First they sat at Ripon for a few months, and then they turned back northward, doubtless encouraged to think once more of Chester-le-Street. But when they reached a spot a little to the eastward of Durham, St. Cuthbert caused his coffin to remain immovable for three days and then made known his

* One of the "incorruptible arms" we have already heard of at Peterborough.

wish to be sepultured where the cathedral now stands. The first church constructed here was of wood. But at the end of four years it had already been replaced by one of stone, which stood until after the Conquest and the stones of which, perhaps, now form a part of the Normans' reconstruction.

II.

THERE were times and places when the first thought of a monastic colony was for comfort and retirement, for fertile surroundings and facilities of access. But in the north of England in Danish days inaccessibility, impregnability, was the thing to be desired; and St. Cuthbert showed wonderful posthumous sagacity in selecting the final home of his perplexed, itinerant "congregation."

There is a large town now where there was then a wilderness; a wide-spreading, busy town overhung, though faintly, by that gray smoke-cloud which is the invariable sign in England of commercial life; a town so modern in mood that it is hard to think of it as but an alien growth from an old monastic root. It lies chiefly to the eastward of the church, stretching out far to north and south, and divided again and again by the quick S-like curves of the River Wear—a stream which is not a sluggish canal like the Ouse at Ely, but even to American eyes a fine little river bordered by woods that have a true forest look. All along the western bank these woods extend, and up the face of that great steep rock on the eastern bank which supports the church, jutting out like a bold promontory and clasped on three sides by a horse-shoe curve of the stream. Where the cliff is steepest towards the west rises the front of the cathedral, close above the thick clambering trees. To the south its long side overlooks the monastic buildings and the shady gardens which touch the Wear. To the northward, at some distance but still on the same plateau, springs sheer with the face of the rock a great castle founded by the Conqueror.

Castle and church together form a group and hold a station which we sometimes find paralleled on the Continent but nowhere in England. And I think there can be nothing else in England, or in all the world, quite like the walk which we may take along the river's opposite bank, following its many bends, passing its high-arched bridges, having the forest on the one hand and on the other the matchless panorama man has worked from nature's bold and fine suggestions.

The usual approach to the promontory is, of course, from the town behind it. Through a steep, narrow street we come up near the castle, and thence, beyond the broad flat Cas-

tle Green, we see the north side of the church filling the whole view from left to right—from the crowding houses about its eastern to the crowding trees about its western end.

III.

THE old monastic "congregation of St. Cuthbert" had lapsed into "secular" ways before the Normans came. But the second Norman bishop, William of Carilef, made radical changes, bringing in monks from Wearmouth and Jarrow, and establishing a great Benedictine house at Durham. On his return from a three-years exile—the price he paid for his share in the rebellion against William Rufus—he set about building himself a new cathedral too. Its foundation stones were laid beneath the eastern end of the choir in 1093, and in the four short years which remained to him Carilef seems to have completed the choir, the eastward wall of the transepts, the crossing with its tower, the adjacent first bay of the nave-arcade, and the two long outer (aisle) walls of the nave.

Three years after his death Ralph Flambard, William Rufus's famous chancellor, was appointed bishop. During these years the monks had nearly completed the transepts, and Flambard completed the whole of the nave and its aisles (excepting the roofs) and the western towers up to the same height as the walls. During another interregnum, which followed his death in 1128, the monks roofed-in his nave and aisles; and the western towers were finished in the Transitional period.

The windows throughout the church have been enlarged from time to time. The east end of the choir was conspicuously changed in the thirteenth century, and the vaulting of its central alley was renewed. In the fifteenth century the central tower was injured by lightning, and its upper portions had to be rebuilt. But with these exceptions the whole vast Norman body remains as first constructed. The Puritans dealt gently with it too—almost all the damage wrought by the passage of eight centuries stands accredited to the "restorations" of the last hundred years.

IV.

APPROACHING the church across the Castle Green, we enter by what has been the chief doorway since the thirteenth century—a doorway towards the western end of the north aisle. Thence we see at once how greatly the interior design of Durham differs from that of the typical Norman church.

The vertical proportioning is quite unlike what we have seen in the eastern districts—the main arcade is much higher and the triforium arcade relatively lower. Instead of a



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL, WITH THE CASTLE TO THE LEFT.

succession of rectangular piers with attached semi-shafts, such piers alternate with immense cylindrical ones, not shafted or molded, but merely decorated with deep incised lines forming various patterns — spirals, flutings, and reticulations. From end to end the design is the same: Flambard did but carry on the scheme of St. Carilef with minor constructive improvements and a richer amount of detail.

Circular piers occur not seldom in the Romanesque work of every land; but they were nowhere so grandly used as in England, and nowhere in England so grandly and so beautifully as in this north-eastern district. Nowhere else was the rest of the scheme so well designed with regard to them; nowhere else were their own proportions so fine, or were they decorated by these strong incised patterns. Dur-

ham itself is the supreme example of their possibilities of power and splendor.

A circular pier like one of these is not a column. Its body is far too sturdy to be called a shaft, and is built up, moreover, of a multitude of small stones; and its capital is of such relative insignificance as hardly to deserve the name. A round pier, in fact, is but a circular mass of walling, and its capital is little more

than the peculiar decoration he applied to it was a survival of old-English fashions.

The thing that is very sure indeed is that by its aid Carilef and Flambard succeeded in making their interior the most imposing, the most magnificent, of its time. The greater height of the main arcade, which involves, of course, a greater height in the aisles beyond, gives a much nobler air of space and size and vigor than is seen at Ely or at Peterborough, and takes away that tunnel-like effect which distresses one a little there. The contrasting outlines of the alternated piers give an extraordinary majesty, a phenomenal force and dignity, a titanic pomp which can be matched in Egypt only. There is none of the grace of Egyptian columns — which are true columns, despite their size — in the cylindrical piers of Durham; and the design as a

whole gives perhaps less than the design of Peterborough an impression of complete artistic development, an impression as of the final word of a long-developing style. We are somewhat tempted to say that Durham is almost barbaric in its grandeur as compared either with Egyptian work or with much other Romanesque work. But in reality it is not barbaric. If its vigor, audacity, and immensity seem to speak of the likings and darings of some primitive race, its fine proportioning and the reticent dignity of its decorations speak very

clearly of cultivated, practiced builders, clever of hand and sensitive of eye. It is so splendid, so triumphantly impressive, solemn, awful, and yet beautiful, that when possessed by



FLAMBARD'S WORK IN THE NAVE.

than a cornice or impost curved around it. Such a pier, if perfectly plain, is more satisfactory to the eye than a perfectly plain rectangular pier; and it is much easier to design and build than a shafted rectangular pier. Some have thought, therefore, that it may have been the primitive English device here in the barbarous north — that Carilef may have got his idea for it from those old-English churches which he and his fellow-countrymen so utterly swept away. It is much more certain, however,

the spell of its presence we feel as though it had no peer in all the world.

In one way it is not only grander but more perfect, more complete, than any other Anglo-Norman church. All its parts are vaulted. The choir-vault was renewed in the thirteenth century. But the nave-vault is still the same that was built in late-Norman days; and though its main ribs are pointed, it has a thoroughly Norman look, owing to the massive simplicity of its design and the bold zigzags



THE WEST END OF THE NAVE FROM THE SOUTH AISLE.

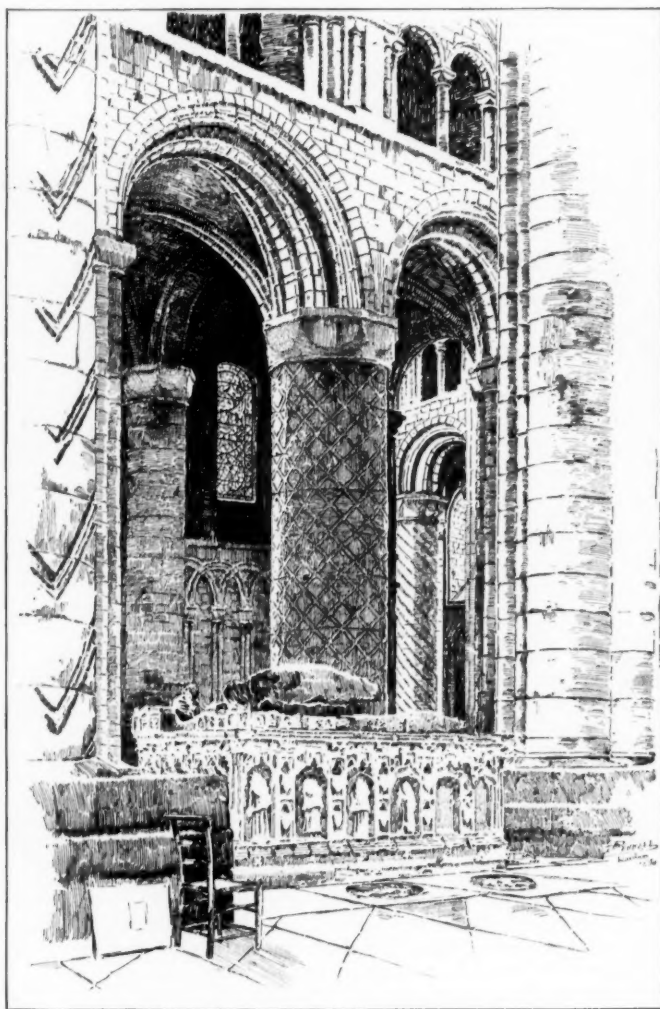
which enrich its ribs. Of course such a vault is not only finer in itself than a flat ceiling but makes the whole effect far finer, giving added height and greater unity as well as an infinitely nobler look of strength. An impression of "rocky solidity and indeterminate duration" is what Dr. Johnson said he received at Durham when starting on his Scottish tour; but all his most sesquipedalian adjectives could not have translated the impression it really produces.

It is worth noting, too, that its effect must always have been pretty much what it is today. So few remains of paint have been found upon Durham's walls that it seems improbable that any general scheme of chromatic decoration was ever applied to them. Nor is the eye

impelled, as in so many other cases, to clothe them with imagined hues. Color could hardly add to the beauty of this interior where the stone is so softly warm in tone and where the design is so complete, in spite of its boldness and simplicity, that nakedness is the last word which could come to mind. It is wonderful to see what extraordinary decorative emphasis is given by so simple a device as the incising of the circular piers — what an accent of richness and vivacity it brings to the seriousness of the immense design. It has been thought that the lines may once have been filled with metal or with colored pastes; but no traces of a filling have been found. The incisions are far deeper than a preparation for

it would have dictated; and, again, the eye does not imagine it desirable. No colored lines, however brilliant, could be so effective as the absolute black lines of shadow which are now contrasted with the gradually shading,

margin of the cliff; but soon after 1150 Bishop Hugh de Puiset (who was a nephew of King Stephen and is commonly called Bishop Pudsey) covered this part of the rock, quite out to the embowering trees which thence descend



ACROSS THE NAVE AND THE TRANSEPT.

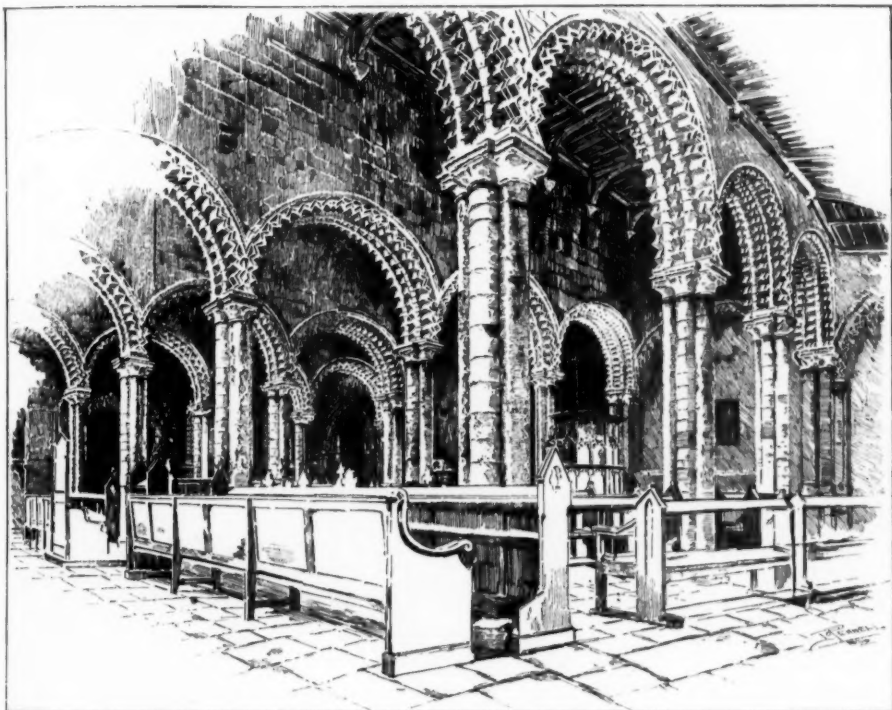
pale-yellow tones of the rounded surfaces. *The minimum of means with the maximum of effect* is always a sentence of praise, and I have rarely seen it quite so well deserved as by these decorations at Durham.

V.

THE western doors were originally the main entrances to the church, opening from the flat

the steep slope to the Wear, by a large and lovely Galilee-chapel of a single story in height.

Galilees — narthexes, "Galilees of the Gentiles," sacred spots only less sacred than the church itself — are of frequent occurrence; but usually they are mere porches or vestibules, like the one before the west door of Ely. Durham's Galilee, however, is not a porch, for it has no entrance save from the church



THE GALILEE-CHAPEL.

itself; and it is a Lady-Chapel as well as a narthex. The reason for its peculiar composite character is to be found in the single fault which tradition fastens upon Cuthbert. He had a very pronounced hatred or contempt for women,—or may we not give gentler explanation to the foible of so gentle a saint and think that he had a very godly fear of them for which he felt some good human excuse deep down within his holy bosom? Centuries after his death his susceptibilities were guarded by the builders of Durham. Far away from his shrine, near the west end of the nave, they worked a white line across the pavement and with almost Mohammedan scorn forbade a feminine foot to cross it. When at last men threatened to forget his jealousy, the saint himself remonstrated. Bishop Pudsey tried first to build the Blessed Virgin's chapel in the usual place (eastward of the choir); but the foundations refused to bear their load, and this was, of course, "a manifest sign" that the work "was not acceptable to God and to his servant Cuthbert." So he piously began again westward of the nave where, as the foundations rested upon the rock itself, no supernatural mandate checked him; and, seeming to have

thought the ewes of his flock harshly treated, he made his chapel a Galilee as well, "into which women might lawfully enter." Why, indeed, should he not have been more sympathetically minded than St. Cuthbert?—since the first body which claimed interment within his walls was that of his own illegitimate son, another Hugh de Puiset who had been Chancellor to Louis VII. of France.

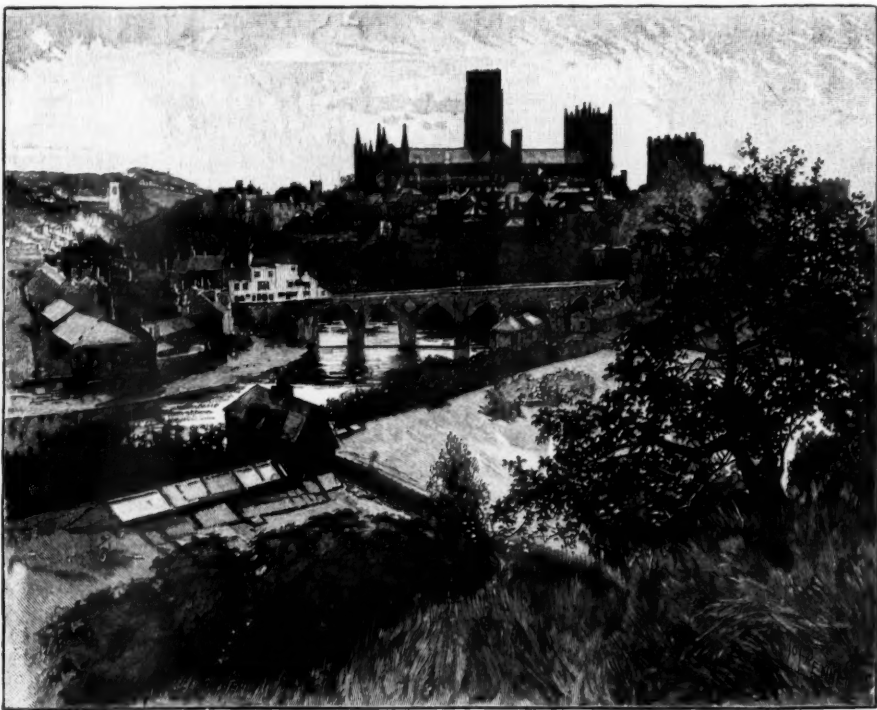
But the most famous tomb in this chapel is that of the Venerable Bede. Few saints or sinners so far away in time as Bede are of so vital an interest and value to modern men; and with regard to few have we such good reason to believe that their bones really rest in their reputed sepulcher. Bede was a monk at Jarrow, and his bones reposed there from the eighth to the early eleventh century, when they were most piously stolen by the sacrist of Durham and placed in Cuthbert's hospitable coffin. Pudsey built for them a separate and splendid shrine which, two hundred years later, was removed into his chapel. The Reformers destroyed it, but reburied the bones beneath a square plain tomb; and here they were found, upon examination, in the year 1830. Not until this time was cut the epitaph we now may read:

"HAC SUNT IN FOSSÆ BEDÆ VENERABILIS
OSSA."

But its words are of high traditional antiquity, and, of course, not of a mere man's inditing. When the early sculptor paused to search for a fitting adjective, an angel supplied the one which is now invariably coupled with the historian's name.

It is a singular and very beautiful chapel beneath which he sleeps. Built in the Transi-

most Saracenic." To-day it is not so light and delicate as when the eye could pass between the coupled shafts, for in later years two other shafts, not of dark marble, like the old ones, but of stone, were added to each group, forming a solid, molded pier. Originally, too, the chapel had lower side walls and much smaller windows than we see to-day. No west window gives an unobstructed outward view; but by effort we may get a partial glimpse of the splendid panorama



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH.

tional period, it has round-arched arcades which divide it into five aisles of almost equal height. The arches are elaborately molded and carved with many rows of zigzags, and they rested at first upon coupled columns of dark marble, the bases and capitals of which were joined, but not the shafts. So tall and slender are the forms, so fragile and airy-looking, so graceful and charming, that despite the round arches and the zigzags, their effect is not truly Romanesque. Nor is it truly Gothic. It is an effect nowhere exactly matched in English or any Northern work — an effect which by a scarcely strained comparison more than one writer has called "al-

that stretched out before the doorways of the church ere this chapel was constructed.

For the sake of this panorama the chapel came very nigh to perishing a hundred years ago. The thrice-notorious "restorer," Wyatt, proposed to pull it down and run a driveway round the cliff, and the Dean had no thought of objecting until the Society of Antiquaries interfered.

VI.

THE next addition to the church was that great construction which is called the Eastern Transept, or the Chapel of the Nine Altars. Begun in the Early-English period, and fin-

ished in the Decorated, its design is among the most beautiful results of the earlier style, and its details are among the loveliest both of the earlier and the later. It was to connect this chapel with the church that the eastern end of the choir was pulled down. In place of the original apse and the aisle-ends, three huge arches now open out, giving a full view of the newer building.

Its floor lies lower than the floor of the aisles, which itself is lower than that of the choir proper. Its width is greater than the whole width of the church, and its height as great as that of the choir-ceiling. No rows of columns break this vast and soaring space, and the simply designed but delicately enriched vault sweeps overhead in magnificent wide curves. The long eastern and the shorter southern wall are divided into bays of different widths by great clusters of shafts which bear the vaulting-ribs; and in all the bays are tall lancet windows. Three stand together in the wide bay which forms the center of the east wall. Above these is a great rose-window, ninety feet in circumference, and above all the others are large clerestory lights. The north side is filled instead with a single great Decorated window with admirable geometric tracery.

To the west, towards the church, the central archway rises to the ceiling, and is blocked below by the choir-floor, which projects as a high square platform. Upon this platform, within the choir but visible from the chapel, stood St. Cuthbert's shrine. Beneath the aisle-arches are the steps by which we enter from the church. Above them are triforium-arcades and clerestory windows looking out over the aisle-roofs, and beyond them again are tall lancet windows in double ranges.

All around the chapel beneath the windows and across the face of the platform runs a graceful arcade with trefoiled arches and dark marble shafts, its rich details having grown from lovely Early-English to lovelier Decorated as the work grew from east to west. Beneath the arcade against the eastern wall stood the nine altars from which the chapel took its name, some dedicated to a single saint and some to two together.

It would be hopeless to try to paint the beauty of this chapel where the simplicity of the design was so exquisitely enriched, yet so well preserved, by the decorations. The ancient figured glass has perished and the ancient painted color. Many of the lancets still keep the traceries with which they were filled in the Perpendicular period, and the rose-window—clearly seen through the great choir-arch from the very west end of the church—was rebuilt by Wyatt. But the traceries do not really hurt the effect save to a purist's eye.

The modern glass is unusually good, except in one window where it is phenomenally bad. Most of the sculptor's work remains, and all the striking color which the architect produced by setting against his pale-yellow stone great shafts and capitals of black polished marble beautifully flecked with fossil shells. To the modern architect the most remarkable points about the chapel are the way in which the vaulting-ribs were made to unite and harmonize the alien western and eastern walls, and the way in which the end of the church was altered so that the transition between plain massive Norman and light elaborate Pointed work might not be too abrupt. Among all the examples of constructive ingenuity and of artistic feeling that I saw in England there was none which impressed me quite so forcibly as the management of this transition.

"The Nine Altars" was proposed and prepared for by Bishop Le Poore, begun in 1248 by Melsanby, the prior of the convent under Bishop Farnham, and finished probably under Bishop Robert of Holy Island—about forty years having gone to its perfecting. Who was its actual designer it were hard to say, but the name of one architect concerned with it has been accidentally preserved. Local documents always call it the *nova fabrica*; and in one such document, a real-estate conveyance now in the chapter-library, a witness is written down as *Magister Ricardus de Farnham tunc architector nove fabricæ Dunelm.* It is more than possible that this Richard Farnham may have been a relative of Bishop Farnham. But whoever he was, and however great or small his share in the chapel, we are glad for him that he has thus fortuitously emerged from that medieval limbo which is filled by so many great artists' nameless shades.

VII.

DURHAM's site is something more than the grandest and most beautiful in England. The picture made by rocky pedestal and rock-like church and castle is uniquely interesting not only as a painter's subject but as an historical illustration too; for it clearly expresses a combination of temporal with spiritual might and dignity which was unique in the kingdom of England.

In Norman days the bishops of Durham were made palatine-princes as well—were allowed to rule over a wide surrounding district with almost autocratic powers and privileges. Thenceforward for four hundred years they were the judicial and military as well as the spiritual lords of their people. They owed the king feudal service, but they owed him little else. Those who did wrong within their borders were said to have broken not the peace

of the king but the peace of the bishop; and with the bishop rested the power of life and death even when murder or when treason itself was in question. The bishops of Ely were the only other prelates in England to whom

in their own diocese, lording it in that great castle which served them instead of a palace, or fighting the Scotch, now single-handed and now beneath the banner of the king.

The most powerful and splendid of them all was Anthony Bek, who died in 1310. He was called "the proudest lord in Chrestientie"; and we can well understand why when we read of him as prince-bishop of Durham, king of the Isle of Man, and Patriarch of Jerusalem—

when we hear how he went with Edward I. to Scotland with twenty-six standard-bearers and a hundred and sixty-four knights as his private following and with fifteen hundred soldiers of the

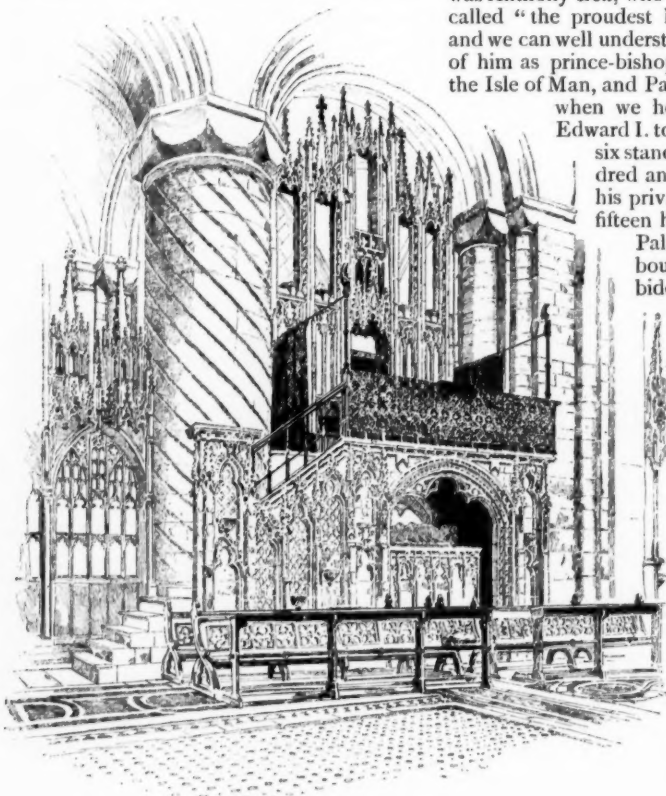
Palatinate who were also bound to do his personal bidding, and when we

learn how the "court of Durham" exhibited in his day all the pomp and etiquette of a royal household. "Nobles addressed the palatine sovereign kneeling, and instead of menial servants knights waited in his presence-chamber and at his table bare-headed and standing. . . . His liberality knew no bounds, and he regarded no expenses, however enormous, when placed in competition with any object of pleasure or magnificence."

Even the great king

Edward was moved to fear or envy by his wealth and power and, perhaps, ambition. But Edward II. took him back into favor, and he remained bishop and prince till his death. He spent much on buildings as well as in every other way; yet he left greater riches behind him than any of his forerunners. Despite his extravagance and pomp he is described as an active, industrious, and singularly temperate man.

It is impossible here to hint at even the most remarkable bishops who filled this potent chair, or at even the most important wars in which they played conspicuous parts — wars which sometimes eddied about the very foot of the pedestal where their church and castle stood. Even the private history of the monastery might furnish forth a long and lively chapter,



THE BISHOP'S THRONE.

palatine powers were given; and at Ely these powers meant very much less in practice than they did among the successors of Cuthbert. No English lords save the palatine-counts of Chester equaled in degree of independent authority and local influence the palatine-bishops of Durham. Far from the center of royal rule, the king was content to let them do as they liked with their own, asking in return that they should keep a keen eye and a strong hand upon the ever threatening, often flaming Scottish Border.

As a consequence, the bishops of Durham figure on history's page more like great military than like great ecclesiastical rulers. Sometimes they were high-placed functionaries at the court of the king, as were so many of the bishops of Ely; but more often they remained

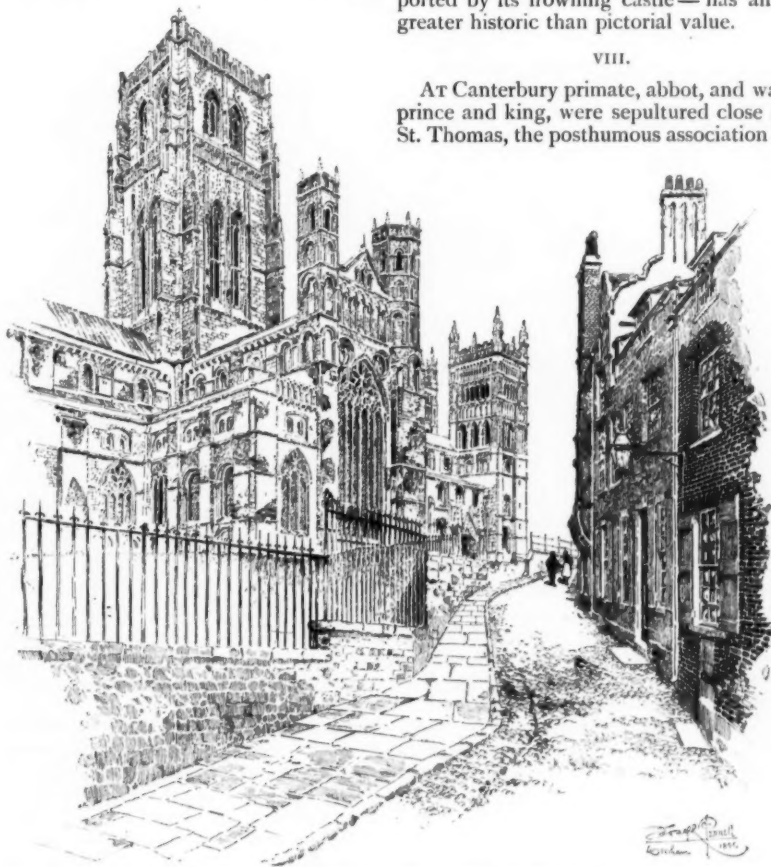
for the monks of Durham seem to have been almost as turbulent as the people of the Border; or else the bishops ruled them with a hand made heavy by long wielding of temporal weapons. Feuds within the convent were constantly occurring, and long and bitter disputes about the episcopal succession; and more than once there was riot, if not bloodshed, within the very walls of the church.

History and poetry have done even more than constructive art to make the name of this cathedral famous. "Half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," it is constantly pictured by bards and chroniclers from those of the earliest time down to that modern singer

not in close actual connection with its own, but as the veritable as well as the spiritual home of mighty rulers, as itself a mighty stronghold and the center of local military life. Truly the records of these English sees are as diverse among themselves as each is in itself picturesquely varied. Far more than was the case with any other English see, the power of Durham *made* the power of the men who sat on its throne. For a parallel to the rôle it played in history we must look abroad—to the great episcopal fortress-towns of France or to the great electoral bishoprics of Germany. Thus, I repeat, its marvelously beautiful position—set on its truculent rock and supported by its frowning castle—has an even greater historic than pictorial value.

VIII.

At Canterbury primate, abbot, and warrior, prince and king, were sepultured close about St. Thomas, the posthumous association being



THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM DUN COCO LANE.

who interweaves its grandeur with the tale of Marmion. Whenever, wherever we find it referred to, it is not as the mere resting-place of some saint beloved of pilgrims, or as the mere sponsor of some prelate whose life was

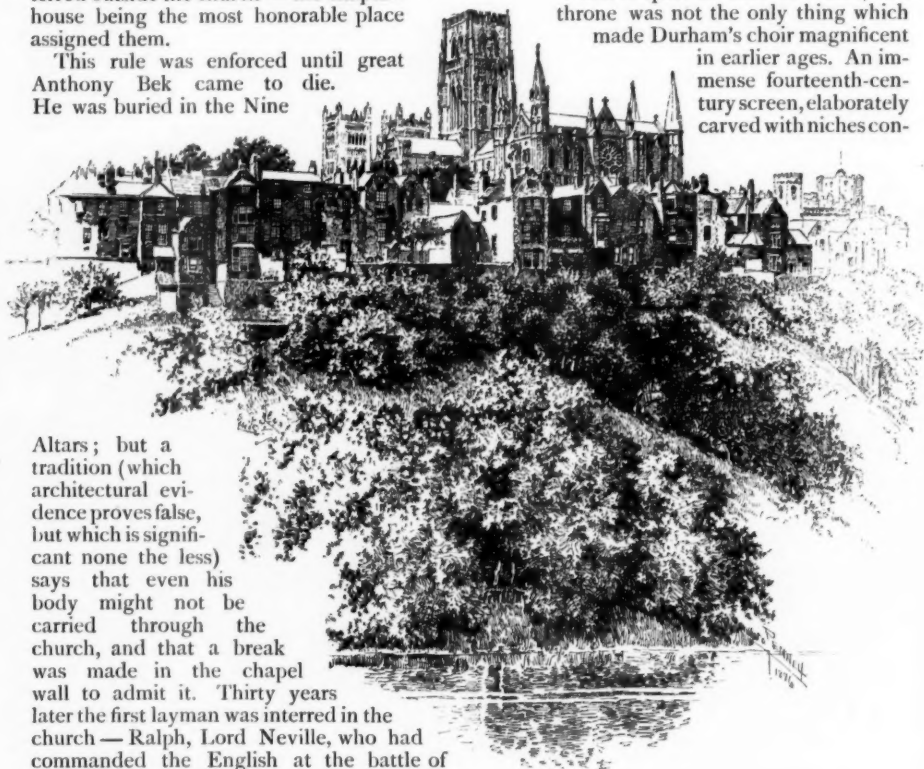
thought to honor and to profit them and in no way to dishonor or displease the martyr. It was thus at Westminster around the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and in almost all medieval churches in all countries. But it was

very different at Durham. Never was a dead saint so "exclusive" as St. Cuthbert. Not only all feet of living women but all bones of departed men were strictly forbidden to approach his thrice-holy shrine or even to rest beneath the wide-stretching roof which covered it. Naturally no king or prince sought burial at Durham; and local dignitaries, even though as potent as Flambard himself, were interred outside the church — the chapter-house being the most honorable place assigned them.

This rule was enforced until great Anthony Bek came to die. He was buried in the Nine

pressing the paramount temporal power of Durham's incumbents. This is the throne not of a bishop merely but of a prince-palatine as well. Now that the old palatine powers and privileges have gone to the Crown, one may think perhaps that Queen Victoria has a better right to sit in it than the ecclesiastic who preserves so scant a shred of temporal authority.

But despite the lack of tombs, this throne was not the only thing which made Durham's choir magnificent in earlier ages. An immense fourteenth-century screen, elaborately carved with niches con-



THE CATHEDRAL AND THE CANONS' HOUSES FROM THE WEAR.

Altars; but a tradition (which architectural evidence proves false, but which is significant none the less) says that even his body might not be carried through the church, and that a break was made in the chapel wall to admit it. Thirty years later the first layman was interred in the church — Ralph, Lord Neville, who had commanded the English at the battle of Neville's Cross. But even in later centuries burials were rare in Durham, and the only monument which now stands in its choir is that of Bishop Hatfield, who died in 1381. It was built by himself, and is surely one of the most self-asserting of all such anticipatory memorials.

The tomb proper is low and modest enough — a mere sarcophagus, upon which lies an alabaster figure of the prelate. But above this, forming a vast structure which seems to exist simply to protect and honor it, rises the episcopal throne. Here every subsequent bishop has sat, and with each must have seemed to sit the spirit of Hatfield. No such splendid *cathedra* was ever built elsewhere in England; but its splendor is wholly appropriate as ex-

taining more than a hundred figures, rose behind the high altar. Lines of carved stalls encircled the "singers' choir." At the end of the north aisle, near the Nine Altars, "was the goodliest fair porch, which was called the Anchorage, having a marvelous fair rood with the most exquisite pictures of Mary and John, with an altar for a monk to say daily mass, being in ancient times inhabited with an anchorite. . . ." Opposite, at the end of the south aisle, was a screen "all adorned with fine wainscot work and curious painting," in front of which stood the "Black Rood of Scotland," taken from King David

at the battle of Neville's Cross, made of silver and "being, as it were, smoked all over." At the western end of the north aisle stood another "porch" and rood; and, of course, the greatest screen of all shut off the choir proper from the rest of the church, standing just west of the crossing, flanked by the great Neville chantry.

English Puritans seem to have spared the furnishings as well as the body of Durham. But much damage was done by Scottish prisoners who were confined within it in 1650; more was done by renovations in the last century; and still more by "restorations" in our own. Everything has gradually been swept out of the choir except the throne, which has lost its color and gilding; the altar-screen, which now lacks its hundred figures; and the stalls, which were sadly cut and altered some forty years ago. At this time too a splendid Renaissance choir-screen (built by Bishop Cosin, in 1660, to replace the ruined ancient one of stone) was ruthlessly destroyed. Its superb carvings of black oak seemed to modern purists out of keeping with a medieval interior, though in reality they must have harmonized well with the heavy Norman forms about them; and modern eyes thought it a pity that there should not be a "clear view" from end to end of the great church, though no such view would have been tolerated by its builders — the choir being the monks' and the nave the laity's place of worship. The present screen is a fragile, undignified tracery of silvered metal — "pure" pseudo-Gothic, very likely, but very certainly a more inappropriate feature than was the massive wooden structure of which a few fragments may be studied in the castle.

IX.

BUT the supreme ornament of Durham's choir was St. Cuthbert's shrine.

This stood, as has been said, back of the high altar on a floor raised above the pavement of the aisles and projecting like a platform into the Nine Altars. Steps for the use of pilgrims led up from the aisles, and doors in the altar-screen admitted the ecclesiastics. The shrine, as we read of it, was rebuilt in 1380. A base of green marble was worked into four seats where cripples or invalids might get rest and healing; and upon this base stood a great work of enamel and gold sprinkled with princely jewels, containing "the treasure more precious than gold or topaz" and shadowed by that banner of St. Cuthbert which went so often over the Border, and by many another flag dedicated by an English or captured from a Scottish hand.

At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry's "visitors" broke open the

shrine and within it found St. Cuthbert "lying whole, uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as of a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments about him. . . ." They destroyed the shrine, but respected the body and reburied it beneath the floor — and this by express order of the king, the saint of Durham having incited to superstition merely and not, like the saint of Canterbury, to treason too.

In 1827 the tomb was again opened, and in the presence of more scientific observers. In it was found the coffin which had been made by Henry's officers in 1542; within this, the successive fragments of two other coffins, evidently by their decorations those of the second interment at Durham in Flambard's time (1104), and of the original interment at Lindisfarne in 698; and then a skeleton wrapped in the rags of once-rich robes, and a second skull. The bones were reverentially replaced, but the various other objects found in the tomb may now be seen in the chapter-library — an ivory comb; a tiny oaken portable altar plated with silver; an exquisitely embroidered stole and maniple of old English workmanship; another, later, maniple; part of a girdle and two bracelets woven of gold and scarlet threads; a gold cross set with garnets, at least as ancient as St. Cuthbert's own time; and pieces of rich figured robes of Byzantine or Sicilian origin. The altar and the comb agree with a description given of the contents of the coffin when it was examined in 1104; and the

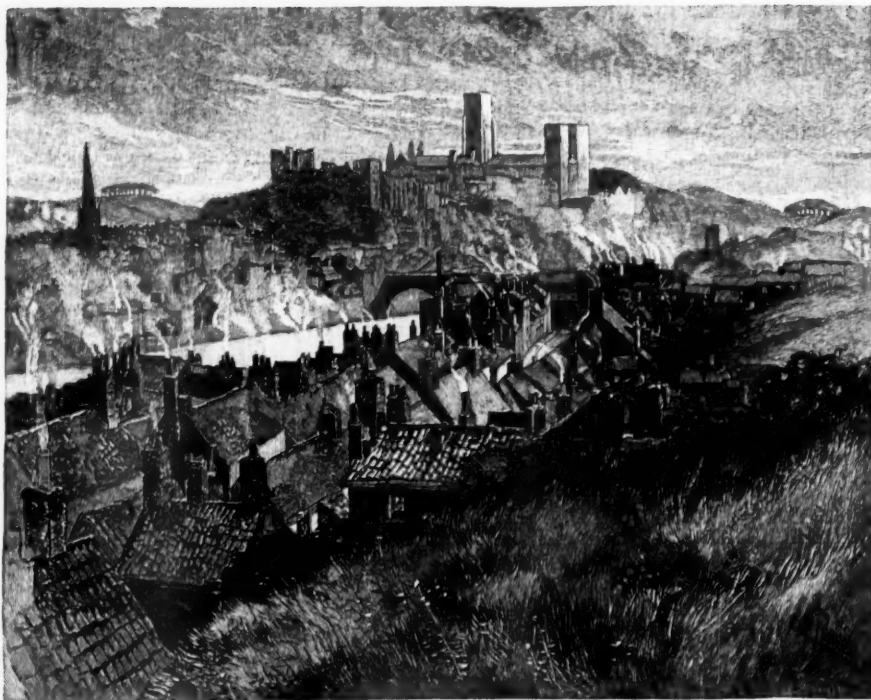
more ancient embroideries have been identified by the lettering they bear as those which Athelstan is recorded to have given to the shrine when he visited it at Chester-le-Street, in the year 934. Can the most skeptical doubt that here again, as by the tomb of Bede, such sentiment as he may have to spend will not be wasted on mendacious bones? Surely here beneath the pavement of Durham's choir must veritably sleep the body of St. Cuthbert the monk and the head of St. Oswald the king.

X.

THE west front of Durham is one of the very finest in England. Its rich yet simple Norman and Transitional features are enliv-



A. DOOR-KNOCKER.



DURHAM FROM THE RAILROAD STATION.

ened but not disturbed by the great middle window that was inserted in the Decorated period; and the projecting Galilee seems not at all out of place, as the nearness and the steepness of the cliff hardly lead one to expect that here the main entrance will be found.

The huge imperial majesty, though not the beauty, of the building is best realized from the Castle Green, where the whole north side lies unshrouded before us. But here too we most clearly see, on near approach, how fortunate it would have been had Wyatt and others like him never been born. In ignorant distrust of the effects which the "weathering" of seven centuries had wrought, they flayed and cut and pared the mighty surface with a pitiless hand, removing in many places several inches' depth of stone and actually casing the central tower with cement! As much as possible has been done in recent years to repair their ravage. But the beautiful color and texture which time alone can give have perished, and the planed-off inches have left the moldings and window-jambs so shallow that the old accent of massiveness and force is hopelessly impaired.

No one but an Englishman, and no Eng-

lishman born earlier than the Perpendicular period, would have built a great church-tower like this central one at Durham—so tall and massive yet so simple in outline, and finished by a parapet with no thought of a spire or of any visible sort of roof. The earlier western towers had been given wooden spires covered with lead; but in the seventeenth century these were removed, and in the eighteenth their turreted battlements were added. Continental critics would tell us that such a group as we now behold has far too military an air to be ecclesiastically appropriate. The question is one for taste, not argument, to decide. But I may say that if spireless battlemented towers can ever be appropriate upon a church it is surely upon Durham's. If ever a house of God could lawfully assume a semi-military, half-forbidding, wholly stern and uncompromising air, this was surely the one.

Yet it was the shrine of the peaceful Cuthbert as well as the seat of the warlike Bek, and it played a rôle of gentle ecclesiastical ministrance as well as of stern ecclesiastical control in its far-off greatest years. Many a blood-stained foot has fled wildly towards it over this broad Castle Green, and many an inno-

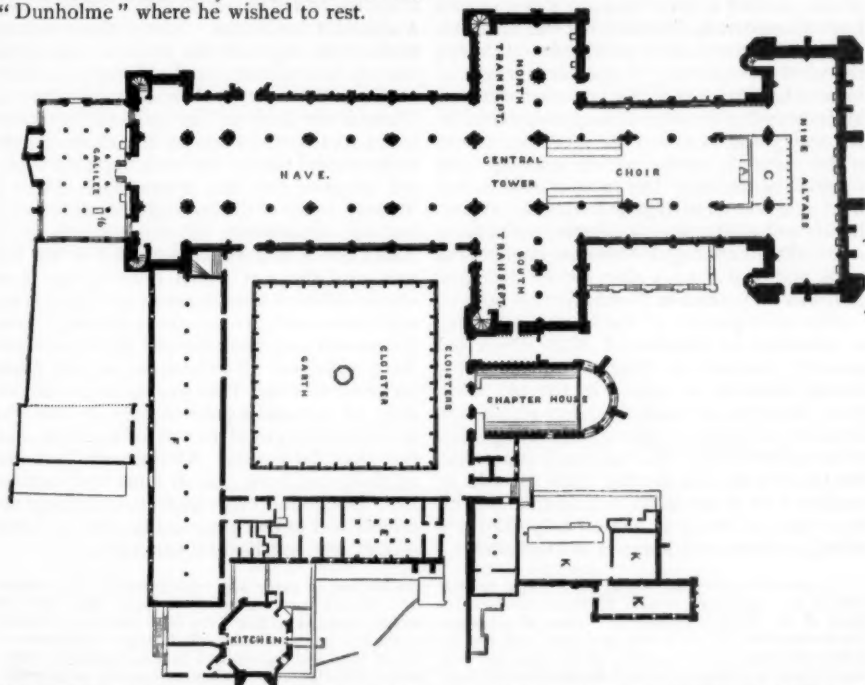
cent foot hounded by accusing cries. It was a famous "sanctuary" where any culprit charged with any crime could find inviolable shelter, kindly entertainment for thirty-seven days, and then, if still unjustified or unpardoned, safe transportation to the coast and passage overseas — giving in return but his full confession and his solemn oath never to seek English soil again. From a chamber over the north porch a monk watched ceaselessly to give immediate entrance; and even before entrance was given, as soon as the knocker on the door was grasped, "St. Cuthbert's peace" was won. The chamber was destroyed, alas! by Wyatt, but the knocker hangs where it has hung since late-Norman days. The empty eye-sockets of the grotesque yet splendid mask of bronze were once filled perhaps with crystal eye-balls; or perhaps — and this is what we prefer to fancy — a flame was set behind them that even he might not lack for guidance whose flight should be in the darkness.

High up on the northern end of the Nine Altars stand the sculptured figures of a milkmaid and a cow. The group is comparatively modern, but the legend it perpetuates is most ancient. It was a woman seeking her strayed beast who guided the bearers of St. Cuthbert's coffin when they could not find the "Dunholme" where he wished to rest.

XI.

On the south side of the cathedral we find the great aggregate of once-monastic buildings in a singularly complete condition. When the monastery was "resigned" to King Henry VIII. its last prior peaceably became the first dean of the newly constituted chapter, and his successors peaceably kept their homes with all their precious contents in the time of Cromwell. In consequence, there is no place in England where we can so well understand what a great monastery looked like in pre-Reformation days, or how its populous colony lived. We should find the picture still more complete but for the demon of last-century renovation.

The chapter-house, for instance, kept its Norman form uninjured until the year 1791 — a great room finished towards the east with a semicircular apse, vaulted throughout, encircled by a tall arcade with intersecting arches, below which was a stone bench for the monks in council and at the east end a stone chair where the long line of prelate-princes had sat for consecration, and paved with many sepulchral slabs bearing famous ecclesiastical names. No such fine Norman chapter-house remained in England, and no other building whatsoever



PLAN OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL AND MONASTIC BUILDINGS. (FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")
 A. High altar. C. Site of St. Cuthbert's tomb. E. Refectory. F. Dormitory. K. Prior's (now dean's) house. 16. Bede's tomb.
 VOL. XXXV.—35-36.

to show how the Normans had vaulted their apses. Yet, to make things "more comfortable" for modern dean and canon, the apse and the adjacent walls for about half the length of the room were pulled down, and the mutilated remainder was inclosed and floored and plastered so that not a sign of its splendid stones remained. A few years ago, however, these stones were again exposed to view, and the ground outside, once covered by the apse, was carefully examined. Several very ancient tombs were then identified, and in the library may now be seen three episcopal rings which were found within them — one, set with a great sapphire, having been Ralph Flambard's.

Our plan will show how the chapter-house opens upon one side of the cloisters and how its other sides are built against the church itself, the dormitory, and the refectory. From the earliest ages the arrangement was the same; but almost all parts of the buildings were more than once renewed. The cloister walks, now greatly modernized, date from the Perpendicular period, and so also do the dormitory and the refectory, though each of them is raised upon a much older vaulted basement. The dormitory formed for many years part of a canon's house, but has now been brought back as nearly as possible to its old estate. The wooden partitions which divided it into separate sleeping-cells have disappeared, of course; but one hardly regrets their absence, since it leaves free to the eye the whole vast interior — 194 feet in length — lighted by ranges of noble traceried windows and covered by an oaken ceiling, rude yet massive and grand in effect, the great tree-trunks which form its beams having scarcely been squared by the axe. The room is now used to hold a portion of the large and valuable chapter-library and sundry other interesting collections, — of brilliant episcopal vestments, of coins and seals, and of Roman, Celtic, old-English, and Norman antiquities of Northumbrian origin.

The main portion of the library, including a collection of illuminated MSS. which has scarcely a superior in England outside of the British Museum, is housed in the old refectory. Here too are kept the relics which were found in St. Cuthbert's grave and the fragments of his earlier coffins. He who would understand the far-off roots and the first crude growths of medieval art in the north of England finds his best place of study in these richly filled and wisely administered libraries at Durham.*

* I should be very ungrateful did I forget to note that in one important respect Durham stands at the head of the English cathedrals. Here of all places the tourist feels himself a welcome guest and one for whose pleasure and instruction infinite pains are willingly taken by all dignitaries and officials, from the highest to the humblest. The local hand-book, written by Canon Greenwell, is a pearl of its kind. And I find I

Many minor rooms and buildings lie around or near these cloisters, chief among them in interest the old priors' kitchen. I think there is but one other kitchen of the sort still intact in England, and that one — at Glastonbury — now stands isolated in a field and never knows the warmth of useful fires, while this one still serves the household of the dean. It is a great octagonal structure with a steep roof which covers a remarkable vaulted ceiling — so stately a structure that a passer-by used to modern ways of living and modern architectural devices would (but for its chimneys) surely say, A baptistery or a chapel — never, A kitchen. The old priors' house also remains as the dwelling of the modern deans — altered, of course, and in the usual practical, irreverent way, the private chapel forming now three chambers.

Beyond all these lies the dean's lovely garden, the quiet circle of the canons' houses and the quiet sweep of their own outer gardens looking down upon the Wear. So much remains at Durham, in short, that it is hard to remember that certain things have perished even here — for example, the great hall of the monastery and its church-like hospital.

The picture is not quite so exquisite as that which greater ruin has wrought at Canterbury. But it is as beautiful in a soberer fashion, and it has the added charm of a lifted outlook over a splendid landscape. Surely there can be nothing like it in all the world — nothing at once so homogeneous and so infinitely varied, so old in body yet so alive and fresh in mood. There is no class or kind of building which is not represented between the castle on the northern and the garden walls upon the southern verge of this rich promontory. There is scarcely a year of the last eight hundred which has not somewhere left some traces on it. And there is no sort of life which it has not seen, and the sort which rules to-day is as wholly different from the ancient sorts as fancy could conceive. Yet nowhere can we choose a date and say, Here the old life ceased and the new began. Nowhere can we put finger on stone and say, This was to serve religion only, or material existence only, or only war or ostentation; or, This was for use alone, and this alone for beauty. All times are here and all things are here, and all aims and motives have here found expression; but all things are intertwined in one great entity, and all times join in one vast historic panorama.

am but one of many who remember the head-verger, Mr. Wetherell, as a pearl of his kind. More than one widely traveled architect has cited him in my hearing as the best guide he had met in Europe — fully and correctly informed, patient and clear in exposition, interesting to the ignorant, yet instructive even to the professional sight-seer, and filled with an enthusiasm as wise and discriminating as it is warm and contagious.

This means that *this* is England. Not in some new Birmingham hot with money-making fires, black with art-destroying cinders, and deaf to the voice of long-dead years; not in some old deserted Kenilworth or Fountains, beautiful only, useful no longer, a monument of death and destruction, a milestone to show how wide a space may lie between the currents of medieval and of modern life — not there do we find the real England really pictured; but here in this Durham which was once military and monastic and feudal, and is now commercial, collegiate, domestic, and in politics boldly liberal, yet where there has been neither sudden change nor any forgetting and very little abandonment or loss — only slow, natural growth and development and the wear and tear and partial retrogressions which all growth, all development must involve. Modern life standing upon ancient life as on a worn but puissant and respected pedestal; learning alive despite the hurry of trade; religion alive despite the widening of the moral horizon; Protestantism grown from Catholicism yet not harshly dis severed from its rituals or traditions, nor scornful of its artistic legacy; things monastic supplanted by things domestic within the Church yet the Church still served with reverence and dignity and grace; the aristocrat, the soldier, and the prelate still keeping some shreds of civil power notwithstanding the upgrowth of the plebeian layman's power — this is what England means to those who see her land and her living as a whole. This and all of this is what Durham means to those who study its stones and its records together. All this is typified in that splendid throne of its bishop-princes in which a bishop still sits but a prince no longer. As this throne still stands in use and honor, so the old order of things is still revered in the land, while the loss of the

color and gold which once adorned it may seem to tell of the gradual perishing away of England's old artistic gift, and the mutilation of the effigy it covers, of the shorn authority of that class which once had no rivals in its ruling.

XII.

It is needless to try to tell which are the best points for seeing Durham from a distance — they are so many and each in turn seems so supremely good. Some of the very best, moreover, we are very sure to get — from the railroad station which lies a little out of the town to the north-west and from the road which thence brings us into it over a great bridge near the castle.

It would be hopeless to try to describe the outward view which may be had from the cathedral's central tower. It is not a very pleasant task to climb to the top of any such old construction. Medieval builders had little care for the life or limbs of sight-seers; or perhaps medieval sight-seers did not seek for "views" as do we to-day. It is like a bad dream to clamber up this tower — up a narrow winding staircase to the church's roof and then up a still narrower and steeper and darker staircase to the roof of the tower, turning about on exiguous steps uneven from the tread of centuries, and feeling our way by the rough convex stones. But it is like another sort of dream to come out at last, after more than three hundred painful mountings, upon the broad parapeted platform and see the magnificent wide panorama undulating away into the hilly distance and enlivened beneath the church's feet by the silver twistings of the rock-bound Wear. Hence, only a mile away, we can see where the battle of Neville's Cross was fought; and here the monks crowded to see it, in terror, doubtless, lest defeat might mean an instant siege within their home.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

ENDLESS RESOURCE.

NEW days are dear, and cannot be unloved,
Though in deep grief we cower and cling to death:
Who has not known, in living on, a breath
Full of some gladness that life's rapture proved?

If I have felt that in this rainbow world
The very best was but a preface given
To tell of infinite greater tints in heaven,
And, life or no, heaven yet would be unfurled:—

I did belie the soul-wide joys of earth,
And feelings deep as lights that dwell in seas.
Can heaven itself outlove such depths as these?
Live on! Life holds more than we dream of worth.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE DUSANTES.

A SEQUEL TO "THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE."

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc.

PART I.



WHEN the little party, consisting of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, Mr. Ender-ton, my newly made wife, and myself, with the red-bearded coxswain and the two sailor men, bade farewell to that little island in the Pacific where so many happy hours had been passed, where such pleasant friendships had been formed, and where I had met my Ruth and had made her my wife, we rowed away with a bright sky over our heads, a pleasant wind behind us, and a smooth sea beneath us. The long-boat was comfortable and well-appointed, and there was even room enough in it for Mr. Ender-ton to stretch himself out and take a noonday nap. We gave him every advantage of this kind, for we had found by experience that our party was happiest when my father-in-law was best contented.

Early in the forenoon the coxswain rigged a small sail in the bow of the boat, and with this aid to our steady and systematic work at the oars we reached, just before nightfall, the large island whither we were bound, and to which, by means of the coxswain's pocket compass, we had steered a direct course. Our arrival on this island, which was inhabited by some white traders and a moderate population of natives, occasioned great surprise, for when the boats containing the crew and passengers of our unfortunate steamer had reached the island, it was found that Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and myself were missing. There were many suppositions as to our fate. Some persons thought we had been afraid to leave the steamer, and, having secreted ourselves on board, had gone down with her. Others conjectured that in the darkness we had fallen overboard, either from the steamer or from one of the boats; and there was even a surmise that we might have embarked in the leaky small boat—in which we really did leave the steamer—and so had been lost. At any rate, we had disappeared, and our loss was a good deal talked about, and, in a manner, mourned.

In less than a week after their arrival the people from the steamer had been taken on board a sailing vessel and carried westward to their destination.

We, however, were not so fortunate, for we remained on this island for more than a month. During this time but one ship touched there, and she was western bound and of no use to us, for we had determined to return to America. Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had given up their journey to Japan, and were anxious to reach once more their country homes, while my dear Ruth and I were filled with a desire to found a home on some pleasant portion of the Atlantic seaboard. What Mr. Ender-ton intended to do we did not know. He was on his way to the United States when he left the leaking ship on which he and his daughter were passengers, and his intentions regarding his journey did not appear to have been altered by his mishaps.

By the western bound vessel, however, Mrs. Aleshine sent a letter to her son.

Our life on this island was monotonous, and to the majority of the party uninteresting; but as it was the scene of our honeymoon, Mrs. Craig and I will always look back to it with the most pleasurable recollections. We were comfortably lodged in a house belonging to one of the traders, and although Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine had no household duties to occupy their time, they managed to supply themselves with knitting materials from the stores on the island, and filled up their hours of waiting with chatty industry. The pipes of our sailor friends were always well filled, while the sands of the island were warm and pleasant for their backs, and it was only Mr. Ender-ton who showed any signs of impatient repining at our enforced stay. He growled, he grumbled, and he inveighed against the criminal neglect of steamship companies and the owners of sailing craft in not making it compulsory in every one of their vessels to stop on every voyage at this island, where, at any time, intelligent and important personages might be stranded.

At last, however, we were taken off by a three-masted schooner bound for San Fran-

cisco, at which city we arrived in due time and in good health and condition.

We did not remain long in this city, but soon started on our way across the continent, leaving behind us our three sailor companions, who intended to ship from this port as soon as an advantageous opportunity offered itself. These men heard no news of their vessel, although they felt quite sure that she had reached Honolulu, where she had probably been condemned and the crew scattered. As some baggage belonging to my wife and my father-in-law had been left on board this vessel, I had hopes that Mr. Enderton would remain in San Francisco and order it forwarded to him there; or that he would even take a trip to Honolulu to attend to the matter personally. But in this I was disappointed. He seemed to take very little interest in his missing trunks, and wished only to press on to the East. I wrote to Honolulu, desiring the necessary steps to be taken to forward the baggage in case it had arrived there; and soon afterwards our party of five started eastward.

It was now autumn, but, although we desired to reach the end of our journey before winter set in, we felt that we had time enough to visit some of the natural wonders of the California country before taking up our direct course to the East. Therefore, in spite of some petulant remonstrances on the part of Mr. Enderton, we made several trips to points of interest.

From the last of these excursions we set out in a stage-coach, of which we were the only occupants, towards a point on the railroad where we expected to take a train. On the way we stopped to change horses at a small stage station at the foot of a range of mountains; and when I descended from the coach I found the driver and some of the men at the station discussing the subject of our route. It appeared that there were two roads, one of which gradually ascended the mountain for several miles, and then descended to the level of the railroad, by the side of which it ran until it reached the station where we wished to take the train. The other road pursued its way along a valley or notch in the mountain for a considerable distance, and then, by a short but somewhat steep ascending grade, joined the upper road.

It was growing quite cold, and the sky and the wind indicated that bad weather might be expected; and as the upper road was considered the better one at such a time, our driver concluded to take it. Six horses, instead of four, were now attached to our stage, and as two of these animals were young and unruly and promised to be unusually difficult to drive in the ordinary way, our driver concluded to ride one of the wheel horses, postilion fashion,

and to put a boy on one of the leaders. Mr. Enderton was very much afraid of horses, and objected strongly to the young animals in our new team. But there were no others to take their places, and his protests were disregarded.

My wife and I occupied a back seat, having been ordered to take this comfortable position by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who had constituted themselves a board of instruction and admonition to Mrs. Craig, and, incidentally, to myself. They fancied that my wife's health was not vigorous and that she needed coddling; and if she had had two mothers she could not have been more tenderly cared for than by these good women. They sat upon the middle seat with their faces towards the horses, while Mr. Enderton had the front seat all to himself. He was, however, so nervous and fidgety, continually twisting himself about, endeavoring to get a view of the horses or of the bad places on the road, that Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine found that a position facing him and in close juxtaposition was entirely too uncomfortable; and consequently, the back of their seat being adjustable, they turned themselves about and faced us.

The ascent of the mountain was slow and tedious, and it was late in the afternoon when we reached the highest point in our route, from which the road descended for some eight miles to the level of the railroad. Now our pace became rapid, and Mr. Enderton grew wildly excited. He threw open the window and shouted to the driver to go more slowly, but Mrs. Lecks seized him by the coat and jerked him back on his seat before he could get any answer to his appeals.

"If you want your daughter to ketch her death o' cold you 'll keep that window open!" As she said this, she leaned forward and pulled the window down with her own strong right arm. "I guess the driver knows what he is about," she continued, "this not bein' the first time he 's gone over the road."

"Am I to understand, madam," said Mr. Enderton, "that I am not to speak to my driver when I wish him to know my will?"

To this question Mrs. Lecks made no answer, but sat up very straight and stiff, with her back square upon the speaker. For some time she and Mr. Enderton had been "out," and she made no effort to conceal the fact.

Mr. Enderton's condition now became pitiable, for our rapid speed and the bumping over rough places in the road seemed almost to deprive him of his wits, notwithstanding my assurance that stage-coaches were generally driven at a rapid rate down long inclines. In a short time, however, we reached a level spot in the road, and the team was drawn up and

stopped. Mr. Enderton popped out in a moment, and I also got down to have a talk with the driver.

"These hosses won't do much at holdin' back," he said, "and it worries 'em less to let 'em go ahead with the wheels locked. You need n't be afraid. If nothin' breaks, we're all right."

Mr. Enderton seemed endeavoring to satisfy himself that everything about the running-gear of the coach was in a safe condition. He examined the wheels, the axles, and the whiffle-trees, much to the amusement of the driver, who remarked to me that the old chap probably knew as much now as he did before. I was rather surprised that my father-in-law subjected the driver to no further condemnation. On the contrary, he said nothing except that for the rest of this down-hill drive he should take his place on the driver's unoccupied seat. Nobody offered any objection to this, and up he climbed.

When we started again Ruth seemed disturbed that her father should be in such an exposed position, but I assured her that he would be perfectly safe, and would be much better satisfied at being able to see for himself what was going on.

We now began to go down hill again at a rate as rapid as before. Our speed, however, was not equal. Sometimes it would slacken a little where the road was heavy or more upon a level, and then we would go jolting and rattling over some long downward stretch. After a particularly unpleasant descent of this kind the coach seemed suddenly to change its direction, and with a twist and an uplifting of one side it bumped heavily against something and stopped. I heard a great shout outside, and from a window which now commanded a view of the road I saw our team of six horses, with the drivers pulling and tugging at the two they rode, madly running away at the top of their speed.

Ruth, who had been thrown by the shock into the arms of Mrs. Aleshine, was dreadfully frightened, and screamed for her father. I had been pitched forward upon Mrs. Lecks, but I quickly recovered myself, and as soon as I found that none of the occupants of the coach had been hurt, I opened the door and sprang out.

In the middle of the road stood Mr. Enderton, entirely uninjured, with a jubilant expression on his face, and in one hand a large closed umbrella.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed, hurrying around to the front of the coach, where I saw that the pole had been broken off about the middle of its length.

"Nothing has happened, sir," replied Mr.

Enderton. "You cannot speak of a wise and discreet act, determinately performed, as a thing which has happened. We have been saved, sir, from being dashed to pieces behind that wild and unmanageable team of horses; and I will add that we have been saved by my forethought and prompt action."

I turned and looked at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?" I said. "What could you have had to do with this accident?"

"Allow me to repeat," said Mr. Enderton, "that it was not an accident. The moment that we began to go down hill I perceived that we were in a position of the greatest danger. The driver was reckless, the boy incompetent, and the horses unmanageable. As my remonstrances and counsels had no effect upon the man, and as you seemed to have no desire to join me in efforts to restrain him to a more prudent rate of speed, I determined to take the affair into my own hands. I knew that the first thing to be done was to rid ourselves of those horses. So long as we were connected with them disaster was imminent. I knew exactly what ought to be done. The horses must be detached from the coach. I had read, sir, of inventions especially intended to detach runaway horses from a vehicle. To all intents and purposes our horses were run-aways, or would become so in a very short time. I now made it my object to free ourselves from those horses. I got out at our first stop and thoroughly examined the carriage attachments. I found that the movable bar to which the whiffle-trees were attached was connected to the vehicle by two straps and a bolt, the latter having a ring at the top and an iron nut at the bottom. While you and that reckless driver were talking together and paying no attention to me, the only person in the party who thoroughly comprehended our danger, I unbuckled those straps, and with my strong nervous fingers, without the aid of implements, I unscrewed the nut from the bolt. Then, sir, I took my seat on the outside of the coach and felt that I held our safety in my own hands. For a time I allowed our vehicle to proceed, but when we approached this long slope which stretches before us, and our horses showed signs of increasing impetuosity, I leaned forward, hooked the handle of my umbrella in the ring of the bolt, and with a mighty effort jerked it out. I admit to you, sir, that I had overlooked the fact that the other horses were attached to the end of the pole, but I have often noticed that when we are discreet in judgment and prompt in action we are also fortunate. Thus was I fortunate. The hindermost horses, suddenly released, rushed upon those in front of them, and, in a manner, jumbled up the whole team,

which seemed to throw the animals into such terror that they dashed to one side and snapped off the pole, after which they went madly tearing down the road, entirely beyond the control of the two riders. Our coach turned and ran into the side of the road with but a moderate concussion, and as I looked at those flying steeds, with their riders vainly endeavoring to restrain them, I could not, sir, keep down an emotion of pride that I had been instrumental in freeing myself, my daughter, and my traveling companions from their dangerous proximity."

The speaker ceased, a smile of conscious merit upon his face. For the moment I could not say a word to him, I was so angry. But had I been able to say or do anything to indicate the wild indignation that filled my brain, I should have had no opportunity, for Mrs. Lecks stepped up to me and took me by the arm. Her face was very stern, and her expression gave one the idea of the rigidity of Bessemer steel.

"I've heard what has been said," she remarked, "and I wish to talk to this man. Your wife is over there with Mrs. Aleshine. Will you please take a walk with her along the road? You may stay away for a quarter of an hour."

"Madam," said Mr. Enderton, "I do not wish to talk to you."

"I did n't ask you whether you did or not," said Mrs. Lecks. "Mr. Craig, will you please get your wife away as quick and as far as you can?"

I took the hint, and, with Ruth on my arm, walked rapidly down the road. She was very glad to go, for she had been much frightened, and wanted to be alone with me to have me explain to her what had occurred. Mrs. Lecks, imagining from the expression of his countenance that Mr. Enderton had, in some way, been at the bottom of the trouble, and fearing that she should not be able to restrain her indignation when she found how he had done it, had ordered Mrs. Aleshine to keep Ruth away from her father. This action had increased the poor girl's anxiety, and she was glad enough to have me take her away and tell her all about our accident.

I did tell her all that had happened, speaking as mildly as I could of Mr. Enderton's conduct. Poor Ruth burst into tears.

"I do wish," she exclaimed, "that father would travel by himself! He is so nervous, and so easily frightened, that I am sure he would be happier when he could attend to his safety in his own way; and I know, too, that we should be happier without him."

I agreed most heartily with these sentiments, although I did not deem it necessary to say

so, and Ruth now asked me what I supposed would become of us.

"If nothing happens to the driver and the boy," I replied, "I suppose they will go on until they get to the station to which we were bound, and there they will procure a pole, if such a thing can be found, or, perhaps, get another coach, and come back for us. It would be useless for them to return to our coach in its present condition."

"And how soon do you think they will come back?" she said.

"Not for some hours," I replied. "The driver told me there were no houses between the place where we last stopped and the railroad station, and I am sure he will not turn back until he reaches a place where he can get either a new pole or another vehicle."

Ruth and I walked to a turn at the bottom of the long hill down which our runaway steeds had sped. At this point we had an extended view of the road as it wound along the mountain side, but we could see no signs of our horses nor of any living thing. I did not, in fact, expect to see our team, for it would be foolish in the driver to come back until he was prepared to do something for us, and even if he had succeeded in controlling the runaway beasts, the quicker he got down the mountain, the better.

By the time we had returned we had taken quite a long walk, but we were glad of it, for the exercise tranquillized us both. On our way back we noticed that a road which seemed to come up from below us joined the one we were on a short distance from the place where our accident occurred. This, probably, was the lower road which had been spoken of when we changed horses.

We found Mr. Enderton standing by himself. His face was of the hue of wood ashes, his expression haggard. He reminded me of a man who had fallen from a considerable height, and who had been frightened and stupefied by the shock. I comprehended the situation without difficulty, and felt quite sure that had he had the choice he would have much preferred a thrashing to the plain talk he had heard from Mrs. Lecks.

"What is the matter, father?" exclaimed Ruth. "Were you hurt?"

Mr. Enderton looked in a dazed way at his daughter, and it was some moments before he appeared to have heard what she said. Then he answered abruptly: "Hurt? Oh, no! I am not hurt in the least. I was just thinking of something. I shall walk on to the village or town, whichever it is, to which that man was taking us. It cannot be more than seven or eight miles away, if that. The road is down hill, and I can easily reach the place before

nightfall. I will then personally attend to your rescue, and will see that a vehicle is immediately sent to you. There is no trusting these ignorant drivers. No," he continued, deprecatingly raising his hand, "do not attempt to dissuade me. Your safety and that of others is always my first care. Exertion is nothing."

Without further words, and paying no attention to the remonstrances of his daughter, he strode off down the road.

I was very glad to see him go. At any time his presence was undesirable to me, and under the present circumstances it would be more objectionable than ever. He was a good walker, and there was no doubt he would easily reach the station, where he might possibly be of some use to us.

Mrs. Lecks was sitting on a stone by the roadside. Her face was still stern and rigid, but there was an expression of satisfaction upon it which had not been there when I left her. Ruth went to the coach to get a shawl, and I said to Mrs. Lecks:

"I suppose you had your talk with Mr. Enderton?"

"Talk!" she replied. "I should say so! If ever a man understands what people think of him, and knows what he is, from his crown to his feet, inside and outside, soul, body, bones, and skin, and what he may expect in this world and the next, he knows it. I did n't keep to what he has done for us this day. I went back to the first moment when he began to growl at payin' his honest board on the island, and I did n't let him off for a single sin that he has committed since. And now I feel that I've done my duty as far as he is concerned; and havin' got through with that, it's time we were lookin' about to see what we can do for ourselves."

It was indeed time, for the day was drawing towards its close. For a moment I had thought that we would give Mr. Enderton a good start, and then follow him down the mountain to the station. But a little reflection showed me that this plan would not answer. Ruth was not strong enough to walk so far; and although Mrs. Aleshine had plenty of vigor, she was too plump to attempt such a tramp. Besides, the sky was so heavily overcast that it was not safe to leave the shelter of the coach.

As might have been expected, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine took immediate charge of the personal comfort of the party, and the first thing they did was to make preparations for a meal. Fortunately, we had plenty of provisions. Mrs. Aleshine had had charge of what she called our lunch-baskets, which were, indeed, much more like market-baskets than

anything else; and having small faith in the resources of roadside taverns, and great faith in the unlimited capabilities of Mr. Enderton in the matter of consuming food on a journey, she had provided bounteously and even extravagantly.

One side of the road was bordered by a forest, and on the ground was an abundance of dead wood. I gathered a quantity of this, and made a fire, which was very grateful to us, for the air was growing colder and colder. When we had eaten a substantial cold supper and had thoroughly warmed ourselves at the fire, we got into the coach to sit there and wait until relief should come. We sat for a long time; all night, in fact. We were not uncomfortable, for we each had a corner of the coach, and we were plentifully provided with wraps and rugs.

Contrary to their usual habit, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine did not talk much. When subjected to the annoyances of an ordinary accident, even if it should have been the result of carelessness, their disposition would have prompted them to take events as they came, and to make the best of whatever might happen to them. But this case was entirely different. We were stranded and abandoned on the road, on the side of a lonely, desolate mountain, on a cold bleak night; and all this was the result of what they considered the deliberate and fiendish act of a man who was afraid of horses and who cared for no one in the world but himself. Their minds were in such a condition that if they said anything they must vituperate, and they were so kindly disposed towards my wife, and had such a tender regard for her feelings, that they would not, in her presence, vituperate her father. So they said very little, and, nestling into their corners, were soon asleep.

After a time Ruth followed their example, and, though I was very anxiously watching out of the window for an approaching light, and listening for the sound of wheels, I, too, fell into a doze. It must have been ten or eleven o'clock when I was awakened by some delicate but cold touches on my face, the nature of which, when I first opened my eyes, I could not comprehend. But I soon understood what these cold touches meant. The window in the door of the coach on my side had been slightly lowered from the top to give us air, and through the narrow aperture the cold particles had come floating in. I looked through the window. The night was not very dark, for, although the sky was overcast, the moon was in its second quarter, and I could plainly see that it was snowing, and that the ground was already white.

This discovery sent a chill into my soul, for

I was not unfamiliar with snows in mountain regions, and knew well what this might mean to us. But there was nothing that we could now do, and it would be useless and foolish to awaken my companions and distress them with this new disaster. Besides, I thought our situation might not be so very bad after all. It was not yet winter, and the snow-fall might prove to be but a light one. I gently closed the window, and made my body comfortable in its corner, but my mind continued very uncomfortable for I do not know how long.

When I awoke, I found that there had been a heavy fall of snow in the night, and that the flakes were still coming down, thick and fast. When Ruth first looked out upon the scene she was startled and dismayed. She was not accustomed to storms of this kind, and the snow frightened her. Upon Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine the sight of the storm produced an entirely different effect. Here was a difficulty, a discomfort, a hardship, but it came in a natural way, and not by the hand of a dastardly coward of a man. With naturally happening difficulties they were accustomed to combat without fear or repining. They knew all about snow, and were not frightened by this storm. The difficulties which it presented to their minds actually raised their spirits, and from the grim and quiet beings of the last evening they became the same cheerful, dauntless, ready women that I had known before.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, as she clapped her face to a window of the coach, "if this is n't a reg'lar old-fashioned snow-storm! I've shoveled my own way through many a one like it to git to the barn to do my milkin' afore the men folks had begun makin' paths, an' I feel jus' like as though I could do it agin."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "if you're thinkin' of shovelin' your way from this place to where your cows is, you'd better step right out and get at it, and I really do think that if you felt they was sufferin' for want of milkin' you'd make a start."

"I don't say," answered Mrs. Aleshine, with an illuminating grin, "that if the case was that way I might n't have the hankerin' though not the capableness, but I don't know that there's any place to shovel our way to jus' now."

Mrs. Lecks and I thought differently. Across the road, under the great trees, the ground was comparatively free from snow, and in some places, owing to the heavy evergreen foliage, it was entirely bare. It was very desirable that we should get to one of these spots and build a fire, for, though we had been well wrapped up, we all felt numbed and cold. In the boot at the back of the coach I knew that

there was an ax, and I thought I might possibly find there a shovel. I opened the coach door and saw that the snow was already above the lower step. By standing on the spokes of the back wheel I could easily get at the boot, and I soon pulled out the ax, but found no shovel. But this did not deter me. I made my way to the front wheel and climbed up to the driver's box, where I knocked off one of the thin planks of the foot-board, and this, with the ax, I shaped into a rude shovel with a handle rather too wide but serviceable. With this I went vigorously to work, and soon had made a pathway across the road. Here I chopped off some low dead branches, picked up others, and soon had a crackling fire, around which my three companions gathered with delight.

A strong wind was now blowing, and the snow began to form into heavy drifts. The fire was very cheery and pleasant, but the wind was cutting, and we soon returned to the shelter of the coach, where we had our breakfast. This was not altogether a cold meal, for Mrs. Aleshine had provided a little tea-kettle, and, with some snow-water which I brought in boiling from the fire in the woods, we had all the hot and comforting tea we wanted.

We passed the morning waiting and looking out and wondering what sort of conveyance would be sent for us. It was generally agreed that nothing on wheels could now be got over the road, and that we must be taken away in a sleigh.

"I like sleigh-ridin'," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if you're well wropped up, with good horses, an' a hot brick for your feet, but I must say I don't know but what I'm goin' to be a little skeery goin' down these long hills. If we git fairly slidin', horses, sleigh, an' all together, there's no knowin' where we'll fetch up."

"There's one comfort, Barb'ry," remarked Mrs. Lecks, "and that is that when we do fetch up it'll be at the bottom of the hills and not at the top, and as the bottom is what we want to get to, we ought n't to complain."

"That depends a good deal whether we come down hindpart foremost, or forepart front. But nobody's complainin' so fur, specially as the sleigh is n't here."

I joined in the outlooking and the conjectures, but I could not keep up the cheerful courage which animated my companions; for not only were the two elder women bright and cheery, but Ruth seemed to be animated and encouraged by their example, and showed herself as brave and contented as either of them. She was convinced that her father must have reached the railroad station before it began to snow, and therefore she was troubled by no

fears for his safety. But my mind was filled with many fears.

The snow was still coming down, thick and fast, and the wind was piling it into great drifts, one of which was forming between the coach and a low embankment on that side of the road near which it stood.

About every half-hour I took my shovel and cleared out the path across the road from the other side of the coach to the woods. Several times after doing this I made my way among the trees, where the snow did not impede my progress, to points from which I had a view some distance down the mountain, and I could plainly see that there were several places where the road was blocked up by huge snow-drifts. It would be a slow, laborious, and difficult undertaking for any relief party to come to us from the station, and who was there, at that place, to come? This was the question which most troubled me. The settlement at the station was, probably, a very small one, and that there should be found at that place a sleigh or a sledge with enough men to form a party sufficiently strong to open a road up the mountain-side was scarcely to be expected. Men and vehicles might be obtained at some point farther along the railroad, but action of this kind would require time, and it was not unlikely that the railroad itself was blocked up with snow. I could form no idea, satisfactory to myself, of any plan by which relief could come to us that day. Even the advent of a messenger on horseback was not to be expected. Such an adventurer would be lost in the storm and among the drifts. On the morrow relief might come, but I did not like to think too much about the morrow; and of any of my thoughts and fears I said nothing to my companions.

At intervals, after I had freshly cleared out the pathway, the three women, well bundled up, ran across the road to the fire under the trees. This was the only way in which they could keep themselves warm, for the coach, although it protected us from the storm, was a very cold place to sit in. But the wind and the snow which frequently drove in under the trees made it impossible to stay very long by the fire, and the frequent passages to and from the coach were attended with much exposure and wetting of feet. I therefore determined that some better way must be devised for keeping ourselves warm; and, shortly after our noonday meal, I thought of a plan, and immediately set to work to carry it out.

The drift between the coach and the embankment had now risen higher than the top of the vehicle, against one side of which it was tightly packed. I dug a path around the back of the coach, and then began to tunnel into

the huge bank of snow. In about an hour I had made an excavation nearly high enough for me to stand in, and close to the stage door on that side; and I cleared away the snow so that this door could open into the little cavern I had formed. At the end opposite the entrance of my cave, I worked a hole upwards until I reached the outer air. This hole was about a foot in diameter, and for some time the light unpacked snow from above kept falling in and filling it up; but I managed, by packing and beating the sides with my shovel, to get the whole into a condition in which it would retain the form of a rude chimney.

Now I hurried to bring wood and twigs, and having made a hearth of green sticks, which I cut with my ax, I built a fire in this snowy fireplace. Mrs. Lecks, Mrs. Aleshine, and Ruth had been watching my proceedings with great interest; and when the fire began to burn, and the smoke to go out of my chimney, the coach door was opened, and the genial heat gradually pervaded the vehicle.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "if that is n't one of the brightest ideas I ever heard of! A fire in the middle of a snow-bank, with a man there a'tendin' to it, an' a chimney! 'Tis n't every day that you kin see a thing like that!"

"I should hope not," remarked Mrs. Lecks, "for if the snow drifted this way every day I'd be ready to give up the seein' business out-an'-out! But I think, Mr. Craig, you ought to pass that shovel in to us so that we can dig you out when the fire begins to melt your little house and it all caves in on you."

"You can have the shovel," said I, "but I don't believe this snow-bank will cave in on me. Of course the heat will melt the snow, but I think it will dissolve gradually, so that the caving-in, if there is any, won't be of much account, and then we shall have a big open space here in which we can keep up our fire."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Ruth, "you talk as if you expected to stay here ever so long, and we certainly can't do that. We should starve to death for one thing."

"Don't you be afraid of that," said Mrs. Aleshine. "There 's plenty of victuals to last till the people come for us. When I pack baskets for travelin' or picnicin', I don't do no scrimpin'. An' we've got to keep up a fire, you know, for it would n't be pleasant for those men, when they've cut a way up the mountain to git at us, to find us all froze stiff."

Mrs. Lecks smiled. "You're awful tender of the feelin's of other people, Barb'ry," she said, "and a heart as warm as yourn ought to keep you from freezin'."

"Which it has done, so far," said Mrs. Aleshine complacently.

As I had expected, the water soon began to drip from the top and the sides of my cavern, and the chimney rapidly enlarged its dimensions. I made a passage for the melted snow to run off into a hollow, back of the coach; and as I kept up a good strong fire, the drops of water and occasional pieces of snow which fell into it were not able to extinguish it. The cavern enlarged rapidly, and in a little more than an hour the roof became so thin that while I was outside collecting wood it fell in and extinguished the fire. This accident, however, interrupted my operations but for a short time. I cleared away the snow at the bottom of the excavation, and rebuilt my fire on the bare ground. The high snow walls on three sides of it protected it from the wind, so that there was no danger of the flames being blown against the stage-coach, while the large open space above allowed a free vent for the smoke.

About the middle of the afternoon, to the great delight of us all, it stopped snowing, and when I had freshly shoveled out the path across the road, my companions gladly embraced the opportunity of walking over to the comparatively protected ground under the trees and giving themselves a little exercise. During their absence I was busily engaged in arranging the fire, when I heard a low crunching sound on one side of me, and, turning my head, I saw, in the side of my excavation opposite to the stage-coach and at a distance of four or five feet from the ground, an irregular hole in the snow, about a foot in diameter, from which protruded the head of a man. This head was wrapped, with the exception of the face, in a brown woolen comforter. The features were those of a man of about fifty, a little sallow and thin, without beard, whiskers, or mustache, although the cheeks and chin were darkened with a recent growth.

The astounding apparition of this head projecting itself from the snow wall of my cabin utterly paralyzed me, so that I neither moved nor spoke, but remained crouching by the fire, my eyes fixed upon the head. It smiled a little, and then spoke.

"Could you lend me a small iron pot?" it said.

I rose to my feet, almost ready to run away. Was this a dream? Or was it possible that there was a race of beings who inhabited snow-banks?

The face smiled again very pleasantly. "Do not be frightened," it said. "I saw you were startled, and spoke first of a familiar pot in order to reassure you."

"Who, in the name of Heaven, are you?" I gasped.

"I am only a traveler, sir," said the head, "who has met with an accident similar, I

imagine, to that which has befallen you. But I cannot further converse with you in this position. Lying thus on my breast in a tunnel of snow will injuriously chill me. Could you conveniently lend me an iron pot?"

I was now convinced that this was an ordinary human being, and my courage and senses returned to me, but my astonishment remained boundless. "Before we talk of pots," I said, "I must know who you are and how you got into that snow-bank."

"I do not believe," said my visitor, "that I can get down, head foremost, to your level. I will therefore retire to my place of refuge, and perhaps we can communicate with each other through this aperture."

"Can I get through to your place of refuge?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the answer. "You are young and active, and the descent will not be so deep on my side. But I will first retire, and will then project towards you this sheep-skin rug, which, if kept under you as you move forward, will protect your breast and arms from direct contact with the snow."

It was difficult to scramble up into the hole, but I succeeded in doing it, and found awaiting me the sheep-skin rug, which, by the aid of an umbrella, the man had pushed towards me for my use. I was in a horizontal tunnel barely large enough for the passage of my body, and about six feet in length. When I had worked my way through this and had put my head out of the other end, I looked into a small wooden shed, into which light entered only through a pane of glass set in a rude door opposite to me. I immediately perceived that the whole place was filled with the odor of spirituous liquors. The man stood awaiting me, and by his assistance I descended to the floor. As I did so I heard something which sounded like a titter, and looking around I saw in a corner a bundle of clothes and traveling-rugs, near the top of which appeared a pair of eyes. Turning again, I could discern in another corner a second bundle, similar to, but somewhat larger than, the other.

"These ladies are traveling with me," said the man, who was now wrapping about him a large cloak, and who appeared to be of a tall though rather slender figure. His manner and voice were those of a gentleman extremely courteous and considerate. "As I am sure you are curious—and this I regard as quite natural, sir—to know why we are here, I will at once proceed to inform you. We started yesterday in a carriage for the railway station, which is, I believe, some miles beyond this point. There were two roads from the last place at which we stopped, and we chose the one which ran along a valley and which we

supposed would be the pleasanter of the two. We there engaged a pair of horses which did not prove very serviceable animals, and at a point about a hundred yards from where we now are, one of them gave out entirely. The driver declared that the only thing to be done was to turn loose the disabled horse, which would be certain, in time, to find his way back to his stable, and for him to proceed on the other animal to the station to which we were going, where he would procure some fresh horses and return as speedily as possible. To this plan we were obliged to consent, as there was no alternative. He told us that if we did not care to remain in the carriage, there was a shed by the side of the road, a little farther on, which was erected for the accommodation of men who are sometimes here in charge of relays of horses. After assuring us that he would not be absent more than three hours, he rode away, and we have not seen him since. Soon after he left us I came up to this shed, and finding it tight and comparatively comfortable, I concluded it would give us relief from our somewhat cramped position in the carriage, and so conducted the ladies here. As night drew on it became very cold, and I determined to make a fire, a proceeding which of course would have been impossible in a carriage. Fortunately I had with me, at the back of the carriage, a case of California brandy. By the aid of a stone I knocked the top off this case, and brought hither several of the bottles. I found in the shed an old tin pan which I filled with the straw coverings of the bottles, and on this I poured brandy, which, being ignited, produced a fire without smoke, but which, as we gathered around it, gave out considerable heat."

As the speaker thus referred to his fuel, I understood the reason of the strong odor of spirits which filled the shed, and I experienced a certain relief in my mind.

The gentleman continued: "At first I attributed the delay of the driver's return to those ordinary hindrances which so frequently occur in rural and out-of-the-way places; but, after a time, I could not imagine any reasonable cause for his delay. As it began to grow dark I brought here our provision-baskets, and we partook of a slight repast. I then made the ladies as comfortable as possible and awaited with much anxiety the return of the driver.

"After a time it began to snow, and feeling that the storm might interrupt communication with the carriage I brought hither, making many trips for the purpose, the rest of the brandy, our wraps and rugs, and the cushions of the carriage. I did not believe that we should be left here all night, but thought it

prudent to take all precautions and to prepare for remaining in a place where we could have a fire. The morning showed me that I had acted wisely. As you know, sir, I found the road in either direction completely blocked up by snow, and I have since been unable to visit the carriage."

"Have you not all suffered from cold?" I inquired. "Have you food enough?"

"I will not say," replied the gentleman, "that in addition to our anxiety we have not suffered somewhat from cold, but for the greater part of this day I have adopted a plan which has resulted in considerable comfort to my companions. I have wrapped them up very closely and warmly, and they hold in each hand a hard-boiled egg. I thought it better to keep these for purposes of warmth than to eat them. About every half-hour I reboil the eggs in a little traveling-teapot which we have. They retain their warmth for a considerable period, and this warmth in a moderate degree is communicated through the hands to the entire person."

As he said this a low laugh again burst forth from the bundle in one corner of the room, and I could not help smiling at this odd way of keeping warm. I looked toward the jocose bundle and remarked that the eggs must be pretty hard by this time.

"These ladies," said the gentleman, "are not accustomed to the cold atmosphere of these regions, and I have, therefore, forbidden them to talk, hoping thus to prevent injury from the inhalation of frosty air. So far we have not really suffered, and we still have some food left. About noon I noticed smoke floating over this shed, and I forced open the door and made my way for some little distance outside, hoping to discover whence it came. I then heard voices on the other side of the enormous snow-drift behind us, but I could see no possible way of getting over the drift. Feeling that I must, without fail, open communication with any human beings who might be near us, I attempted to shout, but the cold had so affected my voice that I could not do so. I thereupon set my wits to work. At the back of this shed is a square window closed by a wooden shutter. I opened this shutter and found outside a wall of snow packed closely against it. The snow was not very hard, and I believed that it would not be difficult to tunnel a way through it to the place where the voices seemed to be. I immediately set to work, for I feared that if we were obliged to remain here another night without assistance we should be compelled to-morrow morning to eat those four hard-boiled eggs which the ladies are holding, and which, very shortly, I must boil again."

"How did you manage to cut through the snow?" I asked. "Had you a shovel?"

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I used the tin pan. I found it answered very well as a scoop. Each time that I filled it I threw the contents out of our door."

"It must have been slow and difficult work," I said.

"Indeed it was," he replied. "The labor was arduous and occupied me several hours. But when I saw a respectable man at a fire, and a stage-coach near by, I felt rewarded for all my trouble. May I ask you, sir, how you came to be thus snow-bound?"

I then briefly related the circumstances of our mishap, and had scarcely finished when a shrill sound came through the tunnel into the shed. It was the voice of Mrs. Aleshine.

"Hello!" she screamed, "are you in there? An' you don't mean to tell me there are other people in that hole?"

Feeling quite certain that my wife and her companions were in a state of mental agitation on the other side of the drift, I called back that I would be with them in a moment, and then explained to the gentleman why I could not remain with him longer. "But before I go," I said, "is there anything I can do for you? Do you really want an iron pot?"

"The food that remains to us," he answered, "is fragmentary and rather distasteful to the ladies, and I thought if I could make a little stew of it, it might prove more acceptable to them. But do not let me detain you another instant from your friends, and I advise you to go through that tunnel feet foremost, for you might otherwise experience difficulties in getting out at the other end."

I accepted his suggestion, and by his assistance and the help of the rough window-frame, I got into the hole feet first, and soon ejected myself into the midst of my alarmed companions. When they heard where I had been, and what I had seen, they were naturally astounded.

"Another party deserted at this very point!" exclaimed Ruth, who was both excitable and imaginative. "This looks like a conspiracy! Are we to be robbed and murdered?"

At these words Mrs. Aleshine sprang towards me. "Mr. Craig," she exclaimed, "if it's robbers, don't lose a minute! Never let 'em git ahead of you! Pull out your pistol and fire through the hole!"

"Gracious me, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "you don't suppose the robbers is them poor unfortunates on the other side of the drift! And I must say, Mrs. Craig, that if there was any such thing as a conspiracy, your father must have been in it, for it was him who landed us just here. But of course none of

us supposes nothin' of that kind, and the first thing we've got to think of is what we can do for them poor people."

"They seem to have some food left, but not much," I said, "and I fear they must be suffering from cold."

"Could n't we poke some wood to them through this hole?" said Mrs. Aleshine, whose combative feelings had changed to the deepest compassion. "I should think they must be nearly froze with nothin' to warm 'em but hard-biled eggs."

I explained that there was no place in their shed where they could build a fire, and proposed that we should give them some hot tea and some of our provisions.

"That 's so!" said Mrs. Aleshine. "An' jus' shout in to them that if they'll shove them eggs through the hole, I'll bile 'em fur 'em as often as they want 'em."

"I've just got to say this," ejaculated Mrs. Lecks, as she and Mrs. Aleshine were busily placing a portion of our now very much reduced stock of provisions in the smallest of our baskets: "This is the first time in my life that I ever heard of people warmin' themselves up with hens' eggs and spirits, excep' when mixed up into egg-nog, and that they resisted that temptation and contented themselves with plain honest heat, though very little of it, shows what kind of people they must be. And now do you suppose we could slide this basket in without upsettin' the little kittle?"

I called to the gentleman that we were about to send him a basket, and then, by the aid of an umbrella, I gently pushed it through the snow-tunnel to a point where he could reach it. Hearty thanks came back to us through the hole, and when the basket and kettle were returned we prepared our own evening meal.

"For the life of me," said Mrs. Lecks, as she sipped a cup of tea, "I can't imagine, if there was a shed so near us, why we did n't know it."

"That has been puzzling me," I replied; "but the other road, on which the shed is built, is probably lower than this one, so that the upper part of the shed could not have projected far above the embankment between the two roads, and if there were weeds and dead grasses on the bank, as there probably were, they would have prevented us from noticing the top of a weather-worn shed."

"Especially," said Mrs. Lecks, "as we was n't lookin' for sheds, and, as far as I know, we was n't lookin' for anythin' on that side of the coach, for all my eyes was busy starin' about on the side we got in and out of, and down the road."

"Which mine was too," added Mrs. Ale-

shine. "An' after it begun to snow we could n't see nothin' anyhow, partic'larly when every-thing was all covered up."

"Well," added Mrs. Lecks in conclusion, "as we did n't see the shed, it's a comfort to think there was reasons for it, and that we are not born fools."

It was now growing dark, and but few further communications took place through the little tunnel.

"Before we get ready to go to sleep," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for, havin' no candles, I guess we won't sit up late, had n't we better rig up some kind of a little sled to put in that hole, with strings at both ends, so that we kin send in mustard-plasters and peppermint to them poor people if they happen to be sick in the night?"

This little project was not considered necessary, and after receiving assurances from the gentleman on the other side that he would be able to keep his party warm until morning, we bade each other good-night, and after hav-

ing replenished the fire, I got into the stage, where my companions had already established themselves in their corners. I slept very little, while I frequently went out to attend to the fire, and my mind was racked by the most serious apprehensions. Our food was nearly gone, and if relief did not come to us very soon I could see nothing but a slow death before us, and, so far as I could imagine, there was no more reason to expect succor on the following day than there had been on the one just passed. Where were the men to be found who could cut a road to us through those miles of snow-drifts?

Very little was said during the night by my companions, but I am sure that they felt the seriousness of our situation, and that their slumbers were broken and unrefreshing. If there had been anything to do Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine would have been cheered up by the prospect of doing it: but we all felt that there was nothing we could do.

; (To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

THE UNITED CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES. NO. II.

A REVIEW OF THE CENTURY LETTERS ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.



THE readers of THE CENTURY will remember that the article published in THE CENTURY for Nov., 1885, entitled "The United Churches of the United States" was in no sense representative of denominational views, as held in any church or party, but was simply an independent survey of all Christian denominations with their existing grounds of organic unity in doctrine, polity, and worship. The essay was written with no thought whatever of the criticism which has been converged upon it in these pages by champions of the different churches. It has been under discussion for some months past, until nearly all the interested parties have been fully heard. In now offering a brief reply, I might regret the seeming odds of a battle with so many giants at once, did I not hope to stay out of the battle as much as possible, and keep to the main question, in which alone the public can be interested. A mere controversy on Christian unity would indeed be but a sorry absurdity.

As it has been strangely assumed that the essay put forth some new-made scheme of denominational union, in particular a formal coalition on the basis of the Anglican prayer-

book, I beg to recall with emphasis my introductory statement:

"We are not yet ready for such schemes, and it would only be a waste of time to discuss them. The first lesson to be learned is that the unification of the American churches, if it is ever to come at all, cannot be precipitated by platforms, coalitions, compromises, in short by any mere external association of the different denominations, which leaves them still without internal modification and vital connection, as true and living branches of the Vine of Christ."

In pursuance of this statement, the former paper was a mere historical sketch of the unconscious growth of leading American churches towards organic likeness and oneness, as seen especially in their liturgical communion. The plain facts presented in that sketch have not been denied by any of the distinguished respondents, and all the objections to some supposed liturgical scheme of union have, therefore, been but so many formidable javelins hurled into the air. The position taken was briefly this: Our chief historical churches have long been reacting towards the Protestant catholicism expressed in the English prayer-book. That position has not even been assailed or questioned. Here the case might rest, if the aim had been to succeed in an argument rather than to arrive at the truth.

But while the critics of the essay have seemed

somewhat to differ from it, they have much more largely agreed with it, and with one another, and have thus revealed a remarkable consensus of opinions, upon which we may now build up a constructive argument for the continued growth of church unity in the future. To this task the present paper is mainly devoted. If it shall be performed even imperfectly, the protracted discussion will not have been in vain.

We have seen that the various ecclesiastical and quasi-ecclesiastical or pseudo-ecclesiastical bodies of which our American Christianity is composed may be studied in three general groups or classes, according to the principles prevailing in their structure: The *Episcopal*, including the Roman Catholic, Methodist, and Protestant Episcopal churches; the *Presbyterial*, including the Lutheran, Reformed, and Presbyterian churches; the *Congregational*, including the Baptist, Orthodox, and Unitarian churches. Representative divines in each group have spoken through these columns on the question of Christian union or church unity, and thus furnished the materials for a full comparison of views. Let us take them in the order which we have adopted.

EPISCOPALIAN OPINIONS.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Dudley and the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins, of the *Protestant Episcopal Church*, have treated the essay with great kindness, justice, and clearness. They both admit substantially its general conclusions—that full dogmatic agreement is still a long way off, and that the liturgical fusion, which has begun, is but a desirable first step towards true church unity. But, as to the matter of polity, they consistently hold that Episcopacy affords the only basis or form of organic oneness. Against this opinion will be urged several considerations:

First. That forms of doctrine and worship, as well as polity, are ecclesiastical elements affording grounds or germs of organic unity, and are much more important than any mere polity, though it were imagined to be of the most perfect Episcopal form.

Second. That as a matter of fact the Episcopal polity, though common to the Greek, Roman, and Anglican churches, is but little known in the Protestant churches of Europe and America.

Third. That Presbytery, rather than Episcopacy, is the one polity which by common consent has continued historically, from the apostles' time until the present day, in all the chief churches of Christendom, both Catholic and Protestant.

Fourth. That the claim to an Apostolate,

as maintained in these letters, is not allowed by other Protestant churches, nor by the Roman Catholic Church, and is practically viewed by both as involving organized schism rather than organic unity.

Fifth. That instead of seeking a remote alliance with the Greek and Latin churches, it were better to begin with some organic connection of the kindred English-speaking Protestant churches, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Episcopal, and on the basis of their common Anglo-Saxon Christianity to aim at the more general unity of Christendom.

Whether these views be right or wrong, they are existing matters of opinion which must enter into the present discussion, as may appear hereafter. It is a very pleasing feature of both of these letters that they breathe an earnest Christian desire and hope of ultimate church unity.

The Rev. Dr. George R. Crooks, of the *Methodist Episcopal Church*, also writes in a union spirit and is in accord with the essay on some essential points, with differences which seem mainly verbal. Mistaking the word organic, as hitherto defined and used, he applies it to that figurative organism or mystical body of Christ in which all true Christians are joined as members, rather than to those ecclesiastical organizations or organized churches which are not one, but many, and more or less hostile to each other. Organic oneness, in the former sense of one Christian body, is indeed an established fact, and happily a fact that goes without the saying in these papers, since they would scarcely be possible but for its tacit assumption; but organic oneness, in the common sense of one church organization, is unhappily not a fact; and though such unity be not deemed vital or fundamental, yet it may be important, if not indispensable, as will hereafter be shown. Doctor Crooks also mistakes the term Catholic for "Roman Catholic," and is thereby led into a view of the relations of Protestantism and Catholicism which may be modified by one or two suggestions.

First. True Catholicism, if defined to be historic Christianity as freed from Roman errors, is not inconsistent with "New Testament Christianity," but is the choicest fruit of its own divine development in history. The Protestants themselves, as their name implies, did not wholly renounce it; nor can we renounce it, unless we are ready for the frightful theory that during fifteen centuries from the apostles' time until the Reformation there was no church or Providence, but only one long reign of sin and Satan.

Second. Such Catholic Christianity is in fact more or less fully retained by Protestant churches in their forms of doctrine, polity, and

worship, which are not to be found clearly set forth in the New Testament, but are very largely an outgrowth from it in church history under divine Providence. The Methodist Church, for example, has a modified episcopate, liturgy, and articles, which it inherited directly from the Church of England, remotely from the Church of Rome, though without other accompanying dogmas held in those churches.

Third. The Protestant body in its recoil from Romanism may have gone too far away from Catholicism into such extremes as sectarianism, rationalism, and revivalism; but a healthy reaction has already begun, as we have shown, in regard to the historic liturgy, and it may yet extend to the other diseases or abuses of Protestantism, until a true church unity shall have taken the place of our sectarianism, and our latest rationalism at length give way to the vindicated Catholic faith.

Fourth. The Roman Church and the chief Protestant churches, notwithstanding their wide differences, rest primarily upon the same Holy Scriptures and share largely the same Catholic Christianity; and it is at least conceivable that in the lapse of time, by the transmuting force of American institutions, and under the pressure of common dangers, they may be brought slowly together from their present extremes, having shed their respective errors until at last they join in the one essential faith of Protestant Catholicism as the full flower of New Testament Christianity. Professor Crooks himself argues very forcibly that the chief Roman dogma of sacerdotal supremacy is doomed to die out, both in Church and State, in the wake of political causes; and he may thus refute his own imaginary picture of an immediate crude coalition of "Romanists and Protestants in one ecclesiastical government."

Fifth. The English liturgy, as we have seen, affords the grounds and germs of such a gradual coalescence of Protestant with Catholic Christianity in the American churches; and when the Methodist Episcopal Church completes its reaction with the rest, the Wesleyan prayer-book, instead of lying a nullity, will serve to bring it into more visible communion and organic connection with the other great historic churches of Christendom.

Dr. Crooks, as a representative of episcopacy without apostolical succession, finds no organic bond between the Greek, Latin, and Anglican churches, but hopes for some closer union of the Protestant churches, to be reached by recognizing their essential spiritual unity as a divine fact, by acknowledging one another's churchly standing in their intercourse, and by coming into more organic coöperation for the great ends of their common Christianity.

PRESBYTERIAN OPINIONS.

THE two representatives of the *Presbyterian Church* have reviewed the essay from different standpoints. The late Dr. Archibald Alexander Hodge, as if with a prophetic utterance, and in an elevated Christian tone befitting the theme, discussed the doctrine of the invisible Catholic Church, and set forth in glowing terms its unbroken unity, as including not merely all true believers on earth, but the whole company of the redeemed in heaven. The surviving disputants may well recognize such doctrine as common ground, while still taking to themselves the reproach that the visible church as yet so little reflects the glorious oneness of the church invisible. Unhappily, our existing denominations cannot be viewed merely as so many harmonious groups of organized churches, or legitimate varieties of church organization, dwelling together in manifest unity. Having been largely produced by warring sects and factions, excommunicating and unchurching one another, they exhibit an apparent dismemberment of the very body of Christ, which has become the great flagrant scandal of our age and country, and has made it the plain duty as well as impulse of all Christian people to seek for more outward organic unity, as well as to hail the providential signs of its inward growth and expression. In any other view, we could only adjourn our questions of doctrine to the millennium, and wait until we may all join in the perfect liturgy of heaven. Practically, indeed, this is the course taken by some extremists who would consecrate mere denominationalism, extenuate sectarianism, and make schism itself chronic, in the face of their own false dormant ideal of an invisible Catholic Church.

In contrast with such errors, Dr. Hodge has impressively shown that the various church organizations, through the indwelling Spirit, will yet grow together toward a true organic unity, consistent with due variety, as but so many members in the one mystical body of Christ. And the latter part of his letter refers to such unity in the three organic spheres of doctrine, polity, and worship. As to the first, his hopeful view of the dogmatic consensus of Protestant Trinitarian churches is a most valuable and timely contribution to the general argument for church unity, and would be only more complete could it include, on the basis of a common American Christianity, those Unitarian churches which express the flower of Puritan culture, as well as that great Roman Catholic Church which is already in the lead on such social questions as marriage, temperance, education, and property. As to the second opinion, that unity in polity would be

more difficult than unity in dogma, I have nothing to add to the former paper, except what may be found in the sequel. As to the third, it may be said that the argument from numbers against the growth of liturgical communion, like most statistical arguments, can be used on both sides of the question, and will probably be met from the other side by such answers as the following:

First. That the liturgical churches of Christendom outnumber in membership the non-liturgical churches as three or four to one.

Second. That in this country it is the least ecclesiastical denominations, the evanescent sects, that are without liturgical tendencies, as they are also crude in their doctrine and polity; while only the historical churches, of European origin, can yield the proper data of the church problem, and these are vitally connected with the contents of the English liturgy in a ratio of forty or fifty to one. Moreover, as we have seen, they are already, knowingly or unknowingly, resuming elements and portions of that liturgy in their worship, and logically tend to it as the best devotional formulary of Catholic and Protestant Christianity.

This starts the only question in the other letter demanding attention. In meeting it, I must reluctantly forsake, for the moment, an independent position, and come down to the denominational ground which the critic has taken. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, declaring himself an out-and-out Presbyterian, offers seven objections to the prayer-book as received opinions in the Presbyterian Church. With due respect, I am obliged to say that not one of them has any foundation in the recognized standards of that body. My replies must be brief.

First. The Directory for Public Worship (ch. v.) does not "object to the stereotyped prayer, however excellent," but does object to "mean, irregular, or extravagant effusions, as a disgrace of Divine service." Such effusions, becoming themselves stereotyped, are worse than any "open-eyed reading of prayer," and in fact sometimes open the eyes of the unhappy listeners.

Second. The Larger Catechism (Q. 186-188) does not object to the invocation, peroration, and well-ordered brief petitions which it finds in the Lord's Prayer as being "too artificial and tending to a mechanical mode of worship"; but it does prescribe the right use of that liturgical form and didactic model of common prayer. To repeat it at least once in each public office is not treating it "as a mere magical formula," but is keeping strictly within the scriptural rubric, When ye pray, say Our Father.

Third. The Shorter Catechism (Q. 99) also

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enjoins the whole word of God as a rule of prayer; and if therefore any "Presbyterians object to the Litany *in toto* as putting the believer far off from God and calling on Him to spare him as a miserable sinner," they simply object with the Pharisee to the very words of the contrite Publican, as well as to the penitential prayers of priest and people weeping between the porch and the altar. If they object to its devout repetitions as "unmeaning," they must object to the like repetitions in Holy Scripture. If they could object to its solemn pleadings and tender entreaties and manifold intercessions as "having no feature suited to the child of God or joint heir with Christ," they would object to the supplications of the prophets and apostles themselves. But before they object to its scriptural petition against sudden death as "a relic of Romanism," they should consult the Roman original (*a subitanea et improvisa morte*) or the Anglo-Saxon version (*a subita et eterna morte*). They might also profitably consider the beams in their own extempore litanies, the "irreverent," the "sarcastic," the "tedious prayers," etc., of which that accomplished Presbyterian divine, Dr. Samuel Miller, speaks in his useful treatise.

Fourth. The Form of Government (ch. iii. v.) does not "hold that all believers are priests" in the sense of being ministers, or that "a minister is only an ordained ruler and leader of the people, with no more authority to pronounce absolution upon the penitent than any one who is not a minister"; but it does most plainly distinguish him from the mere representatives of the people as a minister of Christ and ambassador from God, declaring pardon in Christ's stead. The Confession also (ch. xxx.) names among his high functions, "power to open the kingdom of heaven unto penitent sinners by the ministry of the Gospel, and by absolution from censures, as occasion shall require." Consistently with such teaching, the declarative Absolution, prefixed to the English daily service, is simply an authoritative proclamation of the Gospel; made solemn and direct by a special act of worship on the part both of minister and people. If any Presbyterians are thoughtless enough to object to that formula as "a remnant of the Roman Absolution," they should be informed that its very motive was as Protestant as its meaning; that it was first suggested by Calvin himself; that it was taken very largely from a Calvinistic liturgy; and that it was alternatively called the Absolution or Remission of sins, in deference to Puritan scruples against a word of Popish sound.

Fifth. The Confession of Faith (ch. xxviii.) does not "abhor the doctrine of baptismal regeneration" as rightly stated, but does de-

clare it a "great sin to condemn this ordinance," guards carefully against the abuse of it, and defines it as a "sign and seal of regeneration even unto infants" (Q. 177). And the Baptismal Offices merely express the substantial sense of this definition in strong liturgical terms. Any Presbyterians who abhor such doctrine may find it discreetly maintained by that saintly man, the late Dr. Archibald Alexander, in the second chapter of his work on religious experience. As to the Holy Supper, the Confession takes some higher views of the Real Presence than can anywhere be found in the English communion office. In fact, the only "remnant of transubstantiation" that appears in that office is a solemn ordinance against it as "idolatry to be abhorred of all faithful Christians." Presbyterians who are horrified at such a rag of popery will have their horror increased on learning that the stringent rubric was first procured by that uncompromising reformer, John Knox, in 1552, and fully confirmed at the last revision in 1661, according to Mr. Procter's history of the prayer-book, "in compliance with the wishes of the Presbyterians."

Sixth. The chief framers of the above-named standards, though certainly "not in love with the Episcopal liturgy" as it was imposed upon them by the Act of Uniformity two centuries ago, protested that they had "not the least thought of depraving or reproaching the Book of Common Prayer," but wished only to "avoid both the extreme that would have no forms and the contrary extreme that would have nothing but forms";* and their exceptions to the prayer-book, in matters of mere usage and taste as well as principle, like some of the objections before us, have long since been fully met by the changed conditions of American Presbyterianism, which now neither enjoins nor forbids the use of a liturgy.

Seventh. The Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer affords a summary refutation to Dr. Crosby's objections, all and each of them. Among the legal revisers of the English liturgy in 1661 were the very authors of the Presbyterian formularies, such as Anthony Tuckney, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, who had written nearly the whole of the Larger Catechism; John Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford, who had been secretary to the Westminster divines, and had himself prepared the Shorter Catechism; Edward Reynolds, afterwards Bishop of Norwich and author of the General Thanksgiving, who had composed the most important parts of

the Confession of Faith; Edmund Calamy, the very leader of the Presbyterian clergy, who with Spurstow, Newcomen, and Arrowsmith had been in the Assembly's committees that framed the Directory of Worship and Church Government; to say nothing of the learned Lightfoot, the silver-tongued Bates, the saintly Baxter, and other great Presbyterian scholars and martyrs whose praise is in all the churches. The emendations and exceptions of such men, duly modified by American authorities, precedents, and usages, yield an edition† of the prayer-book to which no Presbyterian can bring any objections whatever without taking the ground from under his feet. Dr. Crosby, as an out-and-out Presbyterian, will henceforth become a valiant champion, not merely of the prayer-book, but of that church unity which is an essential principle of Presbyterian polity as well as the flower of Christian charity.

Resuming now our task, we may sum up Presbyterian opinion, according to the teaching of Dr. Hodge, as based upon the inward spiritual oneness of the churches, yet looking forward to their outward organic oneness, still to be attained through the slow ripening of their knowledge, love, and zeal, and other graces of the Holy Spirit.

CONGREGATIONALIST OPINIONS.

THE letters of the two learned divines representing the *Orthodox Congregational* churches, though making no allusion to the essay, admit of a logical connection with it as affording valuable opinions needed to complete this survey. President Seelye, of Amherst College, gives a profoundly spiritual view of the fellowship of saints and of churches, and likens the universal church to the universal state, as being one in its essence, though manifold in its forms, Congregational, Presbyterial, Episcopal, and as tending finally to a Christian theocracy, in which the autonomy of the particular church shall be consistent with the autocracy of the universal church.

Professor Fisher, of Yale College, in his more practical and very suggestive letter, maintains that, since the decree of Papal infallibility, Christian union is practicable only among Protestant denominations; and he finds three obstacles to such union—in the reigning dogmatic intolerance, in the prevalent ritual diversity, especially as to the rite of baptism, and in the divine-right theory of church government as held by Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and some Congregationalists. At the same time, he admits that a mere governmental, as

1661, and in agreement with the Directory for Public Worship of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. With a supplementary treatise.

* Documents of Revision, 1661.

† The Book of Common Prayer, as amended by the Presbyterian Divines in the Royal Commission of

distinguished from a sacerdotal Episcopacy, would not be repugnant to other Protestants, and that an optional liturgy, used alternatively with spontaneous worship, might in some cases prove an advantage.

Although both of these writers say but little of any organization beyond the limits of the local church or parish, yet it is well known that such organization exists, more or less ecclesiastical in its tendencies and without destroying the self-government of congregations, as is seen in their voluntary association for some church purposes, as well as in that practical congregationalism which prevails under presbyterial and episcopal systems.

Two eloquent divines have spoken for the *Unitarian Congregational* churches. We can all agree with the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, when he asserts that Christian unity exists in America now, in the sense in which he understands it. But church unity, the fusion of Christian sects into the one church, does not exist; nor can "people who want it find it by going out-of-doors," by simply mingling together in humane recreations, however good and healthful. The civilized Christian of this epoch does not always live out-of-doors. Church organizations, with creed and ritual rooted far back in history, have earned their right to be; and just now they are re-asserting that right. Dr. Hale very aptly likens them to the independent colonies before they had become compacted in the national union; and denies that "the work of the church is better done by its several sections when they keep up a strict organization among themselves, and each lets the other sections severely alone." That was once the war cry, we remember, of a large section of the United States; and now and then we hear something like it among the united churches. But if ever we get a good working constitution for them, it will harmonize the local with the general church in all forms of Christian well-doing, and, unlike that lost formula which our accomplished critic describes, it can neither be mislaid nor burned in a Boston fire.

With a generous largeness of view, Professor A. P. Peabody, of Harvard University, reveals the ground common to Unitarianism and Orthodoxy in the divine humanity of Christ; though he maintains, like other correspondents, that full agreement in the realm of metaphysical divinity is not attainable, nor desirable. His practical conclusion is that Christians should unite in recognizing heartily their common Christ-likeness, in promoting Christian righteousness, and in maintaining Christian worship so far as the common faith will allow. These are not only important grounds of Christian union, but may also be ranked

among the conditions precedent to church unity.

As an able representative of the *Baptist Congregational* churches, the Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York City, dwells upon the growth of union in worship by means of liturgies as well as revivals, and upon the large amount of essential unity in doctrine which already exists in default of anything like organic union. But when Dr. MacArthur so intrepidly maintains that "organic union can only be reached at the baptistery," because many scholars have admitted that immersion is a scriptural mode of baptism, he forgets what an insignificant minority have held that it is the only scriptural mode, and how prevalent infant baptism has been in the universal church. The spread of open communion in his own denomination is one of the most cheering signs of the times, and affords practical ground for the hope that pedobaptist and anabaptist congregations might yet be embraced within the same denominational or ecclesiastical system. The need of the hour is not concession, but toleration.

Of all the Congregationalist letters, Orthodox, Unitarian, Baptist, it may now be summarily remarked that not one of them has exhibited congregationalism as hostile to church unity or as wholly inconsistent with some ecclesiastical organization of congregations, which did not trench upon their local rights and privileges.

Such are the three chief sets of opinions now before us for comparison. At first sight the differences might seem to be very great; but it will be found that some of them are greater within the same denomination than between different denominations, or greater within the same group than between different groups of churches. And it will also be found that all the differences are much less vital and important than the agreements.

In the first place, there is a consensus of Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian opinions in regard to the spiritual oneness of all true Christians, however variously they may be organized in their different churches and denominations. This unity has been described with more or less clearness as a communion of saints, a universal fellowship of believers, a spiritual unity of churches, an invisible Catholic Church; but, however expressed, it is a note of essential harmony amid the apparent discord. It enables the strictest churchman, whether he be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or a Congregationalist, to recognize heartily the Christian character of multitudes, now attached to organized forms of Christianity, which he believes to be false and pernicious, and cannot by any official act recognize as

regular or valid; and it affords a broad platform on which our churches may combine, more or less consciously and formally, in the confession of the same catholic creed, and largely in the use of the same historic liturgy. Underneath all existing structures of church polity ever remains this common Christianity, this united faith in Christ, as their one divine foundation.

In the second place, even as to the remaining differences in polity, the writers are agreed that such barriers are not fixed and final, but shall yet, somehow, disappear in the church of the future. The Episcopalian may hope to see the episcopate supersede all other systems, or become their unifying bond and center. The Presbyterian may look forward to some further extension of the presbyterial principle through existing church organizations. The Congregationalist may anticipate self-governing congregations even under presbytery or episcopacy, as stripped of hierarchical claims. Each may project his ideal church into a millennium, more or less distant; may behold in that church a unity consistent with more or less diversity; and may see that church unity at length attained through causes more or less divine or human. But all will consent to view the present sectarian condition of Christianity, especially of Protestant Christianity, as abnormal and transient, and stand ready to welcome any hopeful means of promoting greater oneness and harmony.

In the third place, the remaining differences in mere church polity admit, even now, of a theoretical adjustment. Without wandering off into a vague future, we can fancy an ecclesiastical system in which Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, and Episcopalianism, as we know them in this country, might so limit and modify each other as to co-exist without conflict, each in its own beneficent sphere of action. In such a complete polity presbytery would keep the equipoise between the centrifugal tendencies of congregationalism and the centripetal tendencies of episcopacy, ever preserving particular congregations in their due autonomy, and at the same time combining them in a true cathedral system of schools, missions, and charities. It may be the destiny of the American church thus to bring into normal connection and organic life three ecclesiastical elements, which in the Anglican establishment were forced together in false relations or driven out of it into hurtful extremes, but which in this new world have had full scope and development until now they are ready for a just coalescence. In this manner might be reached what was described in the former essay as "some comprehensive polity, which shall be at once Congregational, Presbyterial,

and Episcopal, and wherein Protestant freedom and intelligence shall appear reconciled with Catholic authority and order." By this means the very terms Presbyterial, Congregational, Episcopal would lose their polemic sense, and all sectarian titles vanish in an organization which would be in fact, even if not in name, the American Catholic Church.

In the fourth place, such an ideal adjustment of differences in church polity has long been becoming actual in the history of the American churches. As we have seen, the old issues between them are all but dead, if not ready for honorable burial. The Cavalier, the Covenanter, and the Puritan now live only in history and romance. Their hot blood has become peacefully blended in their American descendants, and we now dwell upon their virtues rather than upon their faults. He must simply fight against himself who would fight against any one of them. In other words, the unconscious assimilation of churches, after a hundred years of intermarriage and social fusion, has reached a point where they differ more in names than in things. Congregationalists have now and then an extemporized presbytery called an association, and here and there a truly episcopal divine without the title of bishop. Presbyterians in emergencies practice the most independent congregationalism, and love to speak of their pastors as parochial bishops, lacking only the excellent rite of confirmation. Episcopals, after having been also without that rite during the two hundred years of their colonial history, may now boast of presbyterial elements in their polity and a congregationalist freedom in their ritual. And all three are not only professing the same essential doctrines, but singing the same hymns and beginning to say the same prayers. Let such changes go on, and after awhile we may wake out of our useless strifes to find that we have only been viewing the same shield from different standpoints, the same church under different phases; becoming Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopals, by turns, without knowing it.

In the fifth place, this gradual fusion of such ecclesiastical differences has at length come into public consciousness as an avowed aim for concerted action. Christian people all over the land are trying to find how much they agree, rather than how much they differ. Leading minds in the various churches from their several points of view are approaching the great problem of compacting our American Christianity against the gathering foes which menace it. Union in Church as well as in State is looming high and large as the question of questions before which all others must sink into insignificance. Not union for the mere

sake of union—that is but a sectarian sneer; but union as the very heart in the body of Christ and crown of all the graces; union as a duty no less than as a sentiment; union for the maintenance of truth and religion and virtue; union to prevent so immense a waste and friction in our charities and missions; union for the preservation of Christianity itself amid dangers hitherto unknown; union against the materialism that is corrupting the life of the nation; against the socialism that is assailing property, marriage, government, law, and order; against the agnosticism that is undermining all creeds, codes, and manners; against the sectarianism that is parleying and wrangling in full view of such enemies; union, if need be, against the very disunion that would keep the churches, as it would have kept the States, discordant and dismembered, in the supreme hour of peril.

Never were the signs, as well as the needs, of such union more apparent. Never was the feeling so deep and growing that the divisions in the Christian Church must somehow come to an end. It will not be stopped by such adjectives as "sentimental," "romantic," "utopian." Sectarian interests may throw obstacles in the way, a false conservatism may raise alarms, and veteran divines draw the sword to fight their battles over again,—but in vain. In this movement the people are more determined than their rulers, and the church universal will prove stronger than any sect or party. Look at the progress made since the question was opened in these columns a few months ago. The chief denominations of the country have been taking practical steps towards church unity in distinction from mere Christian union. The Congregational churches of New England have been removing the walls which separate Baptists from Pedobaptist communions. The Presbyterian churches of the Middle States have been settling the vexed question of their psalmody, while those of the South and the North are adjusting their political differences, and those of the East are in conference with the Reformed churches, Dutch and German. The Cumberland Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the West are blending Calvinism with Arminianism. The great Lutheran churches give signs of becoming more homogeneous and American. The Baptist churches have declared for union of denominations. The Episcopal Church has been inwardly moved as never before towards other Protestant churches. The Evangelical Alliance is taking the form of a national league. And as a visible presage of the new era, we have already had what might be called a provisional congress of the "United Churches of the United States."

In the midst of these remarkable movements, the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church has sent forth a noble and far-reaching declaration seeking to embrace all branches of Christendom in the bonds of a true church unity. The four terms proposed are so large and fair that they will almost carry consent in their statement.

The *Holy Scriptures* are already the accepted basis of all Christian churches, besides affording the consensus of Christianity with Judaism, and with heathenism in the work of missions.

The *Nicene Creed* was simply the faith of the undivided early Church and still expresses the most essential consensus of nearly all modern churches, with room for their later creeds, such as the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster, Augsburg, and Heidelberg confessions.

The *Divine Sacraments*, whenever and wherever rightly administered, cannot but exhibit the communion of that Catholic visible Church which includes all baptized Christians and their children.

The *Historic Episcopate* might become an added bond among existing church systems, if viewed according to the meaning of the phrase, as a fact rather than as a doctrine, without raising the question whether it has been a development of the apostolate or of the presbyterate of the early Church.

It is this last proposal which is likely to stir the keenest debate, and all eyes are now turned towards one point as the focus of the discussion. If the unifying movement is to go forward, it is plain that it should be led and guided by those churches or systems which are historically and logically most nearly allied in doctrine, polity, and worship, as well as providentially fitted to represent the Protestant and Catholic wings of Christendom. Now these conditions are met by *Presbytery* and *Episcopacy*: by *Presbytery* as included in the Lutheran, Reformed, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches; and by *Episcopacy* as found in the Greek, Latin, Anglican and Protestant Episcopal churches—not *Presbytery* and *Episcopacy*, viewed merely as complemental institutions in an ideal polity, but also as kindred ecclesiastical elements, with the same roots in Scripture and in history, and having a true and vital affinity for each other.

Here we touch the embers of smoldering controversies, which a breath might kindle into a flame. It would be easy enough to recall old grievances and revive dying prejudices which arose in another age and country, when Presbyterians and Episcopalians made martyrs of each other by turns, in a

fierce and sectarian warfare, until, like two combatants chained apart, they were forced by the civil arm to settle down into the established churches of England and Scotland. There are those who would be in haste to import the waning castes of churchman and dissenter into a free republic, to apply the effete policy of the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, and to measure the wants of a hemisphere by those of an island. But the large hearts and noble minds on both sides will resolutely keep dead issues out of sight, will rise above sects and parties to the view of general and lasting interests, and will seek to minimize their trivial differences in order to gain the maximum amount of sincere and honorable agreement.

Approaching the question in this spirit, we shall be at no loss for favorable signs and arguments. Not only do the mother-churches of England and Scotland bear an original likeness as twin daughters of the Reformation, descended from the same Catholic Church, with the same historical continuity from the apostles' time, and only different lines of succession since they parted; not only may their existing standards be correlated and blended, the Book of Common Prayer as but a liturgical expression of the Directory for Public Worship, the Confession of Faith as but a logical expansion of the Articles of Religion, and the diocesan Episcopate as but a fit complement of the synodical Presbytery,—but, besides all this, the two forms of polity, as transplanted to our shores, have developed new types of church life and culture, which would be especially valuable in combination, and have already become leading factors in our Anglo-American civilization, the one as expressive of the best Protestant, and the other of the most Catholic Christianity. Add still further: that for a hundred years past they have been unconsciously coming together, and growing like each other. At the very outset, when they became independent of the mother-churches, the American Directory was enriched with liturgical rules and suggestions, and the American Ordinal was enlarged by an alternative form of authorization. Ever since then American Presbyterianism has been steadily reacting from the narrow views of the Puritans and Covenanters towards a larger Christian culture and more liturgical mode of worship, as well as producing a pure theology and a learned ministry unsurpassed in the country; while American Episcopacy, having escaped from the Anglican establishment with its Catholic faith and noble liturgy, has been admitting presbyterial government, lay and clerical, into its dioceses and combining extempore prayers with its liturgy, until it

has surrendered the very points on which the Presbyterian party in the Church of England was defeated two centuries ago. We have lived to see Episcopalian prayer-meetings as well as Presbyterian prayer-books. The two hereditary foes have not merely met halfway, but actually crossed the lines as in friendly rivalry on the battle-fields of former generations.

Now it seems worth while to ask if the ancient family feud might not somehow be effaced and forgotten. Both churches, after long estrangement, have come back to ground where they may well recognize and respect their common lineage, their organic likeness, and their reciprocal interests. Each of them, in fact, has long since conceded enough, and more than enough, for a full and frank understanding. Had such concessions been made in the beginning, no separation could have occurred. Were such concessions now more generally known, a reunion might soon follow. Even that last barrier to reunion, the vexed question of orders, when fairly met and sifted, may but disclose a ground or link of organic connection in the one simple fact that Episcopal ordination could take nothing from, but only add something to, Presbyterian ordination, howsoever either may be viewed by either party. Presbyterians do not differ from Episcopalians more than Episcopalians differ from one another in estimating that rite. In such a state of opinion the differences are no longer worth weighing against the agreements and accruing advantages. As it might prove a great gain to American Episcopacy to be reinforced with Presbyterian orthodoxy and churchliness, so it might prove a great gain to American Presbytery to recover the Episcopal order and liturgy. The reunion would be as organic to each as the original rupture was disorganizing to both. Indeed, it could easily be shown that the chief authors of the Presbyterian standards, if now living, would find their ideal in our Protestant Episcopacy; or, in other words, that the American Episcopacy of to-day has recovered English Presbytery of a classic type, and so fully recovered it that the two systems, at fit times and places, especially in our large cities and great missions, might wisely and well be conjoined or confederated, if not at length merged in one organization.

How far such union or fusion is now feasible need not here be discussed. Whatever changes of church law or practice might be needed, the way to them could be found as soon as there is the will to find them. Presbyterian usage already concedes the validity of episcopal ordination, and the Episcopal Ordinal enjoins no polemic theory of presby-

terial ordination, but is even held to involve presbyterial coördination. Why not begin at once to act upon these facts and principles? Why should there be a so-called hypothetical ordination on the one side or a covert conditional acceptance of it on the other. Let both parties openly and generously recognize each other in concurrent ordinations or reordinations, as occasion requires. By such means all question of valid ministrations would at length die out, as in a marriage of rival houses. The most extreme Episcopalian, from his own point of view, would only be sanctioning orthodox learning, churchly aims, and evangelical labors; and the most extreme Presbyterian, from his own point of view, would only be gaining more authority or grace for a larger service; and the two together would simply be honoring both episcopacy and presbytery in the one catholic and apostolic Church of Christ.

Without claiming to speak for others, but looking at the question from a strictly undenominational point of view, I venture to hope that in any union to be devised the historic episcopate can be retained, if only as one remaining bulwark against the well-meant but lawless evangelism which is running wild in our churches and bringing all the divine institutions of the Christian religion into contempt. The great revivalists, Whitefield and Wesley, were trained clergymen and ever appeared as such, even when driven from the pulpit into the field. But our lay evangelists are pressed from the field into the pulpit, and a divine success is claimed for them on the very ground that they are not clergymen but mere laymen. When earnest and gifted preachers of the Gospel, like Mr. Moody, decline to become ordained ministers of any church, while everywhere exercising ministerial functions, with learned divines and faithful pastors sitting at their feet, and the whole order of God's house set aside, can we wonder if the popular inference should be that the ministry itself is but a human convenience, if not already a failure. Is any transient good done by them to be weighed for one moment against the lasting evil of overthrowing the most sacred ordinances and institutions, to say nothing of feverish excitements, whose track is often that of the simoon through the fairest pastures of Christ? Our chief danger in this land and age of freedom is not hierarchy. Instead of too much ecclesiasticism, there is too little. The clergy are fast losing their normal rank and influence. The time may yet come when pure presbytery and true episcopacy shall appear not only congruous but inseparable, and together essential in maintaining that "catholic visible church unto which Christ

hath given the ministry, oracles, and ordinances of God."

There is also a large and growing class of minds in all churches for whom the historic episcopate, as now associated with the prayer-book, seems practically the only guarantee of a pure scriptural worship. Time was indeed when that liturgy had been so rigorously enforced as to extinguish all other forms of devotion. No wonder Milton could then cry out against it: "To imprison and confine by force, within a pin-fold of set words, those two most unimprisonable things, our prayers and that divine spirit of utterance which moves them, is a tyranny that would want longer hands than those giants who threatened bondage to heaven." But out of that tyranny we have long since fought our way to a ruinous victory. The time has now come to distinguish liberty from license in the worship of God and to assert order and decency against confusion in the assemblies of saints. Keep for fit times and places the free, extempore service which has been so dearly won; but keep also that historic liturgy which has come down to us from all the Christian ages. Let the people have pure English and sound doctrine at least in their devotions; let them learn the whole word of God in appointed lessons; let them offer up prayers which they can call their own; let them follow their Lord, from his cradle to his cross, through each year of his grace; let them receive holy sacraments and rites, in the meet words of apostles, saints, and martyrs; let them thus worship with angels and archangels and the whole company of the redeemed on earth and in heaven. Already, indeed, some of these things have been reclaimed for them as their just heritage, and we are beginning to find that the prayer-book can co-exist with the prayer-meeting as easily as episcopacy can concur with presbytery.

Besides these advantages, the historic episcopate might also bring a valuable conservative force into our presbyterial systems of church government. Aside from the claim of apostolical succession, it is appreciated as a scriptural and ancient institution of the Christian religion, as fitted to secure the choicest wisdom, learning, and piety of the Church in the direction of its affairs, and as demanded by new exigencies which have arisen in our time and country. Since it became detached from the English peerage and monarchy, it has grown into harmony with our republican institutions, while supplying needed checks upon their radical tendencies. Moreover, it is certain that episcopacy as well as presbytery would have a voice in any Provisional Congress or General Council of the Lutheran, Reformed, Congregational, Presbyte-

rian, Methodist and Protestant Episcopal churches which could be duly called; and should the time ever come for the federation or consolidation of these bodies, it might be found that a House of Bishops and House of Presbyters, like the Senators and Representatives in our national legislature, would support and balance each other, reconciling rival claims and interests and ever securing the new popular institutions of the American church as well as keeping it in the line of historic Christianity. He would be a bold prophet who would strike out either presbytery or episcopacy from the future Christian civilization of this continent.

The chief obstacles to a reunion of our episcopal and presbyterian systems are not so much any doctrinal differences inhering in those systems as the mere accidental influences of denominational pride, inherited prejudice, and general ignorance — an ignorance largely enveloping the clergy as well as the people. Nothing would seem plainer than that both parties left their grievances behind them three thousand miles away, two hundred years ago; and yet the memory of them so rankles in our blood that we still shudder at them as if we might encounter another Laud in some good bishop of an American diocese, or provoke some Janet Geddes to hurl her tripod in response to a Presbyterian liturgy. The political, social, and religious conditions which once kindled so fierce a strife between Presbytery and Episcopacy, and drove them asunder to so rash extremes, could not be transferred to this free land and can never arise among its free churches; but we seem often to fancy that the same battle is still raging, and fill the air with the old familiar slogans and cheer on our champions to new encounters, though all the while no lordly prelates are sitting in our legislatures, and no bloody Claverhouse is abroad pursuing our peaceful worshippers — though no psalm-singing Puritans are despoiling our new cathedrals and no outlawed Covenanters are waylaying our excellent bishops. On the one side, we are ever boasting of a church lineage which we espoused but yesterday; and, on the other side, of a line of martyrs whom we no longer follow. We forget that

those honored Anglican prelates would have dispersed our Episcopal conventions as so many rebels, schismatics, and dissenters, and those revered Scottish worthies would have made swift bonfires of our Presbyterian hymnals, organs, and service-books. And should some candid investigator expose to us, in the clear light of history, how groundless are our prejudices and how foolish our divisions, we can do nothing perhaps but accept his statements, as highly interesting but very useless, and scarcely know whether to frown or smile upon him as, by turns, he provokes admiration or indignation on both sides of the question.

The writer cannot hope to escape such influences. By some of his most respected readers this paper may be viewed as a pure speculation. It will be easy to call it the dream of a recluse or say that the time is not ripe for it. Nevertheless, the present generation might see it becoming real, if only events move forward as fast as they have moved since the former paper was written. And no prophet is needed to tell us what would be the issue. Let the day ever come for a general reunion of Presbytery and Episcopacy, either by formal agreement or by practical fusion, and it would mark the turning-point in the problem of an American Catholic Church. It would be but the forming nucleus of a wide confederation and consolidation of churches and denominations, which are already in ministerial communion and more or less organic connection. Presbytery would include the German, Dutch, French, Scotch, and English types of Protestantism; Episcopacy would involve the Greek, Latin, Anglican, and American germs of Catholicity; and all these varied elements would come into new and vital relations, correcting and molding each other. Our best American Christianity would react upon our whole American civilization against the crying evils of sectarianism, infidelity, and vice. The great vanguard churches of the land, no longer idly saying one to another in the very front of battle, "I have no need of thee," would stand compact together, and grow up in Christ the Head as his living members, and at length, it may be, lead on to one United Church of the United States.

Charles W. Shields.

TWILIGHT.

THE soft voluptuous opiate-shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispelled — (I too
will soon be gone, dispelled),
A haze — nirvana — rest and night — oblivion.

Walt Whitman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.



S the date of inauguration approached, formal invitations, without party distinction, came from the legislatures of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, tendering Mr. Lincoln the hospitalities of those States and their people, and inviting him to visit their capitals on his journey to Washington. Similar invitations also came to him from the municipal authorities of many cities and towns on the route, and railroads tendered him special trains for the use of himself and family. Mr. Lincoln had no fondness for public display, but in his long political career he had learned the importance of personal confidence and live sympathy between representatives and constituents, leaders and people. About to assume unusual duties in extraordinary times, he doubtless felt that it would not only be a gracious act to accept, so far as he could, these invitations, in which all parties had freely joined, but that both people and executive would be strengthened in their faith and patriotism by a closer acquaintance, even of so brief and ceremonial a character. Accordingly he answered the governors and committees that he would visit the cities of Indianapolis, Columbus, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Albany, New York, Trenton, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, while to the governor of Massachusetts he replied that the want of time alone constrained him to omit that State from his route of travel.

Monday, the 11th day of February, was fixed as the time of departure, and a programme and schedule of special trains from point to point were arranged, extending to Saturday, the 23d, the time of arrival in Washington. Early Monday morning (the 11th) found Mr.

Lincoln, his family, and suite at the rather dingy little railroad station in Springfield, with a throng of at least a thousand of his Springfield neighbors who had come to bid him goodbye. It was a cloudy, stormy morning, which served to add gloom and depression to the spirits. The leave-taking became a scene of subdued anxiety, almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took a position in the waiting-room, where his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion.

The half-finished ceremony was broken in upon by the ringing bells and the rushing train. The crowd closed about the railroad car into which the President-elect and his party* made their way. Then came the central incident of the morning. Once more the bell gave notice of starting; but as the conductor paused with his hand lifted to the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command attention. The bystanders bared their heads to the falling snow-flakes, and standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time, in the city of his home, in a farewell address† so chaste and pathetic, that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate:

"My friends: no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Besides these a considerable number of other personal friends and dignitaries accompanied the President from Springfield to Indianapolis, and some of them to places farther on the route.

† This address is here correctly printed for the first time, from the original manuscript, having been written down immediately after the train started, partly by Mr. Lincoln's own hand and partly by that of his private secretary from his dictation.

* The presidential party which made the whole journey consisted of the following persons: Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, their three sons, Robert T., William, and Thomas, Lockwood Todd, Doctor W. S. Wallace, John G. Nicolay, John Hay, Hon. N. B. Judd, Hon. David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain George W. Hazard, Captain John Pope, Colonel Ward H. Lamon, Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, J. M. Burgess, George C. Latham, W. S. Wood, and B. Forbes.

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A proper description of the presidential tour which followed would fill a volume. It embraced two weeks of official receptions by committees, mayors, governors, and legislatures; of crowded evening receptions and interminable hand-shakings; of impromptu or formal addresses at every ceremony; of cheers, salutes, bonfires, military parades, and imposing processions, amid miles of spectators.

Political dissension was for the moment hushed in the general curiosity to see and hear the man who by the free and lawful choice of the nation had been called to exercise the duties of the presidential office. The universal eagerness was perhaps heightened by the fact that during the same two weeks the delegates from the States in insurrection were in session at Montgomery, Alabama, occupied with the temporary organization of a government openly pledged to rebellion, and whose doings were daily reported by the telegraph and printed in every newspaper. Personal curiosity was thus supplemented by growing political anxiety, and every word of the President-elect was scanned for some light by which to read the troubled and uncertain future. Mr. Lincoln was therefore obliged to measure his public utterances with unusual caution; and while he managed to avoid any announcement of policy, the country was nevertheless able to read between the lines that it had made no mistake in the man to whom it had confided the preservation of the Government. It would, of course, be impossible in a single chapter to cite his many speeches on this journey, in which there occurred, of necessity, a great deal of repetition. It will, perhaps, give a better idea of their general tenor to reproduce passages from a few of the most noteworthy. In reading these the critic must constantly bear in mind that they were reported and printed under such circumstances of haste and confusion that verbal accuracy could not be expected, and that they are but abstracts, in which the full structure of his sentences is often abridged or transposed to permit the whole to be brought within the limits of an ordinary press dispatch.

The train which left Springfield in the morning arrived in Indianapolis before nightfall, where, in response to an address from Governor Morton, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Most heartily do I thank you for this magnificent reception, and while I cannot take to myself any share of the compliment thus paid, more than that which pertains to a mere instrument, an accidental instrument, perhaps, I should say, of a great cause, I yet must look upon it as a most magnificent reception, and as such most heartily do I thank you for it. You have been pleased to address yourself to me chiefly in behalf of this glorious Union in which we live, in all of which you have my hearty sympathy, and, as far as may be within my power, will have, one and inseparably, my

hearty coöperation. While I do not expect, upon this occasion, or until I get to Washington, to attempt any lengthy speech, I will only say that to the salvation of the Union, there needs but one single thing, the hearts of a people like yours. The people, when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of this country, truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell cannot prevail against them.' In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business, and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. . . . I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that not with politicians, not with Presidents, not with office-seekers, but with you, is the question, Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?"

The ceremonies during his stay here called out another address from him in which he asked the following pertinent questions:

"I am here to thank you much for this magnificent welcome, and still more for the generous support given by your State to that political cause which I think is the true and just cause of the whole country and the whole world. Solomon says there is 'a time to keep silence,' and when men wrangle by the month with no certainty that they mean the same thing, while using the same word, it perhaps were as well if they would keep silence. The words 'coercion' and 'invasion' are much used in these days, and often with some temper and hot blood. Let us make sure, if we can, that we do not misunderstand the meaning of those who use them. Let us get exact definitions of these words, not from dictionaries, but from the men themselves, who certainly appreciate the things they would represent by the use of words. What, then, is 'Coercion'? What is 'Invasion'? Would the marching of an army into South Carolina, without the consent of her people, and with hostile intent towards them, be 'invasion'? I certainly think it would; and it would be 'coercion' also if the South Carolinians were forced to submit. But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be 'invasion' or 'coercion'? Do our professed lovers of the Union, but who spitefully resolve that they will resist coercion and invasion, understand that such things as these on the part of the United States would be coercion or invasion of a State? If so, their idea of means to preserve the object of their affection would seem exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homeopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but a sort of 'free-love' arrangement, to be maintained only on 'passional attraction.' By the way, in what consists the special sacredness of a State? I speak not of the position assigned to a State in the Union, by the Constitution; for that, by the bond, we all recognize. That position, however, a State cannot carry out of the Union with it. I speak of that assumed primary right of a State to rule all which is less than itself, and ruin all which is larger than itself. If a State and a county, in a given case, should be equal in extent of territory, and equal in number of inhabitants, in what, as a matter of principle, is the State better than the

county? Would an exchange of names be an exchange of *rights* upon principle? On what rightful principle may a State, being not more than one-fiftieth part of the nation, in soil and population, break up the nation and then coerce a proportionally larger subdivision of itself, in the most arbitrary way? What mysterious right to play tyrant is conferred on a district of country, with its people, by merely calling it a State? Fellow-citizens, I am not asserting anything; I am merely asking questions for you to consider."

At Columbus, Ohio, he said to the legislature of that State, convened in joint session in the hall of the Assembly:

"It is true, as has been said by the President of the Senate, that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I cannot but turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them. Allusion has been made to the interest felt in relation to the policy of the new Administration. In this I have received from some a degree of credit for having kept silence, and from others some deprecation. I still think that I was right. . . . I have not maintained silence from any want of real anxiety. It is a good thing that there is no more than anxiety, for there is nothing going wrong. It is a consoling circumstance that when we look out, there is nothing that really hurts anybody. We entertain different views upon political questions, but nobody is suffering anything. This is a most consoling circumstance, and from it we may conclude that all we want is time, patience, and a reliance on that God who has never forsaken this people."

During a brief halt of the train at Steubenville, where a large crowd was assembled, he made the following short statement of the fundamental question at issue:

"I fear that the great confidence placed in my ability is unfounded. Indeed, I am sure it is. Encompassed by vast difficulties as I am, nothing shall be wanting on my part, if sustained by the American people and God. I believe the devotion to the Constitution is equally great on both sides of the river. It is only the different understanding of that instrument that causes difficulty. The only dispute on both sides is, 'What are their rights?' If the majority should not rule, who would be the judge? Where is such a judge to be found? We should all be bound by the majority of the American people—if not, then the minority must control. Would that be right? Would it be just or generous? Assuredly not. I reiterate, that the majority should rule. If I adopt a wrong policy, the opportunity for condemnation will occur in four years' time. Then I can be turned out, and a better man with better views put in my place."

Necessarily omitting any description of the magnificent demonstrations, and the multiplied speeches in the great State and city of New York, his addresses in the capital of New York must be quoted, because they show a culminating earnestness of thought and purpose. To the Senate he said:

"I am very grateful to you for the honorable reception of which I have been the object. I cannot but remember the place that New Jersey holds in our early history. In the revolutionary struggle few of the States among the Old Thirteen had more of the battle-fields of the country within their limits than New Jersey. May I be pardoned if, upon this occasion, I mention that away back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the younger members have ever seen, 'Weems' Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river; the contest with the Hessians; the great hardships endured at that time, all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how these early impressions last longer than any others. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something even more than National Independence; that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come—I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution, and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated in accordance with the original idea for which that struggle was made, and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his almost chosen people for perpetuating the object of that great struggle. You give me this reception, as I understand, without distinction of party. I learn that this body is composed of a majority of gentlemen who, in the exercise of their best judgment in the choice of a chief magistrate, did not think I was the man. I understand, nevertheless, that they came forward here to greet me as the constitutionally elected President of the United States—as citizens of the United States—to meet the man who, for the time being, is the representative of the majesty of the nation—united by the single purpose to perpetuate the Constitution, the Union, and the liberties of the people. As such, I accept this reception more gratefully than I could do did I believe it were tendered to me as an individual."

Passing then to the Assembly Chamber, he addressed the members of the lower house in conclusion:

. . . "You, Mr. Speaker, have well said that this is a time when the bravest and wisest look back with doubt and awe upon the aspect presented by our national affairs. Under these circumstances, you will readily see why I should not speak in detail of the course I shall deem it best to pursue. It is proper that I should avail myself of all the information and all the time at my command, in order that when the time arrives in which I must speak officially, I shall be able to take the ground which I deem the best and safest, and from which I may have no occasion to swerve. I shall endeavor to take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country. I take it, I hope, in good temper, certainly with no malice toward any section. I shall do all that may be in my power to promote a peaceful settlement of all our difficulties. The man does not live who is more devoted to peace than I am, none who would do more to preserve it, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly. [Here the audience broke out into cheers so loud and long, that for some moments it was impossible to hear Mr. Lincoln's voice.] And if I do my duty and do right, you will sustain me, will you not? [Loud cheers, and cries of 'Yes, yes, we will.'] Received as I am by the

members of a legislature, the majority of whom do not agree with me in political sentiments, I trust that I may have their assistance in piloting the ship of State through this voyage, surrounded by perils as it is; for if it should suffer wreck now, there will be no pilot ever needed for another voyage."

Perhaps in no one of the many addresses delivered during his tour was he so visibly moved and affected by his surroundings as when he spoke in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, which he visited on the 22d of February, the anniversary of Washington's birthday. He said:

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sirs, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the Government. The Government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

"My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed it was merely to do something towards raising a flag—I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of 'No, No.'] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by."

In his last speech of the series, delivered in Harrisburg, before the assembled legislature of Pennsylvania, he happily described another interesting ceremony which had taken place that same morning before leaving Philadelphia:

"I appear before you only for a very few, brief remarks, in response to what has been said to me. I thank you most sincerely for this reception, and the generous words in which support has been promised

me upon this occasion. I thank your great commonwealth for the overwhelming support it recently gave, not me personally, but the cause which I think a just one, in the late election. Allusion has been made to the fact—the interesting fact, perhaps, we should say—that I for the first time appear at the capital of the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania upon the birthday of the Father of his Country. In connection with that beloved anniversary connected with the history of this country, I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the conduct of gentlemen there, I was for the first time allowed the privilege of standing in the old Independence Hall, to have a few words addressed to me there, and opening up to me an opportunity of expressing, with much regret that I had not more time to express something of my own feelings, excited by the occasion, somewhat to harmonize and give shape to the feelings that had really been the feelings of my whole life. Besides this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. They had arranged it so that I was given the honor of raising it. And when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled, and it floated gloriously to the wind, without an accident, in the bright, glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was, in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least something of an omen of what is to come. Nor could I help feeling then, as I often have felt, in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangements for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it, and if I can have the same generous coöperation of the people of the nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously. I recur for a moment but to repeat some words uttered at the hotel, in regard to what has been said about the military support which the general government may expect from the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise to use that force upon a proper emergency—while I make these acknowledgments I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconception, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in anywise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine."

LINCOLN'S SECRET NIGHT JOURNEY.

ON the morning of February 23d the whole country was surprised at the telegraphic announcement, coupled with diverse and generally very foggy explanations, that the President-elect, after his long and almost triumphal journey in the utmost publicity and with well-nigh universal greetings of good-will, had suddenly abandoned his announced programme and made a quick and secret night journey through Baltimore to the Federal capital. Public opinion at the time, and for years afterward, was puzzled by the event, and the utmost contra-

riety of comment, ranging from the highest praise to the severest detraction which caricature, ridicule, and denunciation could express, was long current. In the course of time, the narratives of the principal actors in the affair have been written down and published,* and a sufficient statement of the facts and motives involved may at length be made. The newspapers stated (without any prompting or suggestion from Mr. Lincoln) that an extensive plot to assassinate him on his expected trip through Baltimore about midday of Saturday had been discovered, which plot the earlier and unknown passage on Friday night disconcerted and prevented. This theory has neither been proved nor disproved by the lapse of time; Mr. Lincoln did not entertain it in this form† nor base his course upon it. But subsequent events did clearly demonstrate the possibility and probability of attempted personal violence from the fanatical impulse of individuals, or the sudden anger of a mob, and justified the propriety of his decision.

The threats of secession, revolution, plots to seize Washington, to burn the public buildings, to prevent the count of electoral votes and the inauguration of the new President, which had for six weeks filled the newspapers of the country, caused much uneasiness about the personal safety of Mr. Lincoln, particularly among the railroad officials over whose lines he was making his journey; and to no one of them so much as to Mr. S. M. Felton, the President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railway, whose line formed the connecting link from the North to the South, from a free to a slave State, from the region of absolute loyalty to the territory of quasi-rebellion. Independently of politics, the city of Baltimore at that time bore a somewhat unenviable reputation as containing a dangerous and disorderly element; her "roughs" had a degree of newspaper notoriety by no means agreeable to quiet and non-combative strangers. But Baltimore and Maryland were also profoundly moved by the incipient rebellion. Governor Hicks had been plied with persuasion, protest, and even threats of personal violence, to induce him to convene the Maryland legislature, so that secession might begin under a legal pretext. The investigation of the Howard Congressional Committee, though it found no organized plot to seize the capital, gave

abundant traces of secession conspiracy of various degrees—especially of half-formed military companies, organizing to prevent Northern troops from passing through Baltimore to Washington or the South. As part and parcel of this scheme, the railroads were to be destroyed and the bridges burned. The events of April, as they actually occurred, had already been planned, informally at least, in January.

Aside from patriotism, the duty of protecting the tracks and bridges of the railroad of which he was president induced Mr. Felton to call to his aid Mr. Allan Pinkerton, chief of a Chicago detective agency, whom he had before employed on an important matter.

"He was a man of great skill and resources," writes Mr. Felton. "I furnished him with a few hints and at once set him on the track with eight assistants. There were then drilling upon the line of the railroad some three military organizations, professedly for home defense, pretending to be Union men, and in one or two instances tendering their services to the railroad in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered; but the defense of the road was never intrusted to their tender mercies. The first thing done was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organizations, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of these military companies. One of these organizations was loyal; but the other two were disloyal, and fully in the plot to destroy the bridges, and march to Washington, to wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner of the road and its vicinity was explored by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason laid bare and brought to light. Societies were joined in Baltimore, and various modes known to and practiced only by detectives were resorted to, to win the confidence of the conspirators and get into their secrets. The plan worked well; and the midnight plottings and daily consultations of the conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them. . . . It was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington cut off and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled secretly and regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on some six or seven coats of whitewash, saturated with salt and alum,

* See narrative of S. M. Felton, in Schouler, "Massachusetts in the Civil War," Vol. I., pp. 59-65; Judd to Pinkerton, Nov. 3d, 1867, Edwards, "Life of N. B. Judd," pamphlet, pp. 11-17; Pinkerton, "The Spy of the Rebellion," pp. 45-103; Kennedy to Lossing, embracing narrative of Colonel Stone, Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. II., pp. 147-149; Lincoln's statement to Lossing, *Ib.*, Vol. I., pp. 279, 280; Lincoln's statement to Arnold, Arnold, "Lincoln and Slavery," p. 171; and

MS. letters printed in this chapter. Also Lamon, "Life of Lincoln," pp. 511-526.

† Mr. Lincoln, long afterward, declared: "I did not then, nor do I now, believe I should have been assassinated, had I gone through Baltimore as first contemplated; but I thought it wise to run no risk, where no risk was necessary." Hon. I. N. Arnold, in his work, "Lincoln and Slavery," adds in a note, p. 171, that the above was "stated to the author by Mr. Lincoln."

to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine-days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded, and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble. The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed; and it was decided by him that he would go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central road by day to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective that the attention of the conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln.*

It appeared from the reports of Pinkerton's detectives that among the more suspicious indications were the very free and threatening expressions of a man named Ferrandini, an Italian, sometime a barber at Barnum's Hotel in Baltimore, but who had become captain of one of the military companies organized in that city to promote secession. Ferrandini's talk may not have been conclusive proof of a conspiracy, but it showed his own intent to commit assassination, and conveyed the inference of a plot.† Coupled with the fact that the Baltimore air was full of similar threats, it established the probability of a mob and a riot. Add to this Ferrandini's testimony before the Howard Committee (February 5th, 1861), that he was then drilling a company (fifteen members) of "Constitutional Guards" in Baltimore, formed for the express purpose "to prevent Northern volunteer companies from passing through the State of Maryland . . . to come here [Washington] to help the United States troops, or anybody else, to invade the South in any shape whatever"; also that another corps, called the National Volunteers, had formed, "to protect their State," and began drilling the previous Saturday; also that he had "heard that the Minute Men have fifteen companies in Baltimore"—and we have the direct evidence of extensive organization, and strong presumption of the uses to which it could be turned.‡ Then, if we remember that riot, murder, and bridge-burning actually took place in Baltimore two months later, in exact accordance with the plans and ideas formulated, both in the loose talk and the solemn testimony by Ferrandini and others, we are unavoidably driven to the conclusion that Mr. Felton, General Scott, Governor Hicks, and others had abundant cause for the very serious apprehensions under which they acted.

Hon. N. B. Judd, a resident of Chicago, of peculiar prominence in Illinois politics and the intimate personal friend of Lincoln, was perhaps the most active and influential member of the suite of the President-elect. Pinkerton

the detective knew Judd personally, and, as the presidential party approached, notified him by letter at Buffalo, and by special messenger at New York, of the investigations he was making in Baltimore. Judd as yet said nothing of the matter to any one. When the party arrived in Philadelphia, however, he was instantly called to a conference with Mr. Felton and the detective. Pinkerton laid his reports before the two, and, after an hour's examination, both were convinced that the allegation of a plot to assassinate the President-elect was as serious and important as in the nature of things such evidence can ever be found. He immediately took Pinkerton with him to Mr. Lincoln's room at the Continental Hotel, to whom the whole story was repeated, and where Judd advised that, in the opinion both of Mr. Felton and himself, Mr. Lincoln's safety required him to proceed that same evening on the 11 o'clock train. "If you follow the course suggested," continued Judd, "you will necessarily be subjected to the scoffs and sneers of your enemies, and the disapproval of your friends, who cannot be made to believe in the existence of so desperate a plot." Mr. Lincoln replied that he appreciated these suggestions, but that he could stand anything that was necessary. Then rising from his seat he said: "I cannot go to-night; I have promised to raise the flag over Independence Hall to-morrow morning, and to visit the legislature at Harrisburg. Beyond that I have no engagements."§

Hitherto, all Lincoln's movements had been made under the invitation, arrangements, direction, and responsibility of committees of legislatures, governors of States, and municipal authorities of towns and cities. No such call or greeting, however, had come from Maryland; no resolutions of welcome from her legislature, no invitation from her governor, no municipal committee from Baltimore. The sole proffers of friendship and hospitality out of the commonwealth came from two citizens in their private capacity—Mr. Gittings, President of the Northern Central Railroad, who tendered a dinner to Mr. Lincoln and his family; and Mr. Coleman, of the Eutaw House, who extended a similar invitation to the President-elect and his suite. Appreciating fully these acts of personal courtesy, Mr. Lincoln yet felt that there was no evidence before him that the official and public authority of the city would be exercised to restrain the unruly elements which would on such an occasion densely pack the streets of Baltimore. During their ten-days' experience on the journey thus

* Schouler, "Massachusetts in the Civil War," Vol. I., pp. 61, 62.

† Lamon, "Life of Abraham Lincoln," p. 516.

‡ Report Select Committee of Five (Howard Committee), pp. 133-137.

§ Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

far, both he and his suite had had abundant evidence as to how completely exposed and perfectly helpless every individual of the party, and especially Mr. Lincoln, was at times, even amid the friendliest feeling and the kindest attention. He had been almost crushed in the corridor of the State-house at Columbus; arriving after dark in the Pittsburg depot, a stampede of the horses of a small cavalry escort had seriously endangered his carriage and its occupants; at Buffalo, Major Hunter, of his suite, had his arm broken by a sudden rush of the crowd. If with all the good-will and precautions of police and military such perils were unavoidable in friendly cities, what might happen where authorities were indifferent, where municipal control and public order were lax, and where prejudice, hostility, and smoldering insurrection animated the masses of people surging about the carriages of an unprotected street procession? Yet with all these considerations Mr. Lincoln could not entirely convince himself that a deliberate plot to murder him was in existence.

"I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to Baltimore, I should feel safe, and go on."

Mr. Judd devoted the remainder of the afternoon and nearly the whole of the night of February 21st to the discussion and perfection of arrangements for a night journey through Baltimore, as suggested by himself and Mr. Felton, and as conditionally accepted by the President-elect. Only four persons joined in this discussion,—Mr. Judd, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Franciscus, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Henry Sanford, representing Colonel E. S. Sanford, President of the American Telegraph Company. At 4 o'clock A. M. the party separated, having agreed on the following plan:† that after the reception at Harrisburg, a special train consisting of a baggage car and one passenger car, starting at 6 P. M., should convey Mr. Lincoln and one companion back to Philadelphia, the track between the two cities to be kept clear of everything; that Mr. Felton at Philadelphia should detain the 11 o'clock P. M. Baltimore train until the arrival of the special train from Harrisburg; that Pinkerton should have a carriage ready in which to proceed through Philadelphia from one depot to the other; that a Mrs. Warne, an employee of his, should engage berths in the sleeping-car of the Baltimore train; that Mr. Sanford should

so disconnect the wires as to make any telegraphing between the several points within certain hours impossible; and that Mr. Lincoln should have for his single escort and companion Colonel Ward H. Lamon, of his suite, a devoted personal friend from Illinois— young, active, and of almost herculean frame and strength.

At 6 o'clock on the morning of February 22d, the appointed flag-raising by the President-elect, over Independence Hall in Philadelphia, was duly celebrated, and on the trip to Harrisburg, which followed as soon as possible, Mr. Judd communicated the details of his plan to Mr. Lincoln. Before this, however, Lincoln had received at the Continental Hotel the visit of Mr. Frederick W. Seward, who came as a special messenger from his father, in Washington, to place the following correspondence in his hands:

[Seward to Lincoln.]

"WASHINGTON, February 21st, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: My son goes express to you. He will show you a report made by our detective to General Scott, and by him communicated to me this morning. I deem it so important as to dispatch my son to meet you wherever he may find you.

"I concur with General Scott in thinking it best for you to reconsider your arrangement. No one here but General Scott, myself, and the bearer is aware of this communication.

"I should have gone with it myself, but for the peculiar sensitiveness about my attendance at the Senate at this crisis.

Very truly yours,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."‡

[General Scott to Seward.]

"February 21st, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: Please receive my friend, Colonel Stone, chief of General Wightman's staff, and a distinguished young officer with me in Mexico. He has an important communication to make.

"Yours truly, WINFIELD SCOTT."†

[Colonel Stone's Report.]

"February 21st, 1861.

"A New York detective officer who has been on duty in Baltimore for three weeks past reports this morning that there is serious danger of violence to, and the assassination of, Mr. Lincoln in his passage through that city, should the time of that passage be known. He states that there are banded rowdies holding secret meetings, and that he has heard threats of mobbing and violence, and has himself heard men declare that if Mr. Lincoln was to be assassinated they would like to be the men. He states further that it is only within the past few days that he has considered there was any danger, but now he deems it imminent. He deems the danger one which the authorities and people in Baltimore cannot guard against. All risk might be easily avoided by a change in the traveling arrangements which would bring Mr. Lincoln and a portion of his party through Baltimore by a night train without previous notice."‡

† Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

‡ Unpublished MS.

* Lincoln's statement to Lossing. Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. I., p. 280.

Here was a new and most serious additional warning. The investigation on which it was based was altogether independent of that made by Pinkerton, and entirely unknown to him. Colonel Stone, it will be remembered, was the officer to whom General Scott intrusted the organization and command of the District Militia for the defense of Washington and the general supervision and control of the city. The detectives, three in number, were from New York, and at the request of Colonel Stone had been selected and placed on duty by Mr. Kennedy, superintendent of police of New York city.* In both cases similar observations had been made, and similar conclusions arrived at.

Warned thus of danger by concurrent evidence too grave to be disregarded, and advised to avoid it, not only by Judd and Felton in Philadelphia, but now also by Mr. Seward, the chief of his new Cabinet, and by General Scott, the chief of the army, Mr. Lincoln could no longer hesitate to adopt their suggestion. Whether the evidence would prove ultimately true, or whether violence upon him would be attempted, was not the question. The existence of the danger was pointed out and certified by an authority he had no right to disregard; the trust he bore was not merely the personal safety of an individual, but the fortune and perhaps the fate of the Government of the nation. It was his imperative duty to shun all possible and unnecessary peril. A man of less courage would have shrunk from what must inevitably appear to the public like a sign of timidity; but Lincoln on this and other occasions concerned himself only with the larger issues at stake, leaving minor and especially personal consequences to take care of themselves. Mr. Frederick W. Seward was therefore informed by Judd "that he could say to his father that all had been arranged, and that, so far as human foresight could predict, Mr. Lincoln would be in Washington at 6 o'clock the next morning."† With this message Mr. Seward returned to Washington, while Mr. Lincoln and his suite proceeded to Harrisburg, where on that same Friday, the 22d of February, he was officially received by the governor and the legislature of Pennsylvania.

No other member of Mr. Lincoln's suite had as yet been notified of anything connected with the matter; but Mr. Judd had suggested to him that he felt exceedingly the responsibility of the advice he had given and the steps he

had taken, and that he thought it due to the age and standing of the leading gentlemen of the President-elect's party that at least they should be informed and consulted. "To the above suggestions," writes Judd, "Mr. Lincoln assented, adding: 'I reckon they will laugh at us, Judd, but you had better get them together.' It was arranged that after the reception at the State-house, and before dinner, the matter should be fully laid before the following gentlemen of the party: Judge David Davis, Colonel E. V. Sumner, Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, and Ward H. Lamon."

Mr. Judd's narrative then further recites what occurred:

"The meeting thus arranged took place in the parlor of the hotel, Mr. Lincoln being present. The facts were laid before them by me, together with the details of the proposed plan of action. There was a diversity of opinion, and some warm discussion, and I was subjected to a very rigid cross-examination. Judge Davis, who had expressed no opinion, but contented himself with asking rather pointed questions, turned to Mr. Lincoln, who had been listening to the whole discussion, and said: 'Well, Mr. Lincoln, what is your own judgment upon this matter?' Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I have thought over this matter considerably, since I went over the ground with Pinkerton last night. The appearance of Mr. Frederick Seward, with warning from another source, confirms Mr. Pinkerton's belief. Unless there are some other reasons besides fear of ridicule, I am disposed to carry out Judd's plan.' Judge Davis then said: 'That settles the matter, gentlemen.' Colonel Sumner said: 'So be it, gentlemen; it is against my judgment, but I have undertaken to go to Washington with Mr. Lincoln, and I shall do it.' I tried to convince him that any additional person added to the risk; but the spirit of the gallant old soldier was up, and debate was useless.

"The party separated about 4 P. M., the others to go to the dinner table, and myself to go to the railroad station and the telegraph office. At a quarter to 6 I was back at the hotel, and Mr. Lincoln was still at the table. In a few moments the carriage drove up to the side door of the hotel. Either Mr. Nicolay or Mr. Lamon called Mr. Lincoln from the table. He went to his room, changed his dinner dress for a traveling suit, and came down with a soft hat sticking in his pocket, and his shawl on his arm.‡ As the party passed through the hall I said, in a low tone, 'Lamon, go ahead. As soon as Mr. Lincoln is in the carriage, drive off; the crowd must not be allowed to identify him.' Mr. Lamon went first to the carriage; Colonel Sumner was following close after Mr. Lincoln; I put my hand gently on his shoulder; he turned to see what was wanted, and before I could explain, the carriage was off. The situation was a little awkward, to use no stronger terms, for a few moments, until I said to the Colonel: 'When we get to Washington, Mr. Lincoln shall determine what apology is due to you.'"

It is needless to describe the various stages of Mr. Lincoln's journey. The plan arranged

a very long military cloak, so that he was entirely unrecognizable." This description was the pure invention of a newspaper correspondent understood to be Joseph Howard, Jr., who later in the war was imprisoned in Fort Lafayette for publishing a forged proclamation, about the draft, in the New York newspapers.

* See Lossing, "Civil War," Vol. II., pp. 147-149, a letter from Kennedy, and the narrative of Colonel Stone.

† Judd to Pinkerton, November 3d, 1867.

‡ Many caricatures and comments of that day were based upon the following sentence in a dispatch to the "New York Times": "He wore a Scotch plaid cap and

by the railroad and telegraph officials was carried out to the smallest detail, without delay or special incident, and without coming to the knowledge of any person on the train or elsewhere, except those to whom the secret was confided. The President-elect and his single companion were safely and comfortably carried from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and at midnight took their berths in the sleeping-

Willard's Hotel, fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Lincoln had a little more than a week to prepare for the inauguration. Of this a part was taken up with the customary introductory visits,—to the outgoing President and Cabinet, where Mr. Buchanan and his counselors received him with cordial politeness; to the two houses of Congress, where he was enthusiastically welcomed by friends and somewhat sullenly greeted by foes; and to the Supreme Court of the United States, whose venerable chief and associate justices extended to him an affable recognition as the lawful successor in constitutional rulership. In his own parlors, also, the President-elect received numerous demonstrations of respect. President Buchanan and his Cabinet officially returned his visit. The Peace Conference, embracing distinguished delegates from all the free States and the border slave-States, and headed by their chairman, ex-President Tyler, waited upon him in a body, in pursuance of a formal and unanimous resolution.* His presidential rivals, Douglas and Breckinridge, each made him a call of courtesy. The mayor and the municipal council came in an official visit of welcome. Several delegations and many high functionaries repeated these ceremonial calls, which again were supplemented by numerous cordial in-



WARD H. LAMON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

car of the regular train from New York, passing through Baltimore unrecognized and undisturbed, and arriving in Washington at 6 o'clock on the morning of February 23d. Here they were met by Mr. Seward and Mr. Washburne, member of Congress from Illinois, and conducted to Willard's Hotel. The family and the suite made the journey direct from Harrisburg to Baltimore, according to the previously published programme, arriving in Washington late that evening. They encountered in Baltimore no incivility, nor any unusual disorder, though, as elsewhere, dense crowds, very inadequately controlled by the police, surrounded the railroad depots and filled the streets through which their carriages passed. All temptation, however, to commit an assault was now past, since it was everywhere known that Mr. Lincoln was not with the party, but had already arrived at his destination.

LINCOLN'S INAUGURATION.

ARRIVED in Washington, and installed in the spacious parlors on the second floor of
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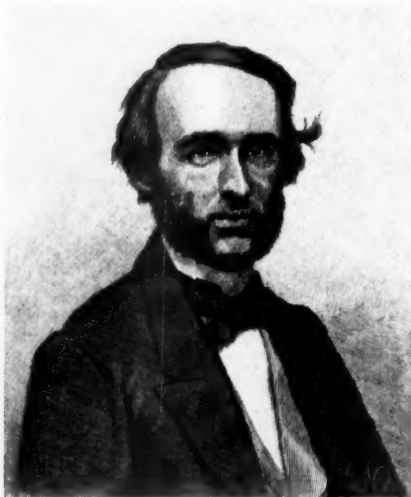
vitations to private hospitality. While all these tokens of respect were sincere and loyal, there was no concealment of a deep anxiety in public feeling, and a curiosity to learn how the new President would deal with an organized rebellion, which had been allowed by his predecessor to establish itself without the least hindrance, and which, while committing repeated acts of war, had as yet perpetrated no violence or bloodshed,—only, however, because it had met neither official nor military resistance.

Mr. Lincoln's chief labor during this interim was his consultation with the more influential leaders of the Republican party, who, either as members of Congress, delegates in the Peace Conference, or as casual or special visitors to the capital at this moment, had a final word to say to him about the composition of his Cabinet or the policy of his Administration. Thus from the 23d of February to the 4th of March, every moment of the day and many hours of the night were occupied. As his doors were at all times freely opened,

* "Proceedings of Peace Conference," pp. 336-337.

and as his life-long habit was to listen patiently to counsel from all quarters, it is safe to say that no President ever approached his task better informed of the temper of his followers, and none decided more deliberately upon his

seems to have spent the greater part of it in examining the inaugural and in writing out the list of alterations and amendments which he thought advisable. On Sunday evening he wrote the following letter, which with his list of suggestions he sent to Mr. Lincoln:



FREDERICK W. SEWARD. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

general course of conduct. Yet, here as afterwards, he followed the practice of holding his convictions open to the latest moment, and of not irrevocably committing himself to specific acts till the instant of their execution.

Neither in the formation of his Cabinet nor in his proposed administrative policy, however, did this final consultation with his party friends work any essential alteration of his own well-formed opinions. His executive counselors were chosen upon plans long since matured in his own mind; and his inaugural address, composed and privately printed at Springfield, received on the last days several slight changes in the text, and a number of verbal changes, mainly suggested by the very few individuals to whom he submitted it. Judge David Davis read it while in Springfield. Hon. O. H. Browning read it in Indianapolis after the presidential journey was begun, and suggested perhaps the most important modification which he made. Hon. Francis P. Blair, Sr., read it in Washington, and highly commended it, suggesting no changes. As would be natural in any great political leader scanning his successful rival's first act of practical statesmanship, the most careful scrutiny of the document was made by Mr. Seward. The President-elect handed him a copy some time during the day of his arrival; and the next day being Sunday, Mr. Seward

"SUNDAY EVENING, February 24th, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have suggested many changes of little importance severally, but in their general effect tending to soothe the public mind. Of course the concessions are, as they ought to be, if they are to be of avail, at the cost of the winning, the triumphant party. I do not fear their displeasure. They will be loyal, whatever is said. Not so the defeated, irritated, angered, frenzied party. I, my dear sir, have devoted myself singly to the study of the case here — with advantages of access and free communication with all parties of all sections. I have a common responsibility and interest with you, and I shall adhere to you faithfully in every case. You must, therefore, allow me to speak frankly and candidly. In this spirit, I declare to you my conviction, that the second and third paragraphs, even if modified as I propose in my amendments, will give such advantages to the Disunionists that Virginia and Maryland will secede, and we shall within ninety, perhaps within sixty, days be obliged to fight the South for this capital, with a divided North for our reliance, and we shall not have one loyal magistrate or ministerial officer south of the Potomac.

"In that case the dismemberment of the Republic would date from the inauguration of a Republican administration. I therefore most respectfully counsel the omission of those paragraphs. I know the tenacity of party friends, and I honor and respect it. But I know also that they know nothing of the real peril of the crisis. It has not been their duty to study it, as it has been mine. Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and indeed every disloyal man, in the South will tell you this.

"Your case is quite like that of Jefferson. He brought the first Republican party into power against and over a party ready to resist and dismember the Government. Partisan as he was, he sank the partisan in the patriot in his inaugural address, and propitiated his adversaries by declaring: 'We are all Federalists, all Republicans.' I could wish that you would think it wise to follow this example in this crisis. Be sure that while all your administrative conduct will be in harmony with Republican principles and policy, you cannot lose the Republican party by practicing in your advent to office the magnanimity of a victor.

"Very faithfully your friend,
"[WM. H. SEWARD.]

"THE HONORABLE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"General Remarks:

"The argument is strong and conclusive, and ought not to be in any way abridged or modified.

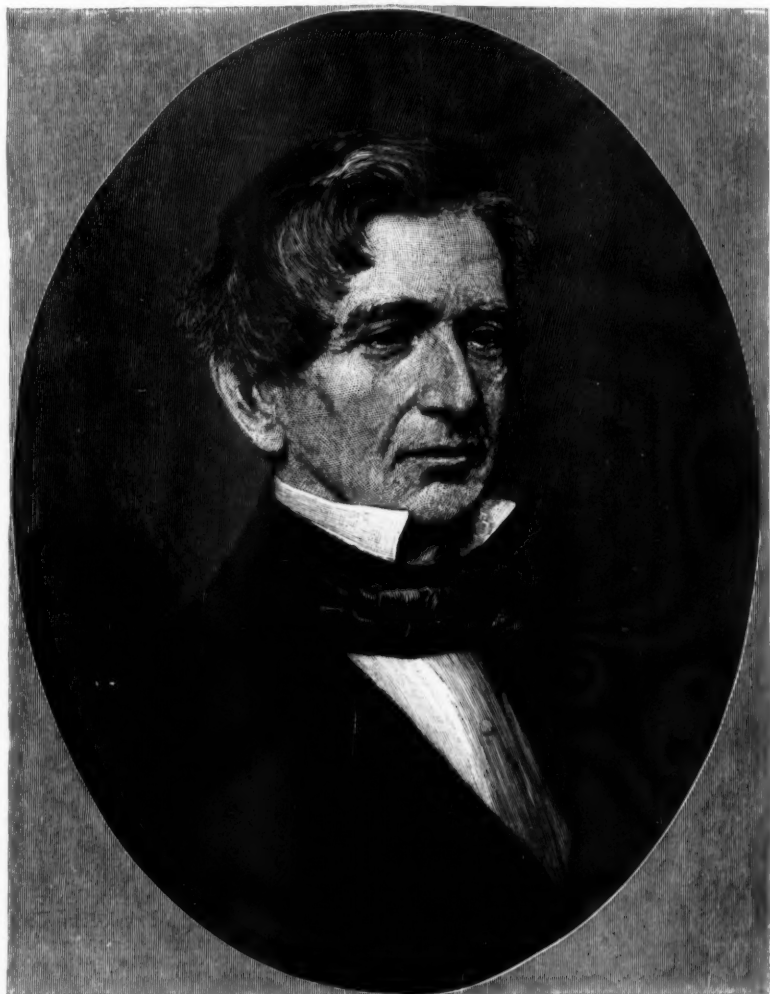
"But something besides or in addition to argument is needful — to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East.

"Some words of affection — some of calm and cheerful confidence." *

Mr. Seward only suggested two important changes: (1) To omit the reference to the Chicago platform mentioned in his letter, with the announcement that the President would

* Unpublished MS. For the copy of this letter and other valuable manuscripts, we are indebted to Hon. Frederick W. Seward.

follow the principles therein declared. (2) Instead of a declaration of intention to reclaim, hold, occupy, and possess the places and property belonging to the Government, to speak ambiguously about the exercise of tentative diction. The literary styles of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln differed essentially. Mr. Seward was strongly addicted to and unusually felicitous in long, sonorous sentences, amplifying his thought to general application



WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

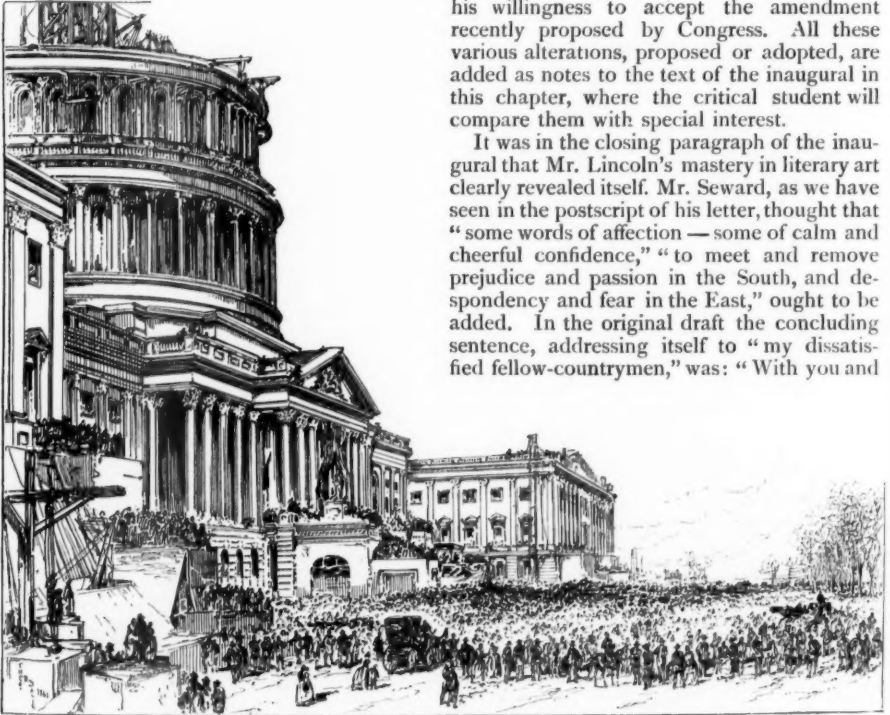
power, and to hint rather at forbearance. The other modifications in his list were simple changes of phraseology — affecting only the style, but changing no argument or proposition of policy. Whether these were on the whole an improvement depends perhaps upon the taste of the reader and critic, whether he prefers a full and formal or a direct and sen-

and to philosophic breadth. Mr. Lincoln liked to condense his idea into a short sentence, with legal conciseness and specific point. In the present crisis Mr. Seward's policy, as announced in his 12th of January speech, was "to meet prejudice with conciliation, exaction with concession which surrenders no principle, and violence with the right hand of

peace."* Mr. Lincoln's policy was, without prejudice or passion to state frankly and maintain firmly the position and doctrines assumed by the American people in the late presidential election. Mr. Seward believed himself to be the past and the coming peacemaker; and thus his whole effort was to soften, to postpone, to use diplomacy. His corrections of the inaugural were in this view: a more care-

seized by the rebels, but for the present to declare only that he would hold those yet in possession of the Government. One other somewhat important change Mr. Lincoln himself made. In the original draft any idea of an amendment of the Constitution was rather repelled than invited. In the revision Mr. Lincoln said he should "favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it," and further expressed his willingness to accept the amendment recently proposed by Congress. All these various alterations, proposed or adopted, are added as notes to the text of the inaugural in this chapter, where the critical student will compare them with special interest.

It was in the closing paragraph of the inaugural that Mr. Lincoln's mastery in literary art clearly revealed itself. Mr. Seward, as we have seen in the postscript of his letter, thought that "some words of affection — some of calm and cheerful confidence," "to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East," ought to be added. In the original draft the concluding sentence, addressing itself to "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen," was: "With you and



THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN. (FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS, MADE AT THE TIME.)

ful qualification of statement, a greater ambiguity of phrase, a gain in smoothness, but a loss in brevity and force. Mr. Lincoln adopted either in whole or in part nearly all the amendments proposed by Mr. Seward. But those which he himself modified, and such further alterations as he added of his own accord, show that whatever the inaugural gained in form and style in these final touches came as much through his own power of literary criticism as from the more practiced pen of Mr. Seward. The most vital change in the document was in adopting a suggestion of his friend Browning, not to announce a purpose to recapture Sumter and other forts and places

not with me is the solemn question, Shall it be peace or a sword? This ending Mr. Seward proposed to strike out, and submitted two drafts of a closing paragraph to take its place. One of them was long and commonplace; under the other lurked a fine poetic thought awkwardly expressed. This Mr. Lincoln took, but his more artistic sense transformed it into an illustration of perfect and tender beauty.

The acts of the last ten days of Mr. Buchanan's administration were entirely colorless and negative. The deliberations and recommendations of the much-vaunted Peace Conference proved as barren and worthless as Dead Sea fruit. The concluding labors of Congress were of considerable importance, but of no immediate effect. There was, therefore, as little in pub-

* Seward, Senate Speech, January 12th, 1861. *Globe*, 343.

lic affairs as in public advice to cause the President-elect to reconsider or remodel his thoughts and purposes.

Inauguration Day fell on Monday, and the ceremonies took place with somewhat unusual attention to display and very uncommon precautions to insure public order and the safety of all the participants. General Stone, who had charge of the military arrangements, has related them with some minuteness.

"On the afternoon of the 3d of March, General Scott held a conference at his headquarters, there being present his staff, General Sumner, and myself; and then was arranged the programme of the procession. President Buchanan was to drive to Willard's Hotel and call upon the President-elect. The two were to ride in the same carriage, between double files of a squadron of the District of Columbia cavalry. The company of sappers and miners were to march in front of the presidential carriage, and the infantry and riflemen of the District of Columbia were to follow it. Riflemen in squads were to be placed on the roofs of certain commanding houses which I had selected along Pennsylvania Avenue, with orders to watch the windows on the opposite side, and to fire upon them in case any attempt should be made to fire from those windows on the presidential carriage. The small force of regular cavalry which had arrived was to guard the side-street crossings of Pennsylvania Avenue, and to move from one to another during the passage of the procession. A battalion of District of Columbia troops were to be placed near the steps of the Capitol, and riflemen in the windows of the wings of the Capitol. On the arrival of the presidential party at the Capitol the troops were to be stationed so as to return in the same order after the ceremony."

General Stone does not mention another item of preparation,—that on the brow of the hill, not far from the north entrance to the Capitol, commanding both the approach and the broad plateau of the east front, was stationed a battery of flying artillery, in the immediate vicinity of which General Scott remained a careful observer of the scene during the entire ceremonies, ready to take personal command and direction should any untoward occurrence render it necessary.

The closing duties of the session, which expired at noon, kept President Buchanan at the Capitol till the last moment. Accompanied by the committee of the Senate, he finally reached Willard's and conducted the President-elect to his carriage, in which, side by side, they rode in the procession, undisturbed by the slightest disorder. When they reached the Senate Chamber, already densely packed with officials and civilians, the ceremony of swearing-in the Vice-President was soon performed.

Then in a new procession of dignitaries Mr. Lincoln was escorted through the corridor of the great edifice to the east portico, where below the platform stood an immense throng in waiting. The principal actors—the Senate Committee of Arrangements, the out-going President, the President-elect and his family, the Chief-Justice in his robe, the Clerk of the Court with the Bible—took their places in a central group on the front of the platform, in full view of the waiting multitude. Around this central group other judges in their robes, senators, representatives, officials, and prominent guests crowded to their seats.

To the imaginative spectator there might have been something emblematic in the architectural concomitants of the scene. The construction of the great dome of the Capitol was in mid-progress, and huge derricks held by a network of steel ropes towered over the incomplete structure. In the grounds in front stood the bronze statue of Liberty, not then lifted to the pedestal from which she now greets the rising sun. At that moment, indeed, it required little poetic illusion to fancy her looking with a mute appeal for help to the man who was the center of all eyes and hearts; and could she have done so, her gaze would already have been rewarded with a vision of fateful prophecy. For in the central group of this inauguration ceremony there confronted each other four historic personages in the final act of a political drama which in its scope, completeness, and consequence will bear comparison with those most famous in human record,—Senator Douglas, the author of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, representing the legislative power of the American Government; Chief-Justice Taney, author of the Dred Scott decision, representing the influence of the judiciary; and President Buchanan, who by his Lecompton measures and messages had used the whole executive power and patronage to intensify and perpetuate the mischiefs born of the repeal and the dictum. Fourth in the group stood Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, illustrating the vital political truth announced in that sentence of his Cincinnati speech in which he declared:

"The people of these United States are the rightful masters of both Congresses and Courts, not to overthrow the Constitution, but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution."†

When the cheers which greeted his appear-

* General C. P. Stone, "Washington on the Eve of the War." *THE CENTURY*, July, 1883.

† The dramatic element of the scene in another view has been noticed by Dr. Holland, in his "Life of Lincoln," p. 278, where he says: "Mr. Lincoln himself must have wondered at the strange conjunction of personages and events. The 'Stephen' of his first speech in the old senatorial campaign was a defeated candidate

for the presidency, who then stood patriotically at his side, holding the hat of the republican President, which he had politely taken at the beginning of the inaugural address; 'James' had just walked out of office to make room for him; 'Franklin' had passed into comparative obscurity or something worse; and 'Roger' had just administered to him the oath of office."

ance had somewhat abated, Senator Baker of Oregon rose and introduced Mr. Lincoln to the audience; and stepping forward, the President-elect, in a firm, clear voice, thoroughly practiced in addressing the huge open-air assemblages of the West, read his inaugural, to which every ear listened with the most intense eagerness.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."¹

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, that the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil

of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in anywise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given² to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section, as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the law-giver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition then, that slaves, whose cases come within the terms of this clause, "shall be delivered up" their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him, or to others, by which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that his oath shall go unkept, on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to *how* it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced so that a free man

¹ Mr. Lincoln's original draft contained at this point the following paragraphs:

"The more modern custom of electing a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared platform of principles supersedes in a great measure the necessity of re-stating those principles in an address of this sort. Upon the plainest grounds of good faith, one so elected is not at liberty to shift his position. It is necessarily implied, if not expressed, that in his judgment the platform which he thus accepts binds him to nothing either unconstitutional or inexpedient.

"Having been so elected upon the Chicago platform, and while I would repeat nothing in it, of aspersion or epithet, or question of motive, against any man or party, I hold myself bound by duty, as well as impelled by inclination, to follow, within the Executive sphere, the principles therein declared. By no other course could I meet the reasonable expectations of the country."

Mr. Seward proposed either to omit the whole, or to amend them as follows:

"The more modern custom of nominating a Chief Magistrate upon a previously declared summary of

principles supersedes in a great measure the necessity of re-stating those principles in an address of this sort. It is necessarily implied, if not expressed, that the summary binds the officer elected to nothing either unconstitutional or inexpedient. With this explanation I deem it my duty, as I am disposed in feeling, to follow, so far as they apply to the Executive sphere, the principles on which I was brought before the American People."

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Seward's preference of the alternative suggestions made, and omitted the whole.

"In the original draft this sentence stood: "The protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given will be cheerfully given to all the States," etc.

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it thus: "will be cheerfully given in every case and under all circumstances to all the States," etc.

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion, but himself modified it so as to read: "will be cheerfully given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—"

be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave?³ And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizen of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success.⁴ Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.⁵

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all National Governments. It is safe to assert that no Government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a Government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably un-

made by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak, but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured,⁶ and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was, "to form a more perfect Union."

But if destruction of the Union by one, or by a part only, of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.⁷

It follows from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that *resolves and ordinances* to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.⁸

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States.⁹ Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary.¹⁰ I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.¹¹

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon

³ The remainder of this paragraph was not in the original draft. Mr. Lincoln added it of his own accord.

⁴ This sentence stood in the original: "They have conducted it through many perils; and on the whole, with great success."

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Seward's suggestion to make it read: "and generally with great success."

⁵ In the original this sentence read: "A disruption of the Federal Union is menaced, and, so far as can be on paper, is already effected. The particulars of what has been done are so familiar and so fresh, that I need not waste any time in recounting them."

Mr. Seward proposed to change it as follows: "A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

⁶ This sentence originally stood: "It was further matured and expressly declared and pledged to be perpetual," etc.

Mr. Lincoln of his own accord amended it as follows: "It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual," etc.

⁷ In the original, this paragraph concluded as follows: "The Union is less perfect than before, which contradicts the Constitution, and therefore is absurd."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out the words "and therefore is absurd." Mr. Lincoln adopted this suggestion, and in addition remodeled the whole sentence, so as

to read: "The Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity."

⁸ The first half of this sentence originally closed: "or, ordinances to that effect are legally nothing," and the second half, "are insurrectionary or treasonable, according to circumstances." Mr. Seward's suggestions to strike out the word "nothing" and substitute the word "void," and to strike out the word "treasonable" and substitute the word "revolutionary," were adopted.

⁹ In the original this sentence stood: "I therefore consider that the Union is unbroken; and, to the extent of my ability, I shall take care that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it as follows: "I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability, I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the change.

¹⁰ This phrase originally stood: "or in some tangible way direct the contrary."

Mr. Seward's suggestion, to strike out the words "tangible way" and substitute therefor the words "authoritative manner," was adopted.

¹¹ This sentence originally closed: "will have its own and defend itself." Mr. Seward's suggestion, to strike out these words and insert "will constitutionally defend and maintain itself," was adopted.

the national authority.¹³ The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union.¹⁴ So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a

view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.¹⁵

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them.¹⁶ To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it?¹⁷ Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied?¹⁸ I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted,¹⁹ that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution

¹³ In the original draft this paragraph, after the first sentence, stood as follows:

"All the power at my disposal will be used to reclaim the public property and places which have fallen: to hold, occupy, and possess these, and all other property and places belonging to the Government and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion of any State. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the Government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out all the above, and to insert the following:

"The power confided to me shall be used indeed with efficacy, but also with discretion in every case and exigency, according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles, and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections. There are in this government as in every other, emergencies when the exercise of power lawful in itself is less certain to secure the just ends of administration, than a temporary forbearance from it, with reliance on the voluntary though delayed acquiescence of the people in the laws which have been made by themselves and for their own benefit. I shall not lose sight of this obvious maxim."

Mr. Lincoln, however, did not adopt this proposal, but made a slight change which had been suggested by another friend. At Indianapolis he gave a copy of his original draft to Hon. O. H. Browning, who after carefully reading it on his return, wrote to Mr. Lincoln (February 17th, 1861) referring to this paragraph: "Would it not be judicious so to modify this as to make it read, 'All the power at my disposal will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts, etc,' omitting the declaration of the purpose of reclamation, which will be construed into a threat or menace, and will be irritating even in the

border States? On principle the passage is right as it now stands. The fallen places ought to be reclaimed. But cannot that be accomplished as well or even better without announcing the purpose in your inaugural?"

Mr. Lincoln adopted Mr. Browning's advice, and modified his own phraseology as proposed.

He also made in this paragraph another slight change of phraseology. For, "there will be no invasion of any State," he substituted, "there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere."

¹⁴ This phrase originally was, "The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished," etc. Mr. Lincoln himself changed this to read: "The mails, unless repelled."

¹⁵ This paragraph originally closed with the following sentence: "This course will be pursued until current experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." Mr. Lincoln himself changed this so as to read: "The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper." He also added a part of the language proposed by Mr. Seward for the previous paragraph, as will be seen by comparison.

¹⁶ This sentence originally stood: "That there are persons who seek to destroy the Union," etc. Mr. Seward proposed to amend so as to make it read: "That there are persons in one section as well as in the other, who seek to destroy the Union," etc. Mr. Lincoln changed the amendment to, "That there are persons in one section or another who seek," etc.

Mr. Seward also proposed to add to the last clause of the sentence, after the word "them," the following: "because I am sure they must be few in number and of little influence when their pernicious principles are fully understood."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion.

¹⁷ Mr. Lincoln himself struck out the word "Union" as it originally appeared in this sentence, and inserted in lieu the words "fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes."

¹⁸ Mr. Seward proposed to insert the word "distinct" after the words, "Is it true, then, that any," in the second sentence of this paragraph.

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the suggestion.

¹⁹ In this sentence Mr. Lincoln himself changed the word "constructed" to "constituted."

has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would, if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions,¹⁰ in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration.¹¹ No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the Government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the Government is acquiescence on one side or the other.¹² If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority.¹³ For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it?¹⁴ All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

¹⁰The phrase, "by affirmations and negations," Mr. Seward proposed to make, "by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

¹¹The phrase, "applicable to every question," Mr. Seward proposed to change to, "applicable to every possible question."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt the change.

¹²In this paragraph Mr. Seward proposed to substitute the words "acquiesce" and "acquiescence" for "submit" and "submission."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

¹³The original phrase, "a minority of their own number will secede from them," Mr. Lincoln himself changed to, "a minority of their own will secede from them."

¹⁴In the original these sentences ran as follows: "For instance, why may not South Carolina, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede from a new Southern Confederacy, just as she now claims to secede from the present Union? Her people, and, indeed, all secession people, are now being educated to the precise temper of doing this."

Mr. Seward proposed to substitute the names "Alabama or Florida" for "South Carolina"; and the word "communities" for "people."

Instead of adopting this, Mr. Lincoln re-wrote the whole, as follows: "For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this."

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?¹⁵

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people.¹⁶ Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government.¹⁷ And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled, and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice.¹⁸ At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions, affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal.¹⁹ Nor is there in this view any assault upon the

¹⁵For the original phrase, "a Southern Union," Mr. Lincoln himself substituted, "a new Union."

¹⁶The original sentence, "A constitutional majority is the only true sovereign of a free people," Mr. Seward proposed to change to, "A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign," etc.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the change.

¹⁷In this sentence the final clause, "while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government," was suggested by Mr. Seward and adopted by Mr. Lincoln.

¹⁸In the original this phrase ran: "the greater evils of a different rule." Mr. Seward proposed to substitute "practice" for "rule," and Mr. Lincoln struck out the word "greater," making it read, "the evils of a different practice."

¹⁹In the original this sentence stood: "But if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, it is plain that the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having turned their government over to the despotism of the few life officers composing the court."

Mr. Seward proposed to amend it as follows: "At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, made in the ordinary course of litigation between parties in personal actions,

court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.²⁸

One section of our country believes slavery is *right*, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is *wrong*, and ought not to be extended.²⁹ This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced,³⁰ perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself.³¹ The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases *after* the separation of the sections, than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section;³² while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory *after* separation than *before*? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens, than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary

of the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

Mr. Lincoln adopted the amendment, first changing the phrase, "made in the ordinary course of litigation," to, "the instant they are made in ordinary litigation," and also the phrase, "having practically resigned," to, "having to that extent practically resigned."

²⁸The original draft here contained the following paragraph:

"The Republican party, as I understand, have avowed the purpose to prevent, if they can, the extension of slavery under the national auspices; and upon this arises the only dispute between the sections."

Mr. Seward proposed to strike out the whole paragraph, and Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

²⁹In the original this phrase stood: "One section believes slavery is right," etc. Mr. Seward proposed to make it read: "One section of our country believes slavery is right," etc.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the amendment.

³⁰The phrase, "as well enforced as any law," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "as well enforced, perhaps, as any law," etc.

The suggestion was adopted.

³¹The phrase, "where the moral sense of the people is against the law itself," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself."

of the existing Government they can exercise their *constitutional* right of amending it, or their *revolutionary* right to dismember or overthrow it.³⁴ I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that, to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others, not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconception of what I have said, I depart from my purpose, not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose;³⁵ but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present Government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences

The suggestion was adopted.

³⁴The phrase, "would be revived," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "would be ultimately revived."

The suggestion was adopted.

³⁵Following the words, "dismember and overthrow it," the original continued:

"As I am not much impressed with the belief that the present Constitution can be improved, I make no recommendations of amendments. I am rather for the old ship, and the chart of the old pilots. If, however, the people desire a new or an altered vessel, the matter is exclusively their own, and they can move in the premises, as well without as with an executive recommendation. I shall place no obstacle in the way of what may appear to be their wishes."

Mr. Seward proposed to change the first sentence of the above to the following: "While so great a diversity of opinion exists on the question what amendments, if indeed any, would be effective in restoring peace and safety, it would only tend to aggravate the dispute if I were to attempt to give direction to the public mind in that respect."

Mr. Lincoln did not adopt Mr. Seward's suggestion; but struck out all the above, and remodeled the whole paragraph to the form in which it now stands in the text.

³⁶The original phrase "can do this if they choose," Mr. Lincoln himself changed to read, "can do this also if they choose."

is either party without faith of being in the right?" If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South,²⁷ that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the Government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.²⁸

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject.²⁹ Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time.³⁰ If there be an object to *hurry* any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take *deliberately*, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while

the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In *your* hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in *mine*, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail *you*.³¹ You can have no conflict, without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect and defend it."³²

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field, and patriot grave, to every living hearth and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Suggestions for a closing paragraph :

NO. I.

"However unusual it may be at such a time to speak of sections or to sections, yet in view of the misconceptions and agitations which have strained the ties of brotherhood so far, I hope it will not be deemed a departure from propriety, whatever it may be from custom, to say that if in the criminations and misconstructions which too often imbue our political contests, any man south of this capital has been led to believe that I regard with a less friendly eye his rights, his interests, or his domestic safety and happiness, or those of his State, than I do those of any other portion of my country, or that I would invade or disturb any legal right or domestic institution in the South, he mistakes both my principles and feelings, and does not know me. I aspire to come in the spirit, however far below the ability and wisdom, of Washington, of Madison, of Jackson, and of Clay. In that spirit I here declare that in my administration I shall know no rule but the Constitution, no guide but the laws, and no sentiment but that of equal devotion to my whole country, east, west, north, and south."

NO. II.

"I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battle-fields and so many patriot graves, pass through all the hearts and all hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation."

The first of these drafts, containing 139 words in its opening sentence, and made up of phrases which had become extremely commonplace by iteration in the six years' slavery discussion, was clearly inadmissible. The second draft, containing the germ of a truly poetic thought amid its somewhat chaotic rhetoric, Mr. Lincoln took, and, in a new development and perfect form, gave it the life and spirit and beauty which have made it celebrated in the text.

²⁷The original phrase, "is either party without faith in the right?" Mr. Lincoln himself changed to, "is either party without faith of being in the right?"

²⁸The original phrase, "be on our side or on yours," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "be on the side of the North, or of the South, of the East, or of the West."

Mr. Lincoln changed it to read: "be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South."

²⁹The original phrase, "While the people remain patient and true to themselves, no man, even in the presidential chair, can," etc., Mr. Seward proposed to change, to "While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no legislature and no administration can," etc.

Mr. Lincoln changed it to read as follows: "While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can," etc.

³⁰The original phrase, "take time and think well," Mr. Seward suggested should read: "think calmly and think well."

Mr. Lincoln changed it to, "think calmly and well."

³¹The original sentences: "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. Nothing worth preserving is either breaking or burning," Mr. Seward proposed to strike out.

Mr. Lincoln retained the first, and struck out the second.

³²In the original sentence, "The Government will not assail you, unless you first assail it," Mr. Seward suggested striking out the last clause.

Mr. Lincoln adopted the suggestion.

³³The original draft, after the words, "preserve, protect, and defend it," concluded as follows, addressing itself to "my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen": "You can forbear the assault upon it, I cannot shrink from the defense of it. With you, and not with me, is the solemn question of 'Shall it be peace or a sword?'"

Mr. Seward did not like this termination; his letter, previously quoted, suggested that "something besides or in addition to argument is needful—to meet and remove prejudice and passion in the South, and despondency and fear in the East. Some words of affection—some of calm and cheerful confidence." Accordingly he submitted two separate drafts for a closing paragraph, from which Mr. Lincoln might choose one to substitute for the two sentences which he proposed to strike out.

PRISON LIFE OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS. I.



VERY American reader who takes an intelligent interest in the affairs of Russia, but who is compelled to depend for his information upon the meager and unsatisfactory accounts of Russian events

which are telegraphed to this country, must have asked himself many times the question, "What is the specific nature of the wrongs which call forth, especially among the youth of Russia, such manifestations of fierce passionate hatred for the Tsar, and which inspire such persistent and desperate attempts to take his life?" In vain we seek, in the reports which come to us, for causes that seem adequate to explain the white-heat intensity of feeling which must lie back of such extraordinary social phenomena. We are told that Russia is badly governed; that the press is gagged; that the right of public assembly is denied; and that every free impulse is rigorously repressed by a corrupt and despotic bureaucracy. But these evils, even if fully admitted, do not furnish a perfectly satisfactory explanation of the fact that scores — perhaps hundreds — of young men and women in Russia are willing and ready to die a violent and shameful death on the scaffold if they can only kill, before they die, the man who sits on the throne. At the meeting of "terrorist" leaders held in the town of Lipetsk in June, 1879, when the assassination of Alexander II. was decided upon, forty-seven young men and women offered themselves as volunteers to carry the decision of the council into execution.* Bad government, in any sense which we ordinarily attach to the words, is not adequate to explain a fact so extraordinary and so abnormal as this. Men do not, as a rule, fight press censorship with murder, nor seek to enforce by assassination their demand for civil rights. A feeling of terrible personal outrage must be added to the sense of oppression before the average human being can be wrought up to a state of mind in which he will give his own life for an opportunity to kill another. Unless, therefore, there is something peculiarly ferocious and fanatical in the character of the "terrorist" assassins, — unless there is in the Russian blood a strain of homicidal insanity which ren-

ders it impossible to judge a man of that race by the same rules of conduct which govern other races, — there must be something more than ordinarily bad government behind the abnormal phenomena of contemporary Russian life.

I purpose to set forth, in this and subsequent papers, what seems to me one of the most important and efficient of the causes which led the Russian revolutionists to adopt in 1878 the unfortunate, mistaken, and criminal policy of "terror"; namely, the treatment of political offenders in the Russian prisons. Whatever view may be taken of the phases through which the Russian revolutionary movement has passed since 1870, there can, I think, be no question that its last phase — organized assassination — is largely the result of what the revolutionists regard as the cruel and inhuman treatment of "politicals" in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the castle of Schlussemburg, and the prisons of Moscow, Kiev, and Odessa. Before proceeding, therefore, to consider such crimes as the assassination of Alexander II., or to pass judgment upon such characters as those which came into prominence with the adoption of the terroristic policy, it is absolutely necessary to have a clear conception of the life of the Russian revolutionists in prison.

The material upon which these articles are based has been derived mainly from three sources: First, the personal examination of a large number of Russian prisons; second, the statements of three or four hundred men and women who have been shut up in those prisons for terms ranging from six months to seven years and at various times from 1874 to 1885; and, third, the statements of Russian officials who are now, or have been at some time, connected with the prison administration. To the collection and the verification of the facts herein set forth I have devoted many laborious days and nights, at the mines and in the penal settlements of Siberia, as well as in the cities of European Russia, and I have every reason to feel confident that my statements are worthy of trust.

There was some discussion in the English periodicals two or three years ago, between Prince Krapotkine and Mr. C. M. Wilson on one side, and the Rev. Henry Lansdell and an anonymous correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" on the other, with regard to the conditions of life and the treatment of politicals in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. I was denied permission to visit that prison, and am not able, therefore, to describe it from personal in-

* Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides in St. Petersburg, in 1881; Statement of Zheliaboff, p. 32.

spection; but my opportunities for obtaining information with regard to the conditions of life therein have been of an exceptional character. I made the acquaintance in Siberia of perhaps fifty exiles who had been shut up in the fortress, and whose overlapping terms of imprisonment covered the whole period between the years 1874 and 1884. These exiles were scattered all over Siberia; many of them had never seen one another, and there was no possibility of a preconcerted agreement among them as to the story which they should tell me. Most of them, moreover, were men of high intelligence and character, and as incapable, I believe, of wilful misrepresentation as any American gentleman of my acquaintance. They described to me, with the utmost possible minuteness, every detail of their prison experience; and I find, in looking over my note-books, that I have in some cases six or eight separate and independent accounts of the same event or state of facts, obtained from six or eight exiles who did not know one another, and who were living in penal settlements, hundreds — sometimes thousands — of miles apart. The statements of exiles, judicially considered, must, of course, be regarded as *ex-parte* evidence; but it is manifest, I think, that even *ex-parte* testimony, if concurrent, and if taken under the circumstances above described, is entitled to credence, unless it can be shown that there has been an opportunity for collusion. As far as it has been possible to do so, I have checked and verified the statements of these exiles by conversations with lawyers, judges, and prison officials. I cannot, for obvious reasons, give the names of the latter, but they are persons who had opportunities to know the facts. If the Government's side of the subjects discussed and the events described in these papers is not as fully set forth as would seem to be desirable, it is partly because I reserve the Government's case against the revolutionists for fuller and more careful treatment in a subsequent paper, and partly because General Orzhefski, the Russian Chief of Gendarmes, did not appear disposed, when I called upon him last summer, either to furnish me with facts, or to give me facilities for making a personal examination. For permission to visit the great St. Petersburg prisons known as "The House of Preliminary Detention" and "The Litofski Zamok," I am indebted to Mr. Galkine-Vraskoi, Chief of the Prison and Exile Department. He had, however, no control over the fortress of Petropavlovsk or the castle of Schlus-

selburg, and General Orzhefski, who might have allowed me to see those prisons, declined courteously but firmly to do so.

In order to understand much that I shall have to say, the reader must divest himself entirely of the idea that Russian prisons are managed upon any definite, well-ordered system, or that there is any consistent adherence to a predetermined policy in the treatment of prisoners. It would be hard, I think, to find in the civilized world another penal system in which personal whim and caprice play so important a part, and in which considerations of temporary convenience or expediency so often override law as they do in the Russian system. There are in the empire 884 prisons. They are all nominally under the same management, and are subject to the same laws and regulations, and yet it would be difficult to find a score that are governed exactly in the same way or precisely upon the same principles. It would be almost equally difficult to find a single prison which has been governed in the same way for three consecutive years. Privileges which are granted in one prison are denied in another; in one place severity is the rule, in another it is the exception; some prisoners are overfed, others are half starved; in one place a violation of the rules leads to nothing worse than a reprimand, while in another the same fault is punished with twenty lashes on the bare back. Everywhere there is irregularity, disorder, caprice, and more or less complete lack of method.

The reasons for this state of things are many, but among the most important of them are: First, the impracticability and self-contradictory character of much of the penal legislation; second, the distribution of responsibility for prison management among a large number of persons and administrative bureaus not properly subordinated to one another; third, the disposition of many Russian officials to decide and act, not in accordance with law, but in accordance with their own views of expediency, or in obedience to what they believe to be the wishes of their superior officers; and, fourth, the low grade of intelligence, executive ability, and morality which characterizes prison officials generally, and which is due to the fact that better men cannot be obtained for the compensation paid.*

I have a manuscript copy of a secret report made to the Tsar in 1881 by Governor-General Anutchin, in which that high officer, speaking of the "lamentable condition" of the

* The superintendent of The House of Preliminary Detention in St. Petersburg, one of the largest and most important prisons in the empire, receives only \$900 a year, exclusive of table and quarters. His senior assistant receives only \$400. In the St. Petersburg

Forwarding Prison the superintendent receives \$350, and his assistant \$200. In the provincial prisons the salaries paid are still smaller. — [Report of the Central Prison Administration for 1884, pp. 83-4. St. Petersburg: Office of the Minister of the Interior. 1886.]

prisons and the regulation of imprisonment and exile, says: "Although the laws have laid down innumerable rules for the regulation of the subject, such laws have become for the most part dead letters from the very day of their enactment, on account of their impracticability and the lack of proper supervision."*

I have also in my possession a copy of an official circular letter dated August 25th, 1885, from the governor of a Russian province to "Prison Committees, Municipal Police Administrations, Circuit Police Administrations, and Bureaus of Prison Control," in which the governor calls attention to the existence in the provincial prisons of "innumerable violations of law of all possible sorts, practiced so openly as to make it seem almost incredible that the persons who permit them are really conscious of the illegality of their acts." In the long list of abuses which the governor then enumerates are corrupt agreements between prison officials and contractors to substitute an inferior quality of food and clothing for that which the law requires, and to divide the proceeds of the fraud; unchecked drunkenness, gambling, and disorder among the prisoners; the drawing of rations and clothing for criminals who have died, escaped, or been released, and the sale of such articles by the prison officials for their own benefit; the practice of setting convicts at liberty in order that they may engage in private employment upon condition that they shall divide their earnings with the prison official who releases them; the failure of prison authorities to keep a record of punishments, and the flogging of prisoners by the overseers of prisons without the knowledge or sanction of the *Ispravniks*, or Chiefs of Police, in whose districts the prisons are situated.

It appears from a simple inspection of this letter, and without any further investigation, that there are no less than seven different persons and groups of persons who have something to say about the management of provincial prisons; namely, first, the prison officials themselves; second, the Prison Committees; third, the Municipal Police Administrations; fourth, the Circuit Police Administrations; fifth, the Bureaus of Prison Control; sixth, the *Ispravniks*; and, seventh, the Governor. To this list, however, must be added: eighth, the Procureur; ninth, the town council of the town in which the prison is situated; tenth, the Governor-General; eleventh, the Central Prison Administration in St. Petersburg; and, twelfth, the Minister of the Interior. It further appears, from the official statement above referred to, that notwithstanding all this regulative ma-

chinery,—in spite of this apparent superfluity of "control,"—there are in the provincial prisons "innumerable violations of law, practiced so openly as to make it seem almost incredible that the persons who permit them are really conscious of the illegality of their acts."

In the prisons devoted exclusively to political offenders, there is, of course, less disorder and dishonesty than in the lower-grade prisons of the provinces; but even in the former, circumstances and official caprice play a much more important part than law does. Law, in fact, is rarely permitted to stand in the way of what a high official regards as the paramount interests of the State. If a Procureur like Strelnikoff, or a Chief of Gendarmes like Mezzentseff, believes that by subjecting a political prisoner to a certain kind of treatment he can extort from such prisoner a confession which will lead to the arrest of his companions in crime, or furnish a clew to undiscovered conspiracy, he does not hesitate to overstep the limits of his legal authority. To attain such an end he will even resort to methods which are in the highest degree base and dishonorable—methods which are as exasperating to the prisoners as they are discreditable to the Government which permits them.

The treatment of political prisoners is largely dependent also upon the temper of the official mind at various times and under various circumstances. After every fresh attempt at violence on the part of the conspirators who are still at liberty, there is increased severity in the treatment of their comrades in prison. At one time the officials, irritated by the success of a conspiracy which they have failed to discover, avenge their incompetency upon the conspirators who are in their power; while at another time, placated by apparent submission, or gratified by what seems to be the reëstablishment of social order, they modify the extreme rigor of their prison discipline. The natural result of this usurpation of the functions of law by official caprice or license is the complete overthrow of all systematic and consistent prison government. The treatment of prisoners becomes not what the law intended it to be, but what the Procureur or the Chief of Gendarmes thinks that it ought to be, in view of circumstances or events with which the prisoners themselves have perhaps nothing whatever to do.

Before proceeding to describe the daily life of the Russian revolutionists in prison, I desire to call attention to three classes of facts which are closely related to prison life, and which have an important bearing upon the state of mind and temper produced by it. The classes of facts to which I refer, and to which I shall devote the remainder of this article, are: First,

* Secret Report to the Tsar by Governor-General Anutchin, Chap. V., Section 3, entitled "Exile, Penal Servitude, and the Prison Department."

the custom of making indiscriminate arrests as a means of inspiring terror and with the hope of obtaining clues to secret revolutionary activity; second, the use of imprisonment as a species of torture to extort confession or compel the prisoner to betray friends; and, third, the illegal detention of political "suspects" in solitary confinement for months and years while the police scour the empire in search of criminating evidence upon which to base indictments. All of these methods have been practiced in Russia upon the most extensive scale, and perhaps nothing has done more to fan the smoldering fire of discontent into the fierce flame of terroristic activity.

In using the word "indiscriminate" to characterize political arrests, I do not mean, of course, to be understood as saying that the Russian police go through a city as a Malay runs amuck, laying hands upon everybody who happens to come in their way. Political arrests, no matter how sweeping and extensive they may be, are always confined to one class of the population—a class officially known in Russia as *neblagonadeshni*. This word has no equivalent in English, and the idea which it represents is so foreign to all our modes of thought that it can be expressed only by a circumlocution. *Blago* in Russian means "good"; *nadezhda* means "hope"; *blago-nadexnost* means the condition from which something good or gratifying is to be hoped or expected; *ne-blogo-nadexnost* is the negative form of the complex word, and as officially used may be approximately translated "a condition of political untrustworthiness." The term *neblagonadeshni* is applied by the Government to all persons whose political opinions are officially regarded as unsound, and whose behavior is therefore a proper subject for police supervision. Statistics of this "untrustworthy" class are, of course, not procurable; but in 1880, when the Liberal ministry of Loris Melikoff was in power, the number of persons who were under open police surveillance was officially stated as 2837, distributed throughout the provinces of the empire as follows: in St. Petersburg, 273; in Moscow, 101; in Kaluga, 315; in Riazan, 255; in Tver, 198; in Kostroma, 165; in Archangel, 96; and in other provinces, 1434.* The persons, however, who are under open police surveillance form a comparatively small part of the great *neblagonadexni* or "untrustworthy" class. They are mostly persons who have been forcibly removed from their homes to other parts of the empire, in order to break up their local associations, and who are subjected at regular in-

tervals to domiciliary visits. Thousands of others who have not been thus removed are under secret surveillance, and the names of thousands more are registered in the books of the gendarmes and the detective police. Whenever an act of violence is committed or attempted by the extreme revolutionary party, the police make a sudden descent upon the whole "untrustworthy" class in the town or province where the disorder has occurred, and drag to prison by scores both the innocent and the guilty, to be afterwards sorted at their leisure. When General Strelnikoff was intrusted by the Tsar with almost dictatorial power in order that he might extirpate sedition in the provinces of southern Russia, he arrested and threw into prison in the single city of Odessa no less than 118 persons in three days. He then went to Kiev and arrested 89 persons almost simultaneously, and ordered the imprisonment of hundreds of others in Kharkoff, Nikolaief, Pultava, Kursk, and other South Russian cities. Most of these arrests were made entirely without what is known as "probable cause," and for the sole purpose of obtaining clues to plots which the police believed to exist, but which they had not been able to discover. Many of the persons arrested were mere children—immature school boys and girls from fifteen to seventeen years of age—who could not possibly be regarded as dangerous conspirators, but who might, it was thought, be terrified into a confession of all they knew with regard to the movements, conversations, and occupations of their older relatives and friends.

General Strelnikoff's plan was to arrest simultaneously a large number of persons belonging to the "untrustworthy" class; throw them into prison; keep them for ten days or two weeks in the strictest solitary confinement, and then subject them to a terrifying inquisitorial examination with the hope of extorting scraps of information, here a little and there a little, which might be pieced together, like the parts of a dissected map, so as to reveal the outlines of a revolutionary plot. If, for example, a young girl belonged to an "untrustworthy" family, and a "suspicious" letter to her had been intercepted by the authorities; or if she had been seen coming out of a "suspicious" house at a late hour in the evening, she was arrested in one of these police raids, generally at night; conveyed in a close carriage to the Odessa prison; put into a small solitary-confinement cell and left to her own agonizing thoughts. No explanation was given her of this summary proceeding, and if she appealed to the sentinel on duty in the corridor, the only reply she obtained was "*Pikazano ne gavarit*"—"Talking is forbidden."

* "Regulations for the Preservation of Social Order": Aksakoff's newspaper, "Russ," No. 46; September 26th, 1881.

The effect produced upon a young, inexperienced, impressible girl, by the overwhelming shock of such a transition from the repose, quiet, and security of her own bedroom, in her own home, to a narrow, gloomy cell in a common criminal prison at night, can readily be imagined. Even if she were a girl of courage and firmness of character, her self-control might give way under the strain of such an ordeal. The sounds which break the stillness of a Russian criminal prison at night — the stealthy tread of the guard; the faintly heard cries and struggles of a drunken and disorderly "casual" who is being strapped to his bed in another part of the prison, cries which suggest to an inexperienced girl some terrible scene of violence and outrage; the occasional clang of a heavy door; the moaning and hysterical weeping of other recently arrested prisoners in cells on the same corridor, and the sudden and noiseless appearance now and then of an unknown human face at the little square port-hole in the cell door through which the prisoners are watched — all combine to make the first night of a young girl in prison an experience never to be forgotten while she lives. This experience, however, is only the beginning of the trial which her courage and self-control are destined to undergo. One day passes — two days — three days — ten days — without bringing any news from the outside world, or any information concerning the nature of the charges made against her. Twice every twenty-four hours food is handed to her through the square port-hole by the taciturn guard, but nothing else breaks the monotony and the solitude of her life. She has no books, no writing materials, no means whatever of diverting her thoughts or relieving the mental strain which soon becomes almost unendurable. Tortured by apprehension and by uncertainty as to her own fate and the fate of those dear to her, she can only pace her cell from corner to corner until she is exhausted, and then throw herself on the narrow prison bed and in sleep try to lose consciousness of her misery.

At last, two weeks perhaps after her arrest, when her spirit is supposed to be sufficiently broken by solitary confinement and grief, she is summoned to the *dopros*, a preliminary examination, without witnesses or counsel, con-

ducted by General Strelnikoff in person. He begins by saying to her that she is

"charged with very serious crimes under such and such sections of the Penal Code, and that she stands in danger of exile to Siberia for a long term of years. In view, however, of her youth and inexperience, and of the probability that she has been misled by criminal associates, he feels authorized to say to her that if she will show repentance, and a sincere desire to reform, by making a 'chisto-serdechni.' — 'clean-hearted' confession, — and will answer truthfully all questions put to her, she will be immediately released. If, on the contrary, she manifests an obdurate disposition and thus proves herself to be unworthy of clemency, it will become his duty, as prosecuting officer of the Crown, to treat her with all the rigor of the law."

The poor girl is well aware that the reference to Siberian exile is not an empty threat. Belonging as she does to an "untrustworthy" family, she has often heard discussed the case of Marie Prisedski, who was exiled before she was sixteen years of age because she would not betray her older sister, and the case of the Ivitchevitch children, one seventeen and the other fourteen years of age, who were arrested in Kiev and sent to Siberia in 1879 for no particular reason except that their two older brothers were revolutionists and had been shot dead while resisting arrest.*

It is not a matter for surprise if a young girl who has thus been torn from her home, who is depressed and disheartened by solitary confinement, who is without counsel, without knowledge of the law, without the support of a single friend in this supreme crisis of her life, breaks down at last under the strain of deadly fear, and tells the inquisitor all she knows. She is at once released, but only to suffer agonies of self-reproach and remorse as she sees her relatives and dearest friends arrested, imprisoned, and exiled to Siberia, upon information and clews which she herself has furnished. It frequently happens, however, that a girl remains steadfast and refuses to answer questions even after months of solitary confinement. The authorities then resort to other and even more discreditable methods.

In 1884 Marie Kaluzhnaya, a girl eighteen years of age, daughter of a merchant in Odesa, was arrested upon a charge of disloyalty, thrown into prison, and subjected to precisely the treatment which I have described. She was, however, a girl of spirit and character, and withstood successfully, for many months, all

* Ivan Maximovitch Prisedski is a wealthy landed proprietor in the district of Zinkofski, province of Pultava. His own loyalty to the Tsar has never been questioned, but all of his children — three girls and a boy — have been exiled to Siberia upon various political charges. Two of them are in Semipalatinsk on the frontier of central Asia; a third is in prison at the mines of Kara, on the head-waters of the Amur, and the fourth was, until recently, in the village of Tunka, near the boundary line between eastern Siberia and Mon-

golia. I made the acquaintance of three of them in their places of exile during my recent journey to Siberia, and was very favorably impressed by them. A traveler could not hope nor expect to meet in any country more refined, cultivated, and attractive young people.

The Ivitchevitch children — Christina, a girl of seventeen, and her brother, who was only fourteen — were exiled to Kirinsk in the province of Irkutsk, more than four thousand miles east of St. Petersburg.

attempts to persuade or frighten her into a confession or a betrayal of others. At last Colonel Katanski, a gendarme officer in Odessa, brought to her a skillfully forged statement, which purported to be the confession of her imprisoned revolutionary associates.

It was, in fact, a document prepared by the gendarmes themselves from information obtained through spies, supplemented by shrewd guesses and conjectures, and was part of an adroitly contrived scheme to elicit from Miss Kaluzhnaya evidence which could be used against certain of her friends who were in prison awaiting trial upon serious charges. Colonel Katanski, with cruel duplicity, said to Miss Kaluzhnaya that

"he came to her not as an officer of the Crown, but as a friend, to show her this confession of her associates and to urge her to save herself while there was yet time. Persistence in her refusal to answer questions could no longer protect or benefit her friends, since they had admitted their guilt. The Procureur would not know that he [Colonel Katanski] had showed her this confession and would suppose, if she announced her readiness to answer questions, that she had become repentant. There was no serious charge against her personally, and nothing but long-continued obduracy stood in the way of her immediate release. All that she had to do was to show a tractable and penitent disposition. It would not be necessary for her to testify to any facts not already known to the police through this confession,—facts which her friends themselves had admitted. Why should she wreck her young life upon a mistaken and quixotic sentiment of honor which no longer had any practical bearing upon the fate of her associates? They had confessed; they could not possibly be harmed if she merely repeated what they themselves had admitted. The Procureur would not know that she had been made aware of their confession; he would suppose that her offer to appear and testify was prompted by sincere penitence, and there could be no doubt that he would at once order her release."

Miss Kaluzhnaya fell into the trap. She sent word to the Procureur that she was ready to testify, and, upon examination, admitted facts which she supposed the police already knew through the confession, but of which, in reality, they had no proof whatever. Having thus unconsciously served at last the purpose for which she had been arrested, Miss Kaluzhnaya was released from prison and put again under police surveillance. When the case of her friends came up for trial, she discovered, of course, that none of them had made confession, and that there was no evidence against them of any importance except that which she had furnished. The terrible agony of such a discovery to a generous, affectionate, high-minded girl can be imagined. She saw her friends sent into penal servitude upon her testimony, while she herself could neither share their fate nor explain to them the fraud of which she had been a victim. She was in the attitude of a coward who had betrayed her associates in order to secure her own safety. For a time

her remorse and despair seemed likely to result either in insanity or in suicide; but she finally recovered her self-control, and there gradually formed in her mind a determination to do something to avenge the intolerable wrong which she had suffered, and to show the world that if she had unwittingly betrayed her friends, she was not afraid to share their fate. She procured a revolver, and on the 21st of August, 1884, called upon Colonel Katanski, and fired at him as he entered the reception-room to meet her. The bullet grazed his head, slightly wounding one ear, and buried itself in the wall. Before she could fire again he sprang upon her and wrested the pistol from her hand. For this attempt at assassination Miss Kaluzhnaya was brought to trial before a court martial in Odessa on the 10th of September of the same year. As it was her only wish to be sent to Siberia with the friends whom she had betrayed, she refused the aid of counsel, and made no attempt at self-defense. The court found her guilty of premeditated assault with intent to kill, and sentenced her to twenty years' penal servitude.

I witnessed the beginning of the last act in this mournful tragedy. I happened to be present in the town of Chita, in eastern Siberia, on the 8th of December, 1885, when Marie Kaluzhnaya, in convict dress, left there on foot, with a gang of chained criminals, in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, for the mines of Kara. It affords me a sort of melancholy satisfaction now to think that the unfortunate girl was at least aware, as she walked wearily away from the *étape* that bitterly cold December morning, that there was an American traveler there who knew her story, and who would some time explain to the world why she had attempted to commit murder.

It may be thought that cases of this kind are rare and exceptional, but I regret to say that I heard similar stories from exiles in all parts of Siberia and from some Russian officials. The deception which was practiced upon Marie Kaluzhnaya had been repeatedly tried before in the same city of Odessa. An attempt had been made, for example, only a year earlier to deceive, by means of a pretended confession, Miss Fanny Morenis, who is now in exile in the Trans-Baikal. The same plan was tried with Madame Kutitonskaya, who is now in the Irkutsk prison. In these cases, however, the trap was set in vain.

When solitary confinement and deception fail to bring about the desired result, the gendarmes and the officers of the Department of Justice resort to other means, which are perhaps less dishonorable, but which are equally cruel. In March, 1882, General Strelnikoff, finding that solitary confinement in the gloomy

and badly ventilated prison of Kiev was not of itself sufficient to torture his prisoners into a confession of what he believed they knew with regard to the revolutionary movement, determined to make their life still more intolerable, and to break down, if possible, their obstinate resolution, by darkening their cells. Upon the pretext that he wished to make it impossible for them to talk with one another through their windows, he caused a sheet-iron hood to be put over the window of every cell in the prison occupied by a political offender. The hood was large enough to cover the entire window, and resembled in shape a shallow rectangular box with the cover and one end gone. It fitted the window closely on both sides and at the top, but was open at the bottom. The result of putting these shields over the windows was to deprive the prisoners almost entirely of light and air, and to turn every cell into a sort of cave or *oubliette*. The light which came in through the opening at the bottom of the hood was only sufficient to enable the prisoner to distinguish between night and day. The artisan who put up the hoods told General Strelnikoff that they would not answer the purpose for which they were designed,—that it would be as easy to talk from window to window as it had been before,—but he was sharply informed that that was none of his business. Of course the life of the prisoners under such conditions became almost intolerable. Young, nervous, and impressible girls walked their cells from corner to corner in the gloomy twilight until they became nearly insane. Even the prison officials expressed to the sufferers their sympathy and pity. At last the political prisoners addressed a petition to Governor-General Drenteln asking him to send an officer to see how they were situated, and, if possible, to intercede for them. In response to this petition the governor of the province of Kiev, acting under orders from General Drenteln, made a visit to the prison, entered the cell of a young student named X—, whom I afterward met in Siberia, and said to him, "What do you understand to be the object of these hoods?" Mr. X— replied that they had been put up by order of General Strelnikoff to prevent oral communication between the prisoners. "Do they have the desired effect?" inquired the governor. "No," replied the young student. "I can show you, if you wish, that it is as easy to talk from window to window now as it was before." "Show me, please," said the governor. Mr. X— went to the window and called to a prisoner in the cell below. His comrade answered, and they carried on a conversation until the governor expressed himself as satisfied. "I appreciate," he said to Mr. X—, "your situation,

but I cannot give you any reason to hope for a change at present. General Strelnikoff is acting under instructions and authority given him by the Tsar in person, and he is therefore independent, not only of Governor-General Drenteln, but of the Minister of the Interior himself. This being the case, the authorities of the province cannot and dare not interfere."

On the next day after the visit of the governor to the prison, General Strelnikoff was assassinated in Odessa. The hoods were immediately removed from the windows, amid great excitement and rejoicing on the part of the political prisoners, who were so much encouraged and emboldened, that they suggested to the governor the use of the sheet-iron hoods as material for a monument to their inventor.

I have space only for a brief reference to the many other methods of extorting testimony from arrested persons which are practiced by the gendarmes and the officers of the Department of Justice. One of the most cruel of them, it seems to me, is the custom of terrifying old and feeble parents into the belief that their sons or daughters will inevitably be hanged unless they confess, and then sending the poor old people, trembling with terror and blinded with tears, to make an agonized appeal to their imprisoned children in their cells. The officials know very well that the children will not be hanged—that it is extremely doubtful whether they will even be brought to trial. They are kept in prison simply because the Procureur hopes ultimately to obtain information from them. If the torture of solitary confinement can be intensified by adding to it the entreaties of half frantic parents, so much the better. A little fright will benefit the old people and teach them to look after their children more closely, and the children's obstinate determination not to betray their friends will perhaps be broken down by a sight of the grief and misery of their parents. It is a plan which, to the official mind, works beneficently both ways.

The mother of a young student named Zhebunoff in Kiev, a lady sixty-five years of age, was so terrified by a vivid description from General Strelnikoff of the way in which her son, if he did not confess, would "dangle and kick in the air, his neck in a noose," that she fainted on the floor of the Procureur's office. Yet Strelnikoff knew very well that there was not evidence enough in his possession even to bring Zhebunoff to trial—much less to hang him. As a matter of fact the young student never was tried, but was sent to Siberia by "administrative process."

The aged mother of an exile whom I met in the Trans-Baikal was made to believe that her son would certainly be hanged unless he told all that he knew, and then, upon condi-

tion that she should try to persuade him to confess, she was allowed to go to his cell. A terrible scene followed, in which the white-haired mother, frenzied with fear and choking with sobs, knelt to her son, clung about his legs, and tried to press her tear-wet face to his feet, as she implored him, by his love for her — by her gray hairs — to promise that he would answer the questions of the gendarmes. The strain of such a scene upon the emotions and the resolution of a prisoner who is weakened and depressed by months of solitary confinement, who loves and reverences his mother, and who sees her for the first time since his arrest, and perhaps for the last time before he goes to Siberia, is simply heart-breaking. The mother finally departs in despair, bidding her son good-bye as she would bid good-bye to the dying, while the son lays up the memories of this bitter hour — the cruel deception of his mother, the torture of himself, and the attempt to make the most sacred of human feelings serve the purposes of the police — as memories which will steady his nerves and steel his heart when the time comes for vengeance.

This playing upon the deepest and most intense of human emotions as a means of extorting information from unwilling witnesses is practiced more or less in all Russian prisons where political offenders are confined. The details are of course varied according to the circumstances of the case or the ingenuity of the inquisitor. One prisoner, for example, after months of solitary confinement, is promised an interview with his mother. Filled with glad anticipations, he follows the guard out through the long, gloomy corridor into the prison court-yard, where the mother is sitting on a rude prison bench forty or fifty feet from the door through which he emerges. At the sight of the well-remembered, loving face, changed and aged by grief since he saw it last, his heart overflows with pity and tenderness, and he rushes toward her with the intention of taking her in his arms. He is at once stopped by the guard, who tells him that the interview is not to take place here, but in the reception-room of the prison, to which he is thereupon conducted. He waits impatiently ten minutes — fifteen minutes — half an hour — and at last the door opens. As he springs toward it he is met, not by his mother, but by the Procureur, who asks him whether, after this further period of reflection, he has changed his mind with regard to answering questions. He replies that he was brought there, as he supposed, to see his mother, not for examination. The Procureur, however, informs him that interviews with relatives are privileges not granted to obstinate and refractory prisoners, and that if he has nothing to add to his previous statements he

will be taken to his cell. Disappointed and embittered, the young man goes back to solitary confinement with a new cause for hatred and an intensified thirst for vengeance, while the heart-broken mother, whose misery has only been increased by this brief glimpse of her son under guard and in prison dress, returns to her distant village home.

In another case which came to my knowledge in Siberia, the prisoner was a young married woman with a baby in her arms. She refused to answer questions intended to elicit criminating evidence against her friends, and the gendarme officer who was conducting the examination threatened, if she continued obstinate, to take her child from her. She made a pathetic appeal to the Procureur, and asked him whether there was any law under which the gendarme officer could deprive her of her child if she refused to testify. The Procureur, instead of giving her a direct answer, told her that "the prudent course for her to pursue would be not to raise a question as to the legal authority of the examining officer, but to tell him truthfully all she knew; then it was certain that he could not take her child from her." In the face of a threat so terrifying to a young mother, — she was not more than twenty-two years of age when I made her acquaintance in Siberia, — she adhered to her determination not to betray her friends. Her babe was finally left in her possession, but she suffered weeks of torturing apprehension, the mere remembrance of which bathed her face with tears as she told me the story.

I have devoted much space to these illustrations of the use of prison confinement as a means of torturing political prisoners into making confession, partly because my notebooks are full of records of such cases which were everywhere forced upon my attention in Russia, and partly because it seems to me to explain, more clearly than any other fact or set of facts, the state of mind in which so-called "terroristic" activity originates. Whatever view one may take of the events in their moral aspect, one can see that such causes might be adequate to produce such results without the ascription to the Russian revolutionists either of homicidal insanity or inhuman ferocity.

It may be supposed that officials who are capable of treating prisoners in this way must be constitutionally cruel, cold-blooded, and heartless; but such a supposition would be, in many cases, perhaps in a majority of cases, an erroneous one. Many of the officials are naturally no worse than other men, but they have been trained under a system which is intolerant of opposition, and especially of that form of opposition which in Russia is called insubordination; they have been accustomed to

regard themselves rather as the rulers than as the servants of the people; they have not felt personally the full weight of the yoke of oppression; they have been irritated and embittered by a long contest with fearless and impetuous men whose motives and characters they misunderstand, and whom they regard as unreasonable fanatics and treacherous assassins; and, finally, their fortunes and prospects of advancement depend upon the success with which they carry on this contest.

I met in the town of Chita, in eastern Siberia, a Russian army officer—Colonel Novikoff—who had been the commander of the Cossack battalion which served as prison guard at the mines of Kara, and who in 1880 sat as one of the judges in the court martial which tried Madame Rossikova, Miss Anna Alexeieva, and other politicals at Odessa. He was a man about forty-five years of age; was devotedly attached to his family; seemed to have broad and humane views with regard to the treatment of common criminals, and did not appear to be naturally a cruel or vindictive man. Yet this personally amiable, courteous, intelligent army officer, speaking to me of the political offenders in whose trial he had participated as judge, said: "If I had my way, I would give them all the *shpitzruten*." The "*shpitzruten*," it must be explained, is a peculiarly cruel form of "running the gauntlet" which was formerly much used in Siberia as a disciplinary punishment for the worst class of convicts. The prisoner, stripped to the waist, was forced to walk slowly between two lines of soldiers armed with rods "not too large to go into a musket barrel," and, as he passed, received one blow on the bare back from every soldier. The number of blows inflicted was from two thousand to five thousand, two thousand being the lowest number mentioned in the law.* The sufferer, unless he was an exceptionally strong and vigorous man, usually fainted before he had received the prescribed number of blows, and was carried directly from the place of punishment to the hospital. This was the punishment which Colonel Novikoff said he would inflict upon political offenders, and which he had suggested and recommended

to the court of which he was a member. "If," he added, "you punish in that way, you will soon put a stop to political agitation." When one considers the fact that such a method as this of dealing with politicals was actually suggested and advocated by a judge in his official capacity, and that he seemed utterly unconscious of the cruelty and barbarity of the proposed measure, one has little difficulty in understanding how gendarme officers and procureurs regard such comparatively trifling things as the arrest of the innocent with the guilty, the frightening of parents, and the deception of obstinate and refractory prisoners who refuse to testify.

But these are by no means all of the factors which must be taken into consideration in an attempt to explain the so-called policy of "terror." Another cause for the white-heat intensity of feeling which prompts violent retaliation is the illegal detention of political suspects in solitary confinement for months and years while the police scour the empire in search of evidence upon which to base indictments. In the trial of the regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, Mr. Gerard, one of the ablest advocates at the Russian bar, and one of the boldest of the counsel for the prisoners, attempted to bring this cause to the attention of the court by referring to the well-known fact that out of more than a thousand persons arrested for alleged participation in the so-called "revolutionary propaganda" of 1872-75—out of more than a thousand persons held in solitary confinement for periods ranging from one to four years—only one hundred and ninety-three had ever been brought to trial, and even of that number ninety had been acquitted by a court of judges of the Government's own selection.†

In other words, more than nine hundred persons whose innocence was finally admitted by the Department of Justice had been subjected to from one to four years of solitary confinement, in the course of which eighty of them, or nearly ten per cent., had died, committed suicide, or become insane.‡ Before Mr. Gerard had finished making this statement he was stopped by the Court, and directed to confine himself to the facts of the case on trial.§

* Exile Statutes; Laws of the Russian Empire, Vol. XIV., Part II., Section 799.

† Official certified copy of the sentence of the Court in the trial of the 193, signed by Chief Secretary Lutofski, and dated February 15th, 1878. It is in my possession, as is also the "Accusatory Act," or indictment, in the same case, a document of about 350 folio pages, authenticated by the signature of V. Zhelekhofski, "Associate Chief-Procureur of the Department of Criminal Appeals of the Governing Senate."

‡ The bold and impetuous revolutionist Muishkin, who was one of the accused in this case, made a determined attempt to state these facts to the Court in a speech which he made in his own defense. He was

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promptly ordered to stop, and when he refused to do so, he was throttled by three or four gendarmes and dragged out of the court-room. For his obstinacy, and for insulting references to the Court, which were regarded as an aggravation of his original offense, his sentence was made ten years of penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights. [Sentence of the Court in the trial of the 193 above cited, p. 13.] In a subsequent paper I shall give an account of the life of Muishkin, who was one of the most remarkable characters that the Russian revolutionary movement has yet produced.

§ Official Stenographic Report of the Trial of the Regicides at St. Petersburg in 1881, pp. 213-219.

I could, if necessary,—and without going outside the limits of official documents in my possession,—fill many pages of *THE CENTURY* with the names of young men and women who were severally subjected to from one to four years of solitary confinement, and who were finally acquitted by a court, or discharged without trial, because the police, notwithstanding their unlimited power to arrest, imprison, and examine, had not been able to find so much evidence against them as would legally have justified their detention over night. I shall describe in another place the nature of the solitary confinement to which these innocent persons were subjected. I desire at present merely to call attention to the duration of their imprisonment, and to the fact that they were finally pronounced innocent by the Government itself. The above statements are made, it will be observed, not upon the *ex-parte* testimony of the sufferers, but upon the unimpeachable authority of official documents.

The question naturally arises, "What was the reason for the long delay in bringing these thousand or more prisoners to trial?" The reply of the Government is that the accused were engaged in a revolutionary conspiracy which had very extensive ramifications in all parts of the empire; that they were linked together in such a way as to render it practically impossible to try them separately, and that the prosecuting officers of the Crown could not do justice to the Government's case until all the proofs against all the prisoners had been collected, compared, and digested.* The persons accused in the case, however, deny the truth of these statements, severally and collectively. They say that they were not, as a body, engaged in a revolutionary conspiracy; that their actions at that time were not criminal; that more than three-fourths of them were unknown to one another, and had never had any relations with one another; that their cases, therefore, were easily separable, and that, as a matter of fact, the Government did separate into eighteen distinct groups the 193 who were finally tried.

Without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the prisoners' contention, it seems to me, and will doubtless seem to most unprejudiced persons, that the reply of the Government, regarded as a defense, is insufficient, even if it be true. The preface to the indictment in this case says: "By the autumn of 1874 most of the propagandists had been imprisoned, although a few succeeded in eluding arrest and continued their criminal activity until the beginning of 1875."† The trial did

not begin until the 18th of October, 1877,‡ so that "most of the propagandists," including ninety persons admitted by the Court to be innocent, were held in solitary confinement without trial from the autumn of 1874 to October 18th, 1877, a period of three years. A large number of the accused were imprisoned in the gloomy casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress, and, according to the indictment, forty of them were there when the trial began.§ To say, as the Government does, that it held ninety innocent persons in prison for three years, and more than eight hundred other innocent persons for shorter periods of one or two years, because it could not try them separately and was unable in a shorter time to review the evidence against the whole thousand, does not seem to be a sufficient answer to a charge of injustice and cruelty based on more than eight hundred wrecked lives and eighty cases of death, suicide, and insanity in prison.

The case of the "propagandists" was of course an exceptional one. I do not know any other instance in which so many prisoners were held so long without trial, and in which the number of persons accused was so overwhelmingly out of proportion to the number actually found to be guilty. Judicial procedure in Russia, however, is always and everywhere slow, and the long interval of solitary confinement between arrest and trial causes great suffering to the prisoners, and creates a feeling of intense exasperation in the hearts of those who are finally declared to be innocent. As one of the 193 who was acquitted by the Court said to me bitterly, "They punish us first with three years of solitary confinement, and then try us to see whether we ought to have been punished."

The course of procedure in the case of a person accused of a political offense is, under average and normal conditions, about as follows: He is arrested without the least warning, generally at night, and thrown into prison. After a week or two of solitary confinement, he is subjected to a preliminary examination before an officer of gendarmes. In order that he may not prepare himself for this examination, he is not, as a rule, informed of the nature of the charge made against him. The theory of the gendarmes is that if the prisoner knows specifically of what he is accused, he can form at least a conjecture as to the direction and scope of the impending inquiry, and can prepare himself to baffle it. If, however, he is ignorant of the charge upon which he is held,—if he does not even know whether he is undergoing examination as a principal or as a witness,—he is not so quick to see the drift of ques-

* Sentence of the 193, certified copy, p. 15.

† Indictment in the trial of the 193, p. 8.

‡ Sentence in the same trial, p. 1.

§ Appendix to the Indictment in the trial of the 193, pp. 1-3.

tions; he is not so likely to be ready with a prepared story, and he is more apt to be surprised into incautious admissions. The gendarmes justify this course by saying that "if the prisoner is innocent, it cannot injure him; and if he is guilty, he is not entitled to any information which would make it easier for him to mislead the investigators and defeat the ends of justice. The object of the inquiry is, for the present at least, none of his business. All that he has to do is to answer questions truthfully." Of course, a prisoner who is thus kept in the dark defends himself and his friends at a terrible disadvantage. If he answers the questions put to him, he does so without knowledge of their purpose or bearing; and if he refuses to answer, he prolongs his prison confinement, perhaps unnecessarily, and gives the gendarmes an excuse for putting into operation against him some of the methods of extorting testimony which I have described.

Most prisoners take a middle course by answering some questions and refusing to answer others. The examination ends when the gendarme officer is satisfied that he cannot elicit anything more. The prisoner is then remanded to his cell, and another week elapses, in the course of which the gendarmes take the testimony of his acquaintances and friends, of the police, who perhaps have had him under secret surveillance for weeks, and of all other persons who know anything about him. This mass of testimony is then submitted to the Procureur, with a report and such comments as the examining officer may think necessary. The Procureur makes a careful study of all the evidence, compares the testimony of the accused with the statements of the witnesses in the light of the comments and suggestions of the gendarmes, and frames a new series of questions to be put to the prisoner at the "dopros," a more formal examination intended to complete the case for submission to the Ministry of Justice.

Up to this time, it will be observed, the accused has not been informed of the nature of the charge made against him; he does not know certainly whether he is held as a criminal or as a witness; he has heard none of the testimony upon which the questions in the "dopros" are to be based; he is without counsel, and he is ignorant of all that has happened in the outside world since his arrest. It would be hard to imagine a more completely defenseless situation.

The Procureur begins the "dopros" by informing the prisoner that he is accused of the crimes set forth and described in such and such sections of the Penal Code. Most political prosecutions are based upon sections 245, 249, and 250, which are as follows:

"SECTION 245. All persons found guilty of composing and circulating written or printed documents, books, or representations, calculated to create disrespect for the Supreme Authority, or for the personal character of the GOSSUDAR [the Tsar], or for the Government of his Empire, shall be condemned, as insulters of MAJESTY, to deprivation of all civil rights and to from ten to twelve years of penal servitude. [This punishment carries with it exile in Siberia for what remains of life after the expiration of the hard labor sentence.]

"SECTION 249. All persons who shall engage in rebellion against the Supreme Authority, that is, who shall take part in collective and conspirative insurrection against the GOSSUDAR and the Empire; and also all persons who shall plan the overthrow of the Government in the Empire as a whole, or in any part thereof; or who shall intend to change the existing form of government, or the order of succession to the throne established by law; all persons who for the attainment of these ends shall organize or take part in a conspiracy, either actively and with knowledge of its object, or by participation in a conspirative meeting, or by storing or distributing weapons, or by other preparations for insurrection; all such persons, including not only those most guilty, but their associates, instigators, prompters, helpers, and concealers, shall be deprived of all civil rights, and be put to death. Those who have knowledge of such evil intentions and of preparations to carry them into execution, and who, having power to inform the Government thereof, do not fulfill that duty, shall be subjected to the same punishment.

"SECTION 250. If the guilty persons have not manifested an intention to resort to violence, but have organized a society or association, intended to attain, at a more or less remote time in the future, the objects set forth in section 249, or have joined such an association, they shall be sentenced, according to the degree of their criminality, either to from four to six years of penal servitude with deprivation of all civil rights [including exile to Siberia for life]. . . . or to colonization in Siberia [without penal servitude], or to imprisonment in a fortress from one year and four months to four years."

These sections, it will be observed, are tolerably comprehensive. They not only include all attempts to overthrow the government *vi et armis*; they not only cover all action "calculated to create disrespect for MAJESTY"; but they provide for the punishment of the mere intention to bring about a change of administration at a remote time in the future by means of peaceable discussion and the education of the people. Even this is not all. A man may be perfectly loyal; he may never have given expression to a single thought calculated to create disrespect for the Gossudar or the Gossudar's government, and yet, if he comes accidentally to know that his sister, or his brother, or his friend belongs to a society which contemplates a "change in the existing form of government," and if he does not go voluntarily to the Chief of Gendarmes and betray that brother, sister, or friend, the law is adequate to send him to Siberia for life.

When the prisoner, at the beginning of the "dopros," is informed that he is accused of "the crimes set forth and described in sections

* Russian Penal Code, Tagantseff's edition, pp. 172-174. St. Petersburg: 1886. The words in brackets are my own.—G. K.

245, 249, and 250 of the Penal Code," he is almost as much in the dark as ever with regard to the nature of his offense. He may be an "insulter of MAJESTY"; he may be held for an intention "to change the existing form of government". . . . "at some more or less remote time in the future"; or he may have rendered himself liable to penal servitude by his neglect to inform the Chief of Gendarmes that he thinks his sister belongs to a secret society. He can console himself, however, with the reflection that when he is finally sentenced, the nature of the punishment to which he is condemned will indicate approximately the offense for which he has been tried.

The "dopros" resembles in all respects the preliminary examination except that it is conducted by the Procureur in person, is based upon a much greater mass of data, and is consequently more severe and searching. At its conclusion the prisoner is required to sign his testimony, and is then remanded to his cell. The Procureur makes out, at his leisure, a statement of the case, showing what he thinks he can prove against the accused, and sends it with all the papers to the Ministry of Justice. After this time the prisoner, if he has not been obstinate and refractory, is granted certain privileges. He can have interviews with his relatives in the presence of an officer twice a week; he can write and receive open letters, and he is allowed books. Even these privileges, however, have their drawbacks. The relatives who come to see him may be arrested at the prison and exiled to Siberia by "administrative process";* half the contents of his letters may be "blacked out" or erased by the police through whose hands they pass;† and the only books given him may be the Bible and the Penal Code.‡

The papers in the prisoner's case reach the Ministry of Justice in from one to three months. They may lie there awaiting examination three months, or even six months, more. When they are finally reached and the Minister proceeds to act upon them, he may do any one of four things: *First*, if the evidence submitted does not seem to him sufficient to justify even the detention of the accused, he may

order his release, as he did in the cases of nearly eight hundred of the "propagandists." *Second*, if the evidence, although insufficient, seems to indicate that a case can be made out, he may return the papers to the Procureur with instructions to continue the investigation. This results in a further delay of at least six months. *Third*, if the evidence is not sufficient to secure conviction in a court, if it probably cannot be supplemented, and if the Minister is nevertheless satisfied that the accused is a disloyal person, whom it would be dangerous to release, he may order his exile to Siberia by "administrative process" for a period not greater than five years. *Fourth*, if the evidence against the accused collected by the Procureur is probably adequate to secure conviction in a court, the prisoner is held for trial.

From the Ministry of Justice the papers go to the Ministry of the Interior, where they again await their turn for examination. The Minister of the Interior may approve the decision of the Minister of Justice, or he may disapprove it. In the former case the papers go to the Tsar for final action, and in the latter case they are "hung up" for further consideration, or sent back to the Procureur for amendment.

The result of this course of procedure, every step of which is marked by delay due to the overcrowded condition of the various departmental and ministerial files, is to prolong almost indefinitely the period of uncertainty which intervenes between the prisoner's arrest and his final release, trial, or exile. Most of the political cases I investigated spent from one year to two and a half years in prison before they were sent to Siberia. In exceptional instances the terms of imprisonment were much longer. Solomon Chudnofski, who is now in exile in Tomsk, awaited final action in his case from January 27th, 1874, to July 18th, 1878, a period of four years and six months. During nearly the whole of this time he was in solitary confinement, and for twenty months he was in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress.

Such delay is exasperating to the relatives and friends even of prisoners who are known to be guilty; it is maddening to persons who

* A young revolutionist by the name of Maidanski was hanged in Odessa in 1880. His mother, an aged peasant woman, when she heard that her son had been condemned to death, came to the prison to bid him good-bye. She was not allowed, however, to see him, but was herself arrested and exiled by "administrative process" to the province of Krasnoyarsk in eastern Siberia.

† I have such a letter now in my possession. It consisted originally of four closely written pages of commercial note paper. The police erased all except the following words:

"MEZEN, December 8th, 1880.

"MY DEAR IVAN IVANOVITCH: I send you eight

roubles. It is all I can do at present. . . . [four pages crossed out]. . . . I kiss you warmly.

[Signed] "ALEXE."

‡ The Bible and the Penal Code were the only literature given, during the first part of his imprisonment, to a young exile from St. Petersburg whom I met in Siberia. The intention, doubtless, was to incite to virtue on the one hand and to warn against crime on the other. To most political prisoners, however, such a selection of books would have suggested an instructive—or, as the officials would probably say, seditious and incendiary—comparison between the laws of Russia and the laws of Christ, and would thus have defeated the object which the police had in view.

believe that their sons, daughters, sisters, or friends are innocent, and who lose them by death or suicide in prison before trial.

In 1886 there died in St. Petersburg a young girl not yet twenty years of age named Fedoteva, a student in one of the high schools for women in that city. She had been arrested nearly a year before upon some political charge and had been held in solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention until her health had given way, and had then been removed, dangerously ill, to the hospital, where she died in the delirium of brain fever. Upon being apprised of the young girl's death, Mrs. Fedoteva went to the Chief of Police and asked at what time her daughter would be buried, as she desired to attend the funeral. She was told that the funeral would take place from the hospital at a stated hour on the following day.

The authorities do not allow the friends of a dead political prisoner to take charge of the body nor to conduct the funeral if there is any reason to apprehend what is known in the official world as a *demonstratsia* or public manifestation of sympathy. In this case it was feared that the school associates of the dead girl would follow her body to the grave in a procession, and that the more excitable of them would perhaps attempt to make speeches, or create in some way a scene which would call public attention to the fact that a young girl accused of a political offense had died in prison untried. If a public funeral were permitted, and if a *demonstratsia* should be attempted by the dead girl's friends, the police would be obliged to interfere, and such interference would not only "excite the public mind," but would necessarily result in the arrest of more young people. Furthermore, interference with a funeral would be disagreeable — it would look too much like striking the dead. Clearly, therefore, this was a case in which the maintenance of public order and tranquillity and the protection of hot-headed young people from the consequences of their possible rashness required, and would justify, the utmost secrecy.

Acting upon this reasoning, the Chief of Police directed that the young girl be buried quietly at night, without the knowledge of her relatives and friends; and she was so buried.

When, at the appointed hour on the following day, Mrs. Fedoteva came to the hospital to pay the last and only possible tribute of love to the lifeless body of her dead child by following it to the grave, she was informed that the funeral had already taken place. When she went to the Chief of Police and asked where her daughter had been buried, the only reply she

received was "Etta nasha diella" — "That is our business."

This mournful story was first told to me by the managing editor of a well-known St. Petersburg newspaper, who, of course, did not dare to print it. I heard it afterwards from others, and was finally able to verify it completely and circumstantially by conversation with an official in the hospital where the young girl died.

In order to make clear the bearing of such a fact as this on the so-called policy of "terror," I will ask the reader of these pages the question which was put to me: "Imagine that your only daughter, a school-girl, still in her teens, had been arrested upon a vague charge of disloyalty; that she had been thrown into prison and kept there a year in solitary confinement without a trial; that she had died at last of brain fever brought on by grief, anxiety, apprehension, and solitude; that you had not been permitted to stand by her death-bed; that you had been deceived as to the time of her funeral; and that finally, when you went humbly and respectfully to the Chief of Police and asked where your murdered child had been buried, that you might at least wet the fresh earth of her grave with your tears, you had received the contemptuous answer, 'That is our business,' what would you have done?"

The fierce impulse to avenge such wrongs as these is morally unjustifiable; it is unchristian; it is, if you please, criminal; but, after all, it is human. A man is not necessarily a ferocious, blood-thirsty fanatic if, under such provocation, and in the absence of all means of redress, he strikes back with such weapons as lie nearest his hand. It is not my purpose, in setting forth this and other similar facts, to justify the policy of the "terrorists" nor to approve even by implication the resort to murder as a means of tempering despotism; but it is my purpose to explain, so far as I can, certain morbid social phenomena; and in making such explanation, circumstances seem to lay upon me the duty of saying to the world for the Russian revolutionists all that they might fairly say for themselves, if the lips of the dead had not already moldered into dust, and if the voices of the living were not stifled by prison walls. The Russian Government has its own press, and its own representatives abroad; it can explain, if it chooses, its methods and measures; and it can defend itself against charges which are without foundation. The Russian revolutionists, buried alive in remote Siberian solitudes, can only tell their story to an occasional traveler from a freer country, and ask him to lay it before the world for judgment.

George Kennan.

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Circuit Rider," "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "Roxy," etc.

IV.

LOCKWOOD'S PLAN.



GEORGE LOCKWOOD, being only mildly malicious, felt something akin to compensation at having procured for Tom so severe a loss. But he was before all things a man secretive and calculating: the first thing he did with any circumstance was to take it into his intellectual back-room, where he spent most of his time, and demand what advantage it could give to George Lockwood. When he had let all the boys out of the store at a quarter past twelve, he locked and barred the door. Then he put away the boxes and all other traces of the company, and carried his tallow candle into his rag-carpeted bedroom, which opened from the rear of the store and shared the complicated and characteristic odors of the shop with a dank smell of its own; this last came from a habit Lockwood had when he sprinkled the floor of the store, preparatory to sweeping it, of extending the watering process to the rag-carpet of the bedroom. His mind gave only a passing thought of mild exultation, mingled with an equally mild regret, to poor Tom Grayson's misfortune. He was already inquiring how he might, without his own hand appearing in the matter, use the occurrence for his own benefit. Tom had had presence of mind enough left to beg the whole party in the store to say nothing about the affair; but notwithstanding the obligation which the set felt to protect one another from the old fogies of their families, George Lockwood thought the matter would probably get out. He was not the kind of man to make any bones about letting it out, if he could thereby gain any advantage. The one feeling in his tepid nature that had ever attained sufficient intensity to keep him awake at night was his passion for Rachel Albaugh; and his passion was quite outside of any interest he might have in Rachel's reversionary certainty of the one-half of John Albaugh's lands. This, too, he had calculated, but as a subordinate consideration.

He reflected that Rachel might come to town next Saturday, which was the general trading-day of the country people. If she should come, she would be sure to buy something of him. But how could he tell her of Tom's unlucky gambling? To do so directly would be in opposition to all the habits of his prudent nature. Nor could he bethink him of a ruse that might excuse an indirect allusion to it; and he went to sleep at length without finding a solution of his question.

But chance favored him, for with the Saturday came rain, and Rachel regretfully gave over a proposed visit to the village. But as some of the things wanted were quite indispensable, Ike Albaugh was sent to Moscow, and he came into Wooden & Snyder's store about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. George Lockwood greeted him cordially, and weighed out at his request three pounds of tenpenny nails to finish the new corn-crib, a half-pound of cut tobacco to replenish the senior Albaugh's pipe from time to time, a dollar's worth of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of Epsom salts,—these last two for general use. He also measured off five yards of blue cotton drilling, six feet of half-inch rope for a halter, and two yards of inch-wide ribbon to match a sample sent by Rachel. Then he filled one of the Albaugh jugs with molasses and another with whisky, which last was indispensable in the hay harvest. These articles were charged to John Albaugh's account; he was credited at the same time with the ten pounds of fresh butter that Isaac had brought. George Lockwood also wrapped up a paper of "candy kisses," as they were called, which he charged Ike to give to Rachel from him, but which he forgot to enter to his own account on the day-book.

"By the way, Ike," he said, "did you know that Dave Sovine got back last week?"

"Yes," said Ike; "I hear the Sovine folks made a terrible hullabaloo over the returned prodigal,—killed the fatted calf, and all that."

"A tough prodigal *he* is!" said Lockwood, with a gentle smile of indifference. "You'd better look out for him."

"Me? Why?" asked Ike. "He never had any grudge ag'inst me, as I know of."

"No," said Lockwood, laughing, "not that. But he's cleaned all the money out of all the

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boys about town, and he'll be going after you country fellows next, I guess. He's the *darnedest* hand with cards!"

"Well, he won't git a-holt of *me*," said Ike, with boyish exultation. "I don't hardly more 'n know the ace f'um the jack. I never played but on'y just once; two or three games with one of the harvest hands, four years ago. He was showin' me how, you know, one Sunday in the big haymow, an' jus' as I got somethin' 't he called high low jack, the old man took 't into his head to come up the ladder to see what was goin' on. You know father's folks was Dunkers, an' he don't believe in cards. I got high low jack that time, an' I won't fergit it the longest day I live." Ike grinned a little ruefully at the recollection. "Could n' draw on my roundabout fer a week without somebody helpin' me, I was so awful sore between the shoulders. Not any more fer me, thank you!"

"It 'u'd be good for some other young fellows I know, if they 'd had some of the same liniment," said Lockwood, beginning to see his way clear, and speaking in a languid tone with his teeth half closed. "Blam'd 'f I did n't see Sovine, a-settin' right there on that kag of sixp'ny nails the other night, win all a fellow's money, and then his handkerchief and his knife. The fellow — you know him well — got so excited that he put up his hat and his coat and his boots, an' Dave took 'em all. He's got some cheatin' trick ur 'nother, but I stood right over 'im an' I can't quite make it out yet. I tried to coax 'im to give back the hat an' coat an' boots; but no, sir, he's a regular black-leg. He would n't give up a thing till I lent the other fellow as much money as he 'd staked ag'inst them."

"Who wuz the other fellow?" asked Ike Albaugh, with lively curiosity.

"Oh! I promised not to tell"; but as Lockwood said this he made an upward motion with his pointed thumb, and turned his eyes towards the office overhead.

"Why, not Tom?" asked Ike, in an excited whisper.

"Don't you say anything about it," said George, looking serious. "He don't want his uncle's folks to know anything about it. And besides, I have n't mentioned any name, you know"; and he fell into a playful little titter between his closed teeth, as he shook his head secretly, and turned away to attend to a woman who, in spite of the rain, had brought on horseback a large "feed-basket" full of eggs, and three pairs of blue stockings of her own knitting, which she wished to exchange for a calico dress-pattern and some other things.

But Lockwood turned to call after the departing youth: "You won't mention that to anybody, will you, Ike?"

"To b' shore not," said Ike, as he went out of the door thinking how much it would interest Rachel.

Ike Albaugh was too young and too light-hearted to be troubled with forebodings. Rachel might marry anybody she pleased "f'r all of him." It was her business, and she was of age, he reflected, and he was n't her "garden." At most, if it belonged to anybody to interfere, "it was the ole man's lookout." But the story of Tom Grayson's losing all his money, and even part of his clothes, was something interesting to tell, and it did not often happen to the young man to have the first of a bit of news. A farm-house on the edge of an unsettled prairie is a dull place, where all things have a monotonous, diurnal revolution and a larger annual repetition; any event with a parabolic or hyperbolic orbit which intrudes into this system is a godsend; even the most transient shooting-star of gossip is a relief. But this would be no momentary meteor, and Isaac saw in the newly acquired information something to "tease Rache with," and teasing one's sister is always lawful sport. He owed her some good-natured grudges; here was one chance to be even with her.

Ike got home at half-past six, and Rachel had to spread for him a cold supper, chiefly of corn-bread and milk. He gave her the ribbon and the little package of square candy kisses from Lockwood. Rachel sat down at the table opposite her hungry brother, and, after giving him a part of the sweets, she amused herself with unfolding the papers that inclosed each little square of candy and reading the couplets of honeyed doggerel wrapped within.

"Did you hear anything of Tom?" Rachel asked.

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Oh! I promised not to say anything about it."

"You need n't be afraid of making me jealous," said the sister, with a good-natured, half-defiant settling of her head on one side.

"Jealous? No, it's not anything like that. You ain't good at guessin', Sis; girls never air."

"Not even Ginie Miller," said Rachel. She usually met Ike's hackneyed allusions to the inferiority of girls by some word about Ginie. It was plain her brother was in a teasing mood, and that her baffled curiosity would not find satisfaction by coaxing. She knew well enough that Ike was not such a fool as to keep an interesting secret long enough for it to grow stale and unmarketable on his hands.

"Let it go,— I don't care," she said, as she got up and moved about the kitchen.

"You would, if you knew," said Ike.

"But I don't, and so there's an end of it"; and she began to hum a sentimental song of the languishing sort so much in vogue in that day. The melancholy refrain, which formed the greater part of this one, ran:

"Long, long ago, long ago."

It is one of the paradoxes of human nature that young women with all the world before them delight in singing retrospective melodies about an auld-lang-syne concerning which, in the very nature of the case, they cannot well know anything, but in regard to which they seem to entertain sentiments so excruciating.

"It was n't so very long ago, nuther," said Ike, whose dialect was always intensified when there were harvest hands on the place.

"What was n't?" said Rachel, with her back to him.

"Why, Tom's scrape, of course."

"Was it a very bad one? Did he get took up?" Rachel's face was still averted, but Ike noted with pleasure that her voice showed a keen interest in his news.

"Oh, no, 't's not him 't ought to be took up; it's Dave Sovine."

Rachel cleared her throat and waited a few seconds before speaking again.

"Did Dave hurt Tom much?" she asked, groping after the facts among the various conjectures that suggested themselves.

"Well, yes," said Ike, with a broad grin of delight at his sister's wide guessing; but by this time he was pretty well exhausted by the strain put upon his feeble secretiveness. "Yes, hurt him? I sh'd say so!" he went on. "Hurts like blazes to have a blackleg like Dave win all yer money an' yer knife, an' yer hankercher, an' yer hat an' coat an' boots in the bargain. But you mus' n't say anything about it, Sis. It's a dead secret."

"Who told you?"

"Nobody," said Ike, feeling some compunction that he had gone so far. "I just heard it."

"Who'd you hear it from?"

"George Lockwood kind uh let 't out without 'xactly sayin' 't wuz Tom. But he did n't deny it *wuz* Tom."

Having thus relieved himself from the uncomfortable pressure of his secret, Ike got up and went out whistling, leaving Rachel to think the matter over. It was not the moral aspect of the question that presented itself to her. If Tom had beaten Sovine she would not have cared. It was Tom's cleverness as well as his buoyant spirit that had touched her, and now her hero had played the fool. She had the wariness of one who had known many lovers; her wit was not profound, and she saw rather than contrived the course most natural

to one of her prudent and ease-loving temperament; she would hold Tom in check, and postpone the disagreeable necessity for final decision.

V.

THE MITTEN.

NEXT to Tom's foreboding about his uncle was the dread of the effect of his bad conduct on Rachel. On that rainy Saturday afternoon he thought much about the possibility of making shipwreck with Rachel; and this led him to remember with a suspicion, foreign to his temper, the part that Lockwood had taken in his disgrace. By degrees he transferred much of his indignation from Sovine to George Lockwood. He resolved to see Rachel on his way back to town, and if possible by a frank confession to her to forestall and break the force of any reports that might get abroad. The bold course was always the easiest to one of so much impulsiveness. He remembered that there was a "singin'," as it was called in the country, held every Sunday afternoon in the Timber Creek school-house, half-way between his mother's house and Albaugh's. This weekly singing-school was attended by most of the young people of the neighborhood, and by Rachel Albaugh among the rest. Tom planned to stop, as though by chance, at the gathering and ride home with the ever-adorable Rachel.

When Tom reached the school-house, Bryant, the peripatetic teacher of vocal music, was standing in front of his class and leading them by beating time with his rawhide riding-whip. Esteeming himself a leader in the musical world, he was not restricted to the methods used by musicians of greater renown. It is easy for ignorance to make innovation,—the America of fifty years ago was seriously thinking of revising everything except the moral law. While Noah Webster in Connecticut was proposing single-handed to work over the English tongue so as to render it suitable to the wants of a self-complacent young nation, other reformers as far away as St. Louis were engaged in improving the world's system of musical notation. Of the new method Bryant was an ardent propagator; he made much of the fact that he was a musical new light, and taught the "square notes," a system in which the relative pitch was not only indicated by the position of the notes upon the clef, but also by their characteristic shapes. Any simpleton could here tell "do" from "me" at sight.

In the "Missouri Harmonist" the lines and spaces were decorated with quavers and semi-quavers whose heads were circles, squares, and triangles, Old Hundred becoming a solemn procession of one-legged and no-legged geo-

metric figures. But Bryant understood his business too well to confine his Sunday classes of young people to Sunday tunes. When Tom, after tying his horse to the inner corner of a rail-fence, pushed back the school-house door, creaking on its wooden hinges, the four divisions of the class were chasing one another through a "round," the words of which ran:

"Now, Lawrence, take your bag,
And go right straight to mill,
And see, m—y b—o—y,
That not a bit you spill!"

This kind of music was naturally popular. Such a service relieves the tedium of a Sunday afternoon, and has something of the charm a dog finds in pursuing his own tail.

Some of the members of the class turned their heads and their vocal mouths towards the door when Tom came in, but in the midst of this jangle of voices singing different portions of the same air most of them had all they could do to keep their time by waving their heads or thumping their toes on the puncheon floor, while they alternately looked at their books and at Bryant, who thrashed away with his whip, his lips seeming to say, though the words were inaudible in the general din:

"Up, down, right, left, up," as he perpetually made right angles in the air. Rachel was in the act of drawing the word "boy" to the full length of a long note with a hold after it, but she looked up long enough to recognize the new arrival; then she dropped her eyes to the book again and gave the most severe attention to Bryant and the square notes thereafter, not once looking at Tom to the end. From this unwonted absorption in her music, Tom inferred that Rachel had somehow heard of his misconduct and was offended. But her charms enchanted him more than ever now that they were receding from him, and with a characteristic resolution he determined not to give her up without a sharp endeavor to regain his lost ground.

When the "singing" "let out," Tom availed himself of the first moment of confusion, while Rachel stood apart, to ask permission to go home with her, in the well-worn formula which was the only polite and proper word to use for the purpose; for it is strange how rigidly certain exact forms were adhered to among a people where intercourse was for the most part familiar and unconventional.

"May I see you safe home?" he asked, as he had often asked before, but never before with trepidation.

"No," said Rachel, with an evident effort, and without looking at Tom's face.

Such an answer is technically known as "the sack" and "the mitten," though it would take

a more inventive antiquary than I to tell how it got these epithets. But it was one of the points on which the rural etiquette of that day was rigorous and inflexible, that such a refusal closed the conversation and annihilated the beau without allowing him to demand any explanations or to make any further advances at the time. But Tom was not easily snuffed out. He had to ride past Rachel's house, and it would be an addition to his disappointment that everybody would see his discomfiture. So he answered:

"Well, I'll lead up your horse for you anyhow," and he went out before she could make up her mind to refuse him, and brought the sorrel filly alongside a tree-stump left standing in front of the school-house for a horse-block. The rest had by this time either mounted and gone, or were walking away afoot. Rachel felt a secret admiration for his audacity as she sprang into her saddle, while Tom held her bridle and adjusted the stirrup to her foot.

"What have I done, Rachel?"

"You know, well enough." Her voice was low and tremulous. She had dismissed other favorites, but never before had she found in herself so much reluctance.

"Do you mean my gambling with Dave Sovine?" said Tom, driving, as usual, point-blank at the very center of things.

"Yes."

"Who told you?" He still held on to her bridle-rein with his left hand,—somewhat as a highwayman does in romances.

"Oh! I guess everybody knows. Ike heard it yesterday, from George Lockwood or somebody."

"It was Lockwood got me into it," said Tom, shutting his teeth hard. "If you'd let me go home with you, I could explain things a little."

But people accustomed to the balmy climate of flattery naturally dread a stiff breeze of ridicule. Rachel Albaugh did not like to bear any share of the odium that must come on Tom when his recklessness, and, above all, his bad luck, should become known. She drew the rein that Tom held, until he felt obliged to let it go, and said "No."

"I have got what I needed," said Tom, making the best of his defeat.

"What?" asked Rachel.

"Oh! one mitten is n't of any use alone; you've given me a pair of them."

Tom felt now the exhilaration of desperation. He gayly mounted his horse, and bade Rachel a cheerful good-bye as he galloped past her; then, when he had overtaken a group of those ahead of Rachel, he reined up and turned in the saddle, leaning his left hand on the croup, while he joked and bantered with

one and another. Then he put his horse into a gallop again.

When he was well out of hearing, Henry Miller, who was one of the party, remarked to his companions that he did n't know what was up, but it seemed to him as though Tom Grayson had got something that looked like a mitten without any thumb. "That's one more that Rache's shed," he said. "But when she gets a chance to shed me, she'll know it."

As Tom rode onward toward the village his spirits sank again, and he let his horse break down into an easy trot and then into a slow walk.

It was no longer Sovine that he cursed inwardly. George Lockwood, he reflected, had called him away from the Law of Common Carriers to play a little game with Dave, and it was Lockwood who had reported his discomfiture to the Albaughs. He brooded over these things, and put them together by multiplication rather than by addition. He concluded that Lockwood, from the first, had planned his ruin and his downfall before Rachel, which was giving that mediocre young man credit for a depth of forethinking malice that he was far from possessing.

Monday morning Tom went into Wooden & Snyder's store on the way to his office above. Lockwood had just finished sweeping out; the sprinkling upon the floor was not dry; it yet showed the figure 8's that he had made in swinging the sprinkler to and fro as he walked. The only persons in the store were two or three villagers; the country people rarely came in on Monday, and never at so early an hour. One frisky young man of a chatty temperament had stopped to exchange the gossip of the morning with George; but meaning to make his halt as slight as possible, he had not gone farther than the threshold, on which he now balanced himself, with his hands in his pockets, talking as he rocked nervously to and fro, like a bird on a waving bough in a high wind. Another villager had slouched in to buy a pound of nails, to repair the damage done to his garden fence by the pigs during Sunday; but as he was never in a hurry, he stood back and gave the first place to a carpenter who wanted a three-cornered file, and who was in haste to get to his day's work. When Lockwood had attended to the carpenter, Tom beckoned him to the back part of the store, and without saying a word counted out to him the money he had borrowed.

Something in Tom's manner gave Lockwood a sneaking feeling that his own share in this affair was not creditable. His was one of those consciences that take their cue from without. Of independent moral judgment he

had little; but he had a vague desire to stand well in the judgment of others, and even to stand well in his own eyes when judged by other people's code. It was this half-evolved conscience that made him wish — (what shall I say? — to atone for the harm he had but half-intentionally done to Tom? or, to remove the unfavorable impression that Tom evidently had of his conduct?) At any rate, when he had taken his money again, he ventured to offer some confidential advice in a low tone. For your cool man who escapes the pitfalls into which better and cleverer men often go headlong is prone to rank his worldly wisdom, and even his sluggish temperament, among the higher virtues. Some trace of this relative complacency made itself heard perhaps in Lockwood's voice, when he said in an undertone:

"You know, Tom, if I were you, I'd take a solemn oath never to touch a card again. You're too rash."

This good counsel grated on the excited feelings of the recipient of it.

"I don't want any advice from you," said Tom in a bitter monotone.

I have heard it mentioned by an expert that a superheated steam-boiler is likely to explode with the first escape of steam, the slight relief of pressure precipitating the catastrophe. Tom had resolved not to speak a word to Lockwood, but his wounded and indignant pride had brooded over Rachel's rejection the livelong night, and now the air of patronage in Lockwood drew from him this beginning; then his own words aggravated his feelings, and speech became an involuntary explosion.

"You called me down-stairs," he said, "and got me into this scrape. Do you think I don't know what it was for? You took pains to have word about it go where it would do me the most harm."

"I did n't do any such thing," said Lockwood.

"You did," said Tom. "You told Ike Albaugh Saturday. You're a cold-blooded villain, and if you cross my path again I'll shoot you."

By this time he was talking loud enough for all in the store to hear. The villager who wanted nails had sidled a little closer to the center of explosion, the young man tilting to and fro on the threshold of the front door had come inside the store and was deeply engaged in studying the familiar collection of pearl buttons, colored sewing-silks, ribbons, and other knick-knacks in the counter show-case, while the carpenter had forgotten his haste, and turning about stood now with his tool-box under his arm, looking at Tom Grayson and Lockwood with blunt curiosity.

"That 's a nice way to treat me, I must say," said Lockwood, in a kind of whine of outraged friendship. "You 'd 'a' gone home bareheaded and in your shirt-sleeves and your stocking-feet, if 't had n't 'a' been fer me."

"I 'd 'a' gone home with my money in my pocket, if you and Dave Sovine had n't fixed it up between you to fleece me. I 'xpect you made as much out of it as Dave did. You've got me out 'v your way now. But you look out! Don't you cross my track again, George Lockwood, or I 'll kill you!"

In a new country, where life is full of energy and effervescence, it is much easier for an enraged man to talk about killing than it is in a land of soberer thinking and less lawlessness. The animal which we call a young man was not so tame in Illinois two generations ago as it is now. But Tom's threat, having given vent to his wrath, lowered the pressure: by the time he had made this second speech his violence had partly spent itself, and he became conscious that he was heard by the three persons in the store, as well as by Snyder, the junior proprietor, who stood now in the back door. Tom Grayson turned and strode out of the place, dimly aware that he had again run the risk of bringing down the avalanche by his rashness. For if Tom was quickly brought to a white-heat, radiation was equally rapid. Long before noon he saw clearly that he had probably rendered it impossible to keep the secret of his gambling from his uncle. All the town would hear of his quarrel with Lockwood, and all the town would set itself to know to the utmost the incident that was the starting-point of a wrath so violent.

If Tom had not known by many frosty experiences his uncle's unimpressible temper, he would have followed his instinct and gone directly to him with a frank confession. But there was nothing to be gained by such a course with such a man.

VI.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

THOMAS GRAYSON the elder was one of those men who contrive to play an important part in a community without having any specific vocation. He had a warehouse in which space was sometimes let for the storage of other people's goods, but which also served to hold country produce whenever, in view of a probable rise in the market, he chose to enter the field as a cash buyer in competition with the "store-keepers," who bought only in exchange for goods. Sometimes, in the fall and the winter, he would purchase hogs and cattle from the farmers and have them driven to the most promising market. He also served

the purpose of a storage reservoir in the village trade; for he always had money or credit, and whenever a house, or a horse, or a mortgage, or a saw-mill, or a lot of timber, or a farm, or a stock of goods was put on the market at forced sale, Grayson the elder could be counted on to buy it if no better purchaser were to be found. He had no definite place of business; he was generally to be found about the street, ready to buy or sell, or to exchange one thing for another, whenever there was a chance to make a profit.

He had married late; and even in marrying he took care to make a prudent investment. His wife brought a considerable addition to his estate and no unduly expensive habits. Like her husband, she was of a thrifty disposition and plain in her tastes. The temptations to a degree of ostentation are stronger in a village than in a city, but Mrs. Grayson was not moved by them; she lent herself to her husband's ambition to accumulate. Not that the Graysons were without pride; they thought, indeed, a good deal of their standing among their neighbors. But it was gratifying to them to know that the village accounted Grayson a good deal better off than some who indulged in a larger display. The taking of Tom had been one of those economic combinations which men like Grayson are fond of making. He knew that his neighbors thought he ought to do something for his brother's family. To pay the debt on the farm would be the simplest way of doing this, but it would be a dead deduction from the ever-increasing total of his assets. When, however, Barbara had come to him with a direct suggestion that he should help her promising brother to a profession, the uncle saw a chance to discharge the obligation which the vicarious sentiment of his neighbors and the censure of his own conscience imposed on him, and to do it with advantage to himself. He needed somebody "to do choores" at his house; the wood had to be sawed, the cow had to be milked, the horse must be fed, and the garden attended to. Like most other villagers, Grayson had been wont to look after such things himself, but as his wealth and his affairs increased, he had found the chores a burden on his time and some distraction from his dignity. So he, therefore, took his namesake into his house and sent him to the village school for three years, and then put him into the office of Lawyer Blackman, to whom he was wont to intrust his conveyancing and law business. This law business entailed a considerable expense, and Thomas Grayson the elder may have seen more than a present advantage in having his nephew take up the profession under his protection. But the young man's unsteadiness, late hours,

and impulsive rashness had naturally been very grievous to a cool-headed speculator who never in his life had suffered an impulse or a sentiment to obstruct his enterprises.

Of domestic life there was none in the house of Thomas Grayson, unless one should give that name to sleeping and waking, cooking and eating, cleaning the house and casting up accounts. With his wife Grayson talked about the diverse speculations he had in hand or in prospect, and canvassed his neighbors chiefly on the business side of their lives, pleasing his pride of superior sagacity in pointing out the instances in which they had failed to accomplish their ends from apathy or sheer blundering. The husband and wife had no general interest in anything; no playful banter, no interesting book, no social assemblage or cheerful game ever ameliorated the austerity of their lives. The one thread of sentiment woven into their stone-colored existence was a passionate fondness for their only child Janet, a little thing four years old when Tom came into the house to do chores and go to school,—a child of seven now that Tom was drifting into trouble that threatened to end his professional career before it had been begun. Janet was vivacious and interesting rather than pretty, though her mass of dark hair, contrasting with a fair skin and blue eyes, made her appearance noticeable. Strict in their dealings with themselves and severe with others, Janet's father and mother did not know how to refuse her anything; she had grown up willful and a little overbearing; but she was one of those children of abundant imagination and emotion that sometimes, as by a freak of nature, are born to commonplace parents. Those who knew her were prone to say that "the child must take back"; for the country people had observed this phenomenon of inheritance from remote ancestors and given it a name long before learned men discovered it and labeled it *atavism*.

A fellow like Tom, full of all sorts of impetuosities, could not help being in pretty constant conflict with his uncle and his aunt. On one pretext or another he contrived to escape from the restraints of the house, and to spend his evenings in such society as a village offers. A young man may avoid the temptations of a great city, where there are many circles of association to choose from; but in a village of a certain size, where there is but one group, and where all the youth are nearly on a level, demoralization is easier. Tom had a country boy's appetite for companionship and excitement; he had no end of buoyant spirits and cordial friendliness; and he was a good teller of amusing stories,—so that he easily came to be a leader in all the frolics and freaks of the

town. His uncle administered some severe rebukes and threatened graver consequences; but rebukes and threats served only to add the spice of peril to Tom's adventures.

The austerity of acquisitiveness is more tedious to others, perhaps, than the austerity of religious conviction. To a child like Janet, endowed with passion and imagination, the grave monotony of the Grayson household was almost unbearable. From the moment of Tom's coming she had clung to him, rejoicing in his boyish spirits, and listening eagerly to his fund of stories, which were partly made up for her amusement, and partly drawn from romances which he had somewhat surreptitiously read. When he was away, Janet watched for his return; she romped with him in defiance of the stiff proprieties of the house, and she followed him at his chores. She cherished a high admiration for his daring and rebellious spirit, often regretting that she was not a boy: it would be fine to climb out of a bedroom window at night to get away to some forbidden diversion! On the other hand, the unselfish devotion of Tom to the child was in strange contrast with the headlong willfulness of his character. He made toys and planned surprises for her, and he was always ready to give up his time to her pleasure.

It is hardly likely that Grayson would have borne with his nephew a single year if it had not been for Janet's attachment to him. More than once, when his patience was clean tired out, he had said to his wife something to this effect:

"I think, Charlotte, I'll have to send Tom back to his mother. He gets nothing but mischief here in town, and he worries me to death."

To which Mrs. Grayson would reply: "Just think of Janet. I'm afraid she'd pine away if Tom was sent off. The boy is kind to her, and I'm sure that's one good thing about him."

This consideration had always settled the question; for the two main purposes of life with Grayson and his wife were to accumulate property and to gratify every wish of their child. Having only one sentiment, it had acquired a tremendous force.

VII.

LOCKWOOD'S REVENGE.

WHEN Tom, after his violent speech on that unlucky Monday morning, had gone out of Wooden & Snyder's store, George Lockwood turned to Snyder, the junior partner, and said, with his face a little flushed:

"What a fool that boy is, anyhow! He came in here the other night after the store was shut up and played cards with Dave Sovine till he lost all the money he had. I tried

my best to stop him, but I could n't do it. He went on and bet all the clo'es he could spare and lost 'em. I had to lend him the money to get 'em back. It seems Tom's girl — John Albaugh's daughter — heard of it, and now he will have it that I went in partnership with Sovine to get his money, and that I wanted to get Rachel Albaugh away from 'im."

"You ought n't to have any card-playing here," said Snyder.

"I tole the boys then that if they come in here again they must n't bring any cards."

"Tom 's a fool to threaten you that way. You could bind him over on that, I suppose," said Snyder.

"I s'pose I could," said George.

But he did nothing that day. He prided himself on being a man that a body could n't run over, but he had his own way of resisting aggression; he was not Esau, but Jacob. He could not storm and threaten like Tom; there was no tempest in him. His sentiments, being of the cool and venomous kind, kept well, and did not lose their strength, as Tom's did, by exposure to the air. The day after Tom's outburst, Lockwood, having taken time to consider the alternatives, suggested to Snyder, that while he was n't afraid of Tom, there was no knowing what such a hot-head might do. Lockwood professed an unwillingness to bind Tom over to keep the peace, but thought some influence might be brought to bear on him that would serve the purpose. Snyder proposed that Lockwood should go to see Tom's uncle, but George objected. That would only inflame Tom and make matters worse. Perhaps Snyder would see Blackman, so that Lockwood need not appear in the matter? Then Blackman could speak to Grayson the elder, if he thought best.

The calculating temper, and the touch of craftiness, pliancy, and tact in Lockwood served the ends of his employers in many ways, and Snyder was quite willing to put his clerk under obligations of friendship to him. Therefore, when he saw Tom go out of the office, Snyder went up and had an interview with Blackman. As the lawyer was intrusted with all the bad debts and pettifogging business of Wooden & Snyder, any suggestion from a member of the firm was certain to receive attention. Snyder told the lawyer that Lockwood did n't want to drag Tom before a squire, and suggested that Blackman could settle it by getting the uncle to give the fellow a good admonition. He offered the suggestion as though it were quite on his own motion, he having overheard Tom's threat. The hand of George Lockwood was concealed; but it was only Lockwood who knew how exceedingly vulnerable Tom's fortunes were on the side of

his relations with his uncle. That evening Blackman sat in Grayson's sitting-room. He was a man with grayish hair, of middle height, and rather too lean to fill up his clothes, which hung on his frame rather than fitted it; and if one regarded his face, there seemed too little substance to quite fill out his skin, which was not precisely wrinkled, but rather wilted. Grayson had turned around in his writing-chair and sat with one leg over the arm, but Blackman had probably never lolled in his life: he was possessed by a sort of impotent uneasiness that simulated energy and diligence. He sat, as was his wont, on the front rail of the chair-seat, as though afraid to be comfortable, and he held in his hand a high hat half full of papers, according to the custom of the lawyers of that day, who carried on their heads that part of their business which they could not carry in them. Blackman told the story of Tom's gambling as he had heard it, and of his threatening Lockwood, while the brows of Tom's uncle visibly darkened. Then the lawyer came to what he knew would seem to Grayson the vital point in the matter.

"You know," he said, "if George Lockwood was a-mind to, he could bind Tom to keep the peace; though I don't s'pose Tom meant anything more than brag by talking that way. But it would n't be pleasant for you to have Tom hauled up, and to have to go his bail. I told Snyder I thought you could fix it up without going before the squire." Blackman passed his heavily laden hat from his right hand to his left, and then with the right he nervously roached up his stiff, rusty hair, which he habitually kept standing on end. After which he took a red silk handkerchief from his hat and wiped his face, while Grayson got up and walked the floor.

"I should n't like to have to go anybody's bail," said the latter after awhile; "it 's against my principles to go security. I suppose the best thing would be to send him back to the country to cool off."

Blackman nodded a kind of half assent, but did not venture any further expression of opinion. He rose and deposited his silk handkerchief in a kind of coil on the papers in his hat, and then bent his head forward and downward so as to put on the hat without losing its contents; once it was in place he brought his head to a perpendicular position, so that all the mass of portable law business settled down on the handkerchief, which acted as a cushion between Blackman's affairs and his head.

Tom came in as Blackman went out, and something in the manner of the latter gave him a feeling that he had been the subject of conversation between the lawyer and his uncle. He went directly to his room, and de-

bated within himself whether or not he should go down and interrupt by a frank and full confession the discussion which he thought was probably taking place between Mr. and Mrs. Grayson. But knowing his uncle's power of passive resistance, he debated long — so long that it came to be too late, and he went to bed, resolved to have the first of it with his uncle in the morning.

There was a very serious conference between the two members of the Grayson firm that evening. Mrs. Grayson again presented to her husband the consideration that, if Tom should go away, she did n't see what she was to do with Janet. The child would cry her eyes out, and there 'd be no managing her. Grayson sat for some time helpless before this argument.

"I don't see," he said at length, "but we've got to face Janet. We might as well teach her to mind first as last." It was a favorite theory with both of them, that some day Janet was to be taught to mind. So long as no attempt was made to fix the day on which the experiment was to begin, the thought pleased them and did no harm. But this proposition to undertake the dreadful task at once was a spurt of courage in Thomas Grayson that surprised his wife.

"Well, Mr. Grayson," she said, with some spirit, "the child's as much yours as she's mine; and if she's to be taught to mind to-morrow, I only hope you'll stay at home and begin."

To this suggestion the husband made no reply. He got up and began to look under the furniture for the boot-jack, according to his custom of pulling off his boots in the sitting-room every night before going to bed.

"You see, Charlotte," he said deprecatingly, when he had fished his boot-jack out from under the bureau, "I don't know what to do. If I keep Tom, Lockwood 'll have him before the squire, and I 'll have to pay costs and go bail for him."

"I would n't do it," said Mrs. Grayson promptly. "We can't afford to have the little we've got put in danger for him. I think you 'll have to send him home, and we 'll have to get on with Janet. I'm sure we haven't any money to waste. People think we're rich, but we don't feel rich. We're always stinted when we want anything."

The consideration of the risk of the bail settled the matter with both of them. But, like other respectable people, they settled such questions in duplicate. There are two sets of reasons for any course: the one is the real and decisive motive at the bottom; the other is the pretended reason you impose on yourself and fail to impose on your neighbors. The minister accepts the call to a new church with a larger salary; he tells himself that it is on

account of opportunities for increased usefulness that he changes. The politician accepts the office he did n't want out of deference to the wishes of importunate friends. A widower marries for the good of his children. These are not hypocrites imposing on their neighbors; that is a hard thing to do, unless the neighbors really wish to be humbugged in the interest of a theory. But we keep complacency whole by little impostures devised for our private benefit. It is pleasant to believe that we are acting from Sunday motives, but we always keep good substantial week-day reasons for actual service. These will bear hard usage without becoming shiny or threadbare, and they are warranted not to lose their colors in the sunshine.

"I'm sure," said Grayson, "Tom gets no good here. If anything will do him any good, it will be sending him to the country to shift for himself. It 'll make a man of him, maybe." No better Sunday reason for his action could have been found.

"I think it's your duty to send him home," said his wife, who was more frightened the more she thought of the possible jeopardy of a few hundred dollars from the necessity her husband would be under of going Tom's bail. "A boy like Tom is a great deal better off with his mother," she went on; "and I'm sure we've tried to do what we could for him, and nobody can blame us if he will throw away his chance."

Thus the question was doubly settled; and as by this time Mr. Grayson's boots were off, and he had set them in the corner and pushed the boot-jack into its place under the bureau with his foot, there was no reason why they should not take the candle and retire.

But when morning came Grayson was still loth to face the matter of getting rid of Tom, and especially of contending with Janet. Tom found no chance to talk with him before breakfast, for the uncle did not come out of his bedroom till the coffee was on the table, and he was so silent and constrained that Tom felt his doom in advance. Janet tried to draw her father and then her mother into conversation, but failing, she settled back with the remark, "This is the *crossesst* family!" Then she made an attempt on Tom, who began by this time to feel that exhilaration of desperation that was usually the first effect of a catastrophe on his combative spirit, for no man could be more impudent to fate than he. When Janet playfully stole a biscuit from his plate, he pretended to search for it everywhere, and then set in a breakfast-table romp between the two which exasperated the feelings of Grayson and his wife. When they rose from the table the uncle turned severely on his nephew, and said:

"Tom—"

But before he could speak a second word, the nephew, putting Janet aside, interrupted him with:

"Uncle, I should like to speak with you alone a minute."

They went into the sitting-room together, and Tom closed the door. Tom was resolved to have the first of it.

"Uncle, I think I had better go home." Tom was looking out the window as he spoke. "I got into a row last week through George Lockwood, who persuaded me to play cards for money with Dave Sovine. I don't want to get you into any trouble, so I'm off for Hubbard Township, if you don't object. There's no use of crying over spilt milk, and that's all there is about it."

"I'm very sorry, Tom, that you won't pay attention to what I've said to you about card-playing." The elder Grayson had seated himself, while Tom now stood nervously listening to his uncle's voice, which was utterly dry and business-like; there was not the slightest quiver of feeling in it. "I've got on in the world without anybody to help me, but I never let myself play cards, and I've always kept my temper. You never make any money by getting mad, and if you're going to make any money, it's better to have people friendly. Now, I have to stand a good deal of abuse. People try to cheat me, and if I take the law they call me a skinflint; but I should n't make a cent more by quarreling, and I might lose something. I can't keep you, and have you go on as you do. I've told you that before. Now, you'd better go home. Town will ruin you. A little hard work in the country'll be better, and you won't be gambling away the last cent you've got with a loafer like Dave Sovine, and then threatening to shoot somebody, as you did young Lockwood day before yesterday. Just think what you are coming to, Tom. I've done my best for you, and you'll never be anything but a gambler and a loafer, I'm afraid."

These hard words sounded harder in the level and self-complacent voice of the senior Grayson, who spoke slowly and with hardly more intensity than there would have been in his depreciation of a horse he was trying to buy. "Just think what you're coming to," he repeated, because he felt that the proper thing to do under the circumstances was to give Tom a good "talking to," and he could n't think of anything more to say.

"I don't need you to tell me what I'm coming to," replied Tom, tartly; "I'm coming to the plow-handle and the grubbing-hoe. I'm sorry to give you trouble, but what I feel meanest about is mother and poor Barbara. I

know what a fool I've been. But I'm no more a gambler and a loafer than you are. It'll take me longer to work into the law by myself, but I'll get there yet, and you'll see it."

This was Tom's only adieu to his uncle, on whom confessions of wrong and expressions of gratitude, had he felt like uttering them, would have been wasted. Tom went to his room, thumping his feet defiantly on the stairs. He made a bundle of his clothes, while his uncle sneaked out of the house to avoid a collision with his little daughter, the only person in the house of whom he was really afraid.

Tom told his Aunt Charlotte good-bye with a high head; but when it came to Janet, he put both arms about the child and drew her to him with a fond embrace.

"You shan't go away, Tom," she said, disengaging herself. "What are you going for? Did they say you must?" By "they" Janet meant her parents, whom she regarded as the allied foes of poor Tom. She looked indignantly at her mother, who had turned her back on this scene of parting.

"I'm going to help my mother," said Tom; "she's poor, and I ought n't to have left her."

He again embraced the child, who began to cry bitterly. "What *shall* I do when you're gone?" she sobbed on his shoulder. "This house won't be fit to live in. *Such a lot of old pokes!*" And she stamped her feet and looked poutingly at her mother.

Tom disengaged himself from her intermittent embraces, and went out with his bundle in his hand.

He went first to the law-office, and sat his bundle on a chair, and addressed himself to Blackman, who had already arrived, and who was apparently much preoccupied with his writing.

"Mr. Blackman, I've made a fool of myself by gambling, and Uncle Tom has concluded I can't stay with him any longer. I don't much wonder at it, either. But I do hate to give up the study. Could n't you give me something to do, so that I could earn my board at your house?"

"No," said the lawyer, looking off horizontally, but not at Tom. "I was just going to tell you I could n't keep you in the office. You've got altogether too much gunpowder for a lawyer. Better get into the regular army, Tom; that would suit your temper better." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "I've got young sons, and your example might ruin them if you should come to my house to live." And he leaned forward as though he would resume his writing. These were sound and logical reasons that Blackman gave for not keeping Tom, and the lawyer was sincere as far as he went. But had he discovered by this time that

Tom's mind was clearer and more acute than his own, and that if Tom should come to the bar with his uncle's backing he would soon be a formidable rival?

"Besides," resumed the lawyer, as Tom turned reluctantly away, "it's better for you to go to the country. George Lockwood will have you bound over to keep the peace if you stay, and now you're out with your uncle, who's going your bail?"

"Always George Lockwood," Tom thought, as he took up his bundle.

"Good-bye, Mr. Blackman!" Tom's voice was husky now. But when he descended the stairs he went down the village street with a bold front, telling his old cronies good-bye, answering their questions frankly, and braving it out to the last. Put the best face upon it he could, his spirit was bitter, and to a group of old companions who followed him to the "corporation line," at the edge of the village, he said, almost involuntarily:

"George Lockwood got me into this scrape to upset me, and he's purty well done it. If he ever crosses my path, I'm going to get even with him."

Such vague threats do not bind one to any definite execution, and they are a relief to the spirit of an angry man.

Having broken with his uncle, Tom must walk the long ten miles to his mother's farm in Hubbard Township. Before he got there his head was down: the unwonted fatigue of his journey, the bitter sense of defeat, the dark picture his imagination made of his mother's disappointment and of the despair of the ambitious Barbara took all the heart out of him.

When he reached home he walked into the house and sat down without saying a word.

"Has Uncle Tom turned you off?" asked Barbara, faltering a little and putting down

her knitting. She had been dreading this end of all her hopes.

"Yes," said Tom; "and I wish to the Lord I was dead and done for." And he leaned his head on his left hand.

"Oh, my poor boy!" began Mrs. Grayson, "and you did n't mean no harm neither. And you're the only boy I've got, too. All the rest dead and gone. They's no end of troubles in this world!"

Tom's shoulders were heaving with feeling. After a moment or two of silence, Barbara went over and put her hand on him.

"Pshaw, Tom! what's the use of giving up? You're a splendid fellow in spite of all, and you'll make your way yet. You only needed a settler, and now you've got it. It won't look so bad by next week. You'll take a school next winter, and after that go back to study law again."

Then she quietly went to the clothes-press by the chimney and got out a hank of yarn, and said to Tom:

"Here, hold this while I wind it. I was just wishing you were here when I saw my ball giving out. That's like you used to do for me. Don't you remember? Mother, get Tom something to eat; he's tired and hungry, I expect."

And choking down the disappointment which involved more than Tom suspected, the keen, black-eyed girl wound her yarn and made an effort to chat with Tom as though he had come home on a visit.

As the last strands were wound on the ball, Tom looked at his sister and said:

"Barbara, you're one of a thousand. But I know this thing's thundering hard on you. I'm going to try to make it up to you from this time. I wish to goodness I had half of your steady sense."

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

"FROM OUT ETERNAL SILENCE DO WE COME."

FROM out eternal silence do we come,
 Into eternal silence do we go;
 For was there not a time, and swift or slow
 Must come again, when all this world's loud hum
 Was naught to us, and shall again grow dumb
 Through all eternity? — Between two low,
 Dark, stony portals, with much empty show
 Of tinkling brass and sounding fife and drum,
 The endless Caravan of Life moves on;
 Or whence or whither, to what destiny,
 But He who dwells beyond the farthest dawn
 Knows, yet reveals not, evermore even He
 In silence wrapt, for all the thunder's roll,
 Save for His deathless message to our soul!

Stuart Sterne.

PICTORIAL SUCCESSES OF MR. IRVING'S "FAUST."



HE critics of Mr. Irving's "Faust," as given at the Lyceum Theater in London, have concerned themselves, as a rule, entirely with its intellectual and dramatic characteristics.

When all the critical points had been discussed but little space remained to give to such secondary considerations as beauty of scenery and perfection of detail. Yet to this perfection and beauty was due the greater part of the success of the play.

The "Faust" pictures are fine not only in themselves but in their harmonious relations to the play. Though Mr. Irving believes that the first duty of one who mounts a piece is to produce a beautiful and pleasing effect, he shows that he thinks it equally necessary to make his audience feel the reality of the scenes before them. Beautiful as are his streets, full of color and richness; his quiet gardens, in the light of the setting sun or the soft afterglow; his wild storm-lit mountain-top, rugged and riven,—not one is given for the sake of its beauty alone. All are realizations either of Goethe's suggestions and descriptions, or of the life of the place and time in which the scenes are laid.

The only scenes to which Goethe gave definite locality are those in Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig and those on the Harz Mountains. Mr. Irving was therefore in a measure free to choose the place for the principal action of his play, and his choice fell upon Nuremberg. As for time, "Faust" is a legend of the Middle Ages, and so long as the medieval character was preserved there was no necessity for exact dates. The brocades and armor worn by the citizens of Nuremberg, if not copied from, are suggested by, old pictures; but for his own dress Mr. Irving conscientiously wears the scarlet coat, the tall cock's feather, and the long, sharp sword which Goethe borrowed from the Mephistopheles of the puppet play. The pointed mustache and short, forked beard of the operatic demon, not being authorized by Goethe, he has discarded,—unwisely we think, since he looks much more like a fallen Dante, as Mr. Hatton says, than like a mocking Mephistopheles. By respecting the traditional dress and disregarding the traditional face, he has given us neither the old Mephistopheles nor a new one.

The chief merit of Mr. Irving's pictures is not in his materials, those being at the disposal of all managers, but in the artistic way in which he uses them. The finest scenes from the

pictorial standpoint are naturally the streets, the gardens, and the Brocken. Here Mr. Irving had the best chance to exercise his powers, and they are all excellent examples of his thoroughness and sincerity. *Faust's* study, though shown in semi-darkness, is as perfect in its details as if meant to be examined by electric light. The "drear accursed masonry" of the poem, the "vaulted ceiling," the "painted panes," the books in "toppling heap," are all here. The moonlight does not come in through the window in a great square splotch so that you know an electric moon is at work, but falls softly across the floor and touches with pale silver light the table near which *Faust* sits. The dim Gothic chamber, with its uncanny shapes hovering in corners and from the ceiling, is but a background for the red *Mephistopheles* who is ever the highest light and the center of interest, and for the somber *Faust* who is in such strong contrast to him. For Mr. Irving sees himself and Mr. Alexander not only as the chief characters in the tragedy, but as the principal figures in a picture rich in color, vigorous in composition. Their every pose is a subject for a painter, and the result of long and careful study. No consciousness is apparent in their movements, and probably the average English theater-goer, who understands difficulty only when he sees it, would think there was no art.

A more wonderful combination of beautiful pictures than is found in each of the two street scenes has probably never been put on any stage. The first of these is the place which Goethe names for *Faust's* meeting with *Margaret*. Mr. Irving shows a street strictly medieval in architecture and character, and fills it with all the rich and many-sided life of the time. *Margaret* is just coming from confession in a near cathedral when *Faust* sees her; therefore the most appropriate part of Nuremberg is the St. Lorenz Platz. Whether or no Mr. Irving's square is an exact copy of the real Platz makes little difference. A more important point is that, with the cathedral portal, the wine-shop, the bush hanging by wrought-iron-work scroll above the door, the men within drinking, the gabled, steep-roofed houses, and the crowd of citizens, it is perfect as a series of pictures and in true medieval feeling. There is perhaps no better proof of this than the fact that scarcely an artist has seen it without wanting to draw bits from it. Every one can see that the doorway, with its many statues, is a careful study from some old church or cathedral. In the

crowd there are great ladies in shining brocades, and peasant women in bodices and gay-colored aprons; knights in velvet and plush, swaggering soldiers in armor, and peasants in plain hose and jerkin; little girls in stiff brocades and broad-brimmed hats, and little girls in dark woolen gowns like the child in Rembrandt's picture of "Christ Blessing the Little Ones"; pages in silk attire, and a beggar in picturesque rags with pipes under his arm; brown-cowled monks in solemn procession, and white-veiled nuns who linger to talk to the women and children just beneath the shrine at the church door, where there is a blue Madonna with flowers at her feet. You wish they would stay long enough for you really to see them; but almost at once they have passed into the cathedral, to return only for another minute as short.

Throughout these pictures the color scheme as well as the grouping is beautifully carried out, for Mr. Irving is nothing if not a colorist. Just at the end, before the curtain falls and *Mephistopheles* is alone on the stage, the red of the sweeping roofs seems to reach its highest value in his more brilliant vermilion, as, doubled up and shrinking, he crouches against the tree near the wine-shop, his fingers in his ears to shut out the music of the cathedral chimes which it is agony for him to hear. You might, indeed, call the whole play an arrangement in red, for in all the scenes the color is toned so that it may lead up to his demon dress.

The second street scene, that of *Valentine's* death or duel, occurring much later in the play, in the third act, is no less realistic and beautiful. When the curtain goes up, there is still a faint color in the sky at the end of the long, twisting street to the left, but it quickly fades. The church rises, a great dark mass away above the stage, and you only see the heavy buttresses and one large window. The rest is in shadow, save in one corner where a lamp burns before a shrine. From out the gathering gloom and to the sound of distant drumming come the soldiers home from the wars,—wives, children, and sweethearts hanging to their arms, the halberds wreathed with green, and torches and cressets borne aloft. Each separate group is a study in itself. But the finest picture comes after *Mephistopheles* has sung his demon-song and flung away his mandolin, and *Valentine* is wounded, and all the townspeople hurry back through the long street and from every side, and *Margaret* and *Martha* come out from the house opposite the church. In the soldiers marching home there was the feeling of Rembrandt's "Night Watch." In this last group the feeling is not of a single picture, but of all the greatest pictures of this kind that have ever been painted. Mr. Irving himself has said that in its composition he had

many of them constantly in his mind; and when you analyze his picture, you find that it is masterly. All the light from the torch held by the man who supports him is concentrated on the face of *Valentine*: the mass of faces behind peer out from a mysterious half-light, while *Margaret*, her crime typified by the dense black shadow falling on her, cowers in the foreground. Of course the effect is heightened by the electric light, but so skillfully that you are not made aware of it. One etching that suggests itself to us just now, Rembrandt's "Raising of Lazarus," is somewhat like this scene in the arrangement of light and shade. But Mr. Irving's picture is in no sense a copy: it is rather the work of a great master of composition.

If you compare these street scenes with those the opera has taught you to expect, you are not likely to underrate their merits. It is the same with the gardens, which are the perfection of realism. Even Nilsson's voice might seem sweeter if she, like Miss Terry, could have for background a pretty green space shut in with high brick wall, with near and distant gables and spires and towers showing above it, instead of the conventional scene, with its characterless house, and single tree and flowers from the nearest florist's. In just such gabled cottages, with latticed windows and projecting upper stories, would people of *Martha's* and *Margaret's* rank have lived; with just such flowers would their gardens have been filled. In *Martha's*, there is one low tree, and roses border the garden paths. Both are seen in the warm evening light. When *Faust* and *Margaret* first come out between *Martha's* tall rose-trees the cathedral spires are dark against a glowing sky, but before they part twilight has fallen upon the place. If you watch closely, the change from the colors of sunset to the dusk of twilight may seem too violent. If you see only its effect upon the garden, it is natural enough. Gradually the flowers stand out from the green leaves with that artificial look peculiar to real roses in the hour before night, when the west is still aflame; gradually the scene is filled with the strange mystery of evening, "when the earth is all rest, and the air is all love." Of the many pictures of *Faust* and *Margaret* that have been painted, not one has equaled this of the Lyceum, when, in the tender light, *Margaret*, the daisies in her hand, tells *Faust* the simple story of her life. In her garden the scene is fairer, as indeed it should be, as here love grows sweeter and passion more intense. In broad daylight one wonders would *Margaret's* heart be so heavy without her lover? O heart of lead! and her little Nuremberg world still so fair about her! The red fades, and the luminous green, that never comes but in the evening,

covers the sky beyond the spires, and *Faust* returns. Students pass in a neighboring street singing, and three girls come running in the gate, to stand still and watch, and then shut it softly, only to open it a second time and watch again. Some one within the little house lights the evening lamp. It is all as real and beautiful as life itself. In just such a garden many a trusting maiden has been wooed and won by twilight in Nuremberg.

On the Brocken Mr. Irving could not be realistic, as he could in the streets or gardens of Nuremberg. But in another sense realism was possible. Goethe, by the words of *Mephistopheles* and the witches, describes very vividly the scenes of the wild Walpurgis night, and many are the medieval legends on the subject. To reproduce his picture and to show the Blocksberg under the conditions peculiar to May-night revels, was therefore Mr. Irving's task.

When the curtain first rises it is dark along the labyrinth of vales and rocky ramparts. Great crags are to the right; to the left is an abyss overshadowed by rude fir-trees. As *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* appear and climb toilsomely upward from the cavern to the crag, the moon with its belated glow breaks through the clouds. Weird, uncanny creatures fly through the air. The tempest raves, the forest grinds and cracks; but above the whistling and surging of the storm voices ring high, singing now near, now far, until along the mountain-side the infuriate glamouring song sweeps as the witches, young and old, horrible and beautiful, in strange unearthly draperies, comes slowly winding up from the depths below. They crowd and push and roar and clatter. *Faust* and *Mephistopheles* stand apart on the high cliff, and away above all loom up their shadows on the sky beyond, great specters of the Brocken. One dance ends only that another may begin, but at last *Mephistopheles* leaves the apes he has been caressing and bids the revelers begone. There is nothing more powerful than this single scene,—one minute a wild shrieking, singing crowd of misty shapes, moving hither and thither, clambering over the rocks and up the trees, dancing and turning; the next, after one last shriek, wilder, shriller than the rest, a silent, storm-beaten mountain-top deserted but for one flaming form. Then, sum-

moning them once more, he himself plunges into the midst of the reveling. Now the dreary light, that has been strangely glimmering, here glows through film and haze, there sweeps in rolling vapor; now creeps like a thread, now leaps and plays, lighting up the great mountain and all the rugged slopes, and finally gushes forth, a shower of fiery rain, over the wild and howling crowd of witches, while the rocky ramparts on all their heights are set ablaze. Thus is the ideal Brocken of the poem realized on the stage, and, hardened play-goer that you are, you cannot but shudder as the curtain falls.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above was written, Mr. Irving has kept the promise he made on the evening of the first performance of "*Faust*," and has added the Witches' Kitchen to the other scenes. We do not, however, think this an improvement. The gradual transformation of *Faust*, it is true, is excellent. Instead of the sudden change to which the opera has accustomed us, we see, as in the Chippewa legend, old age by slow degrees disappear upon the advance of youth. There is one second when *Faust* stands with the fresh, beautiful face of a young man, while around his brow cling the snowy locks of age; then he throws off all the weight of years with his cloak. The effect is so much finer than the usual traditional transformation, that operatic managers would do well in this particular to imitate Mr. Irving. But from a pictorial standpoint the new scene has but little merit.

In the scene that immediately follows on the St. Lorenz Platz, the little wine-shop with its wrought-iron-work scroll and bush has gone, and the foreground is bare and uninteresting. It is only right to add that, on the other hand, the great buttress springing from the cathedral to the opposite house in the middle distance, and the hilly street beyond, are more effective than the back-ground which they have replaced. But all the lovely grouping, the meeting of the burghers, the lingering crowd at the cathedral door, the idle gossiping, which were by far the most beautiful of the Lyceum "*Faust*" pictures, have been sacrificed for a novelty unworthy of them.

Joseph and Elizabeth R. Pennell.

THE ACTING IN MR. IRVING'S "FAUST."

AS an assistance to making clear to ourselves some of the questions suggested by the wonderful modern art of "staging" a piece, and in particular the effect that traps and panoramas, processions and colored lights, may have in their exuberance, their obtrusiveness upon the personal interpretation, the man-

ner in which, at the Lyceum, Mr. Henry Irving has produced a version of Goethe's "*Faust*" (for which he has been indebted to the fruitful pen of Mr. Wills) is greatly to be welcomed. Nothing lights up a subject like a good example, and Mr. Irving's examples are always excellent. His production of "*Faust*"

has been largely acclaimed and still more largely witnessed; it has had one of the longest of long runs, which, at the moment these words are written, shows no signs of abating. To the richness and ingenuity of the spectacle innumerable pens will have testified. The critic gives his impression, and that impression has been abundantly uttered. There is another one which also naturally has its turn. The *mise-en-scène* in the light of the acting, and the acting in the light of the *mise-en-scène*, are the respective halves of the interesting question. It is with the second half only that we ourselves are concerned.

In this connection the first thing that strikes us is a certain perversity in the manner in which Mr. Irving has approached and regarded his task, a perversity most singular on the part of a manager to whom the interests of the dramatic art have long appeared to be so dear. Saying to himself that he would give great attention to the machinery of the piece, he omitted to indulge at the same time in this indispensable reflection,—that to prevent the impression of triviality which might easily arise from an abuse of pantomimic effects, he should take care to put at the service of the great story a consummate interpretation; to see that *Faust* and *Margaret* and *Martha*, as well as *Mephistopheles*, were embodied in such a manner as to enable them to hold up their heads and strike their respective notes in the midst of the wilderness of canvas and paint. To the canvas and paint—since he feels Goethe's poem, or indeed simply the wondrous legend, in that way; or even, as we may say, since he feels in that way the manner in which Mr. Wills feels Goethe and the legend—he was perfectly welcome; but surely he ought to have perceived that, given the grandly poetic, ironic, but at the same time very scantily dramatic nature of his drama; given the delicacy and subtlety of a work of genius of the complexion of "Faust," special precautions should be taken against the accessories seeming a more important part of the business than the action. Evidently, however, Mr. Irving argued indirectly the opposite way. It is as if he had said that he would pile the accessories so high that the rest of the affair would n't matter, it would be regarded so little.

It would n't matter, in the first place, that Mr. Wills should have turned him out an arrangement of Goethe so meager, so common, so trivial (one really must multiply epithets to express its inadequacy), that the responsibility of the impresario to the poet increased tenfold, rather than diminished, with his accepting it, there being so much more, as it were, to make up for. It would n't matter that from the beginning to the end of the play,

thanks to Mr. Wills's ingenious dissimulation of the fact, it might never occur to the auditor that he was listening to one of the greatest productions of the human mind. It would n't matter that Mr. Irving should have conceived and should execute his own part in the spirit of somewhat refined extravaganza; a manner which should differ only in degree from that of the star of a Christmas burlesque,—without breadth, without depth, with little titting effects of low comedy. It would n't matter that *Faust* should be represented by a young actor, whose general weakness should prevent him, in spite of zealous effort, from giving stature and relief to his conception of the character, and whose unformed delivery should interfere in the same degree with his imparting variety of accent to his different speeches. It would n't matter that, with Mr. Wills's version and such an interpretation, the exquisite episode of the wooing of *Margaret* should hold no place in the play—should literally pass unperceived. It would n't matter that Miss Ellen Terry, as picturesque and pleasing a figure as usual, should give perhaps a stranger exhibition than she has ever given before of her want of art and style, and should play the divine, still, concentrated part of *Margaret* without apparently a suspicion of what it consists. If it would n't matter that Mr. Irving himself should be thin, that Mr. Alexander should be insignificant, that Miss Terry should be rough, and that Mr. Wills should be all three, of course it would matter still less that the two extremely mature actresses who were successively to attempt *Martha* should give the English public (so far at least as represented at the Lyceum) a really rare opportunity to respond to bad taste with bad taste, to greet with artless and irrepressible glee the strange gruntings and snortings with which the performers in question have seen fit to enrich the character. All these things, to our sense, *should* have mattered; it was far better that the overtopping scenery should have been sacrificed than that a concession should have been made in regard to the personal rendering of the piece. It was far better that the "points" should remain the points that Goethe made, even if the background had to be bare for it; that the immortal group of the scholar with his passions rekindled, the girl who trusts and suffers, and the mocking, spell-weaving fiend should hold itself well together, detach itself, and stamp itself strongly, even if the imagination had to do the work of putting in the gardens and spires of the German city, the mists and goblins of the Brocken, and the blue fire that plays about *Mephistopheles*. Of course if Mr. Irving could both have mounted the play and caused the acting of it to be an equal feature, that would have

been best of all; but since the personal representation of a work at once so pregnant poetically and so faulty as a dramatic composition was the problem to challenge by its very difficulties an artist of his high reputation,—an artist universally acclaimed as leading the public taste, not as waiting behind its chair,—he would have consulted best the interests of that reputation by "going in" for a dramatic as distinguished from a spectacular success.

We may as well confess frankly that we attach the most limited importance to the little mechanical artifices with which Mr. Irving has sought to enliven "Faust." We care nothing for the spurting flames which play so large a part, nor for the importunate lime-light which is perpetually projected upon somebody or something. It is not for these things that we go to see the great Goethe, or even (for we must, after all, allow for inevitable dilutions) the less celebrated Mr. Wills. We even protest against the abuse of the said lime-light effect: it is always descending on some one or other, apropos of everything and of nothing; it is disturbing and vulgarizing, and has nothing to do with the author's meaning. That blue vapors should attend on the steps of *Mephistopheles* is a very poor substitute for his giving us a moral shudder. That deep note is entirely absent from Mr. Irving's rendering of him, though the actor, of course, at moments presents to the eye a remarkably sinister figure. He strikes us, however, as superficial—a terrible fault for an archfiend—and his grotesqueness strikes us as cheap. We attach also but the slenderest importance to the scene of the Witches' Sabbath, which has been reduced to a mere bald hubbub of capering, screeching, and banging, irradiated by the irrepressible blue fire, and without the smallest articulation of Goethe's text. The scenic effect is the ugliest we have ever contemplated, and its ugliness is not paid for by its having a meaning for our ears. It is a horror cheaply conceived, and executed with more zeal than discretion.

It seems almost ungracious to say of an actress usually so pleasing as Miss Terry that she falls below her occasion, but it is impossible for us to consider her *Margaret* as a finished creation. Besides having a strange amateurishness of form (for the work of an actress who has had Miss Terry's years of practice), it is, to our sense, wanting in fineness of conception, wanting in sweetness and quietness, wanting in taste. It is much too rough-and-ready. We prefer Miss Terry's pathos, however, to her comedy, and cannot but feel that the whole scene with the jewels in her room is a mistake. It is obstreperous, and not in the least in the poetic tone. If the passages in the garden fail of their effect, the respon-

sibility for this is not, however, more than very partially with the *Margaret*. It is explained in the first place by the fact that the actor who represents *Faust* is, as we have hinted, not "in it" at all, and in the second by the fact that the conversation between *Mephistopheles* and *Margaret* is terribly overaccented—pushed quite out of the frame. *Martha's* flirtation, especially as Mrs. Stirling plays it, becomes the whole story, and *Faust* and *Margaret* are superseded. What can have beguiled Mr. Irving into the extraordinary error of intrusting the part of *Martha* first to one and then to another actress of (on this occasion at least) signally little temperance and taste? The fault has been aggravated by being repeated; the opportunity of retrieving it might have been seized when Mrs. Stirling laid down her task. But Mrs. Chipendale has even a heavier hand. We should be sorry to fail of respect to the former actress, who, to-day full of years and honors, has always shown an eminent acquaintance with her art and has been remarkable for a certain old-fashioned richness of humor. As such matters go, on the English stage, she is supposed to have the "tradition." It is to be hoped, however, for the tradition's sake, that she violates it to-day by her tendency to spread, to "drag," as the phrase is, to take too much elbow-room. This defect was sufficiently marked when a year or two ago she played the *Nurse* of *Juliet*; whom she put sadly out of focus. It is manifested in an even greater degree by her *Martha*, and it must be said that if she renders the part in the spirit of the tradition, the tradition will on this occasion have been strangely coarse. Yet Mrs. Stirling is distinction itself compared with the displeasing loudness to which her successor treats us; and of this latter lady's acting, it is enough to say that it compelled us to indulge in a melancholy "return" on an audience moved by such means to such mirth. The scene between *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* is the most successful of the play, judged by the visible appreciation of the public—a fact which should surely minister to deep reflection on the part of those who, as artists, work for the public. All the same, Mr. Irving would have been well advised, from the artistic point of view, in causing *Martha*, by contact and example, to be represented in a higher style of comedy. We shall not attempt to point out still other instances in which, as it seems to us, he would have been well advised; we have said enough to substantiate our contention that it is not for the interest of the actor's art that it should be too precipitately, or too superficially, assumed that the great elaboration of a play as a spectacle is a complete expression of it—a complete solution of the problem. • • •

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM.

OPINIONS OF A TEACHER.



THE musical world is surprised, and the professional portion of it not a little disturbed, by the appearance of a new method of writing and teaching music called the Tonic Sol-fa system. The first impulse of the musician is to condemn and reject the innovation. He issues a bull of excommunication against it, expecting it thereafter to disappear and take its place with the exploded theories and forgotten devices of the past. But presently he finds that his edict has failed to accomplish its purpose. The movement continues to live and shows signs of a boundless vitality. If he is disposed to be fair-minded and just, he then resolves to investigate the system in order to take an intelligent stand for or against it.

From that moment he finds himself the subject of a series of novel sensations, of which the prominent element is surprise. In the first place he is surprised to learn that the system has revolutionized popular music in Great Britain. If he visits that country, he sees its results on every side. He finds it in virtual possession of the Board (public) schools of the kingdom; he finds that all the church and Sunday-school hymnals have editions printed in the peculiar-looking tonic sol-fa notation; in many of the churches he hears sung by the congregations music of a high classical character such as only a few of the best-trained choirs in America attempt.

Being led by the visible results to a closer inspection of the cause, his sensations become even more positive than before. He sees that the educational influences of the system work with equal efficiency downward or upward. It furnishes such easy and natural steps for the elementary study of music as to bring it within reach of the children of the kindergarten, and at the same time supplies a key to the intricacies of higher art which enables the average singer, with but limited time for musical study, to master what the professional musician alone is able to acquire by the staff system. The observer finds vast gatherings of children singing Handel's Messiah and performing marvelous feats in sight-reading, hundreds of amateur societies rendering the most difficult works of the modern composers, unnumbered singers and players pursuing the study of har-

mony for the mere pleasure of it; he finds that hereafter music is no more to be limited to the specially musical than the enjoyment of literature to the few who are able to produce it.

Music has two distinct sides—the instrumental and the vocal. The instrumental side is exceedingly complex. The complications are represented by the keyboard of a piano or an organ. Twelve scales are to be played, a separate manipulation being required for each. The form of the scale or the order of its intervals is preserved by the use of sharps and flats—the black keys. The staff notation grew into use gradually as an embodiment of all the possible complications of instrumental music.

The vocal side of the art is, on the contrary, of the utmost simplicity. In fact it is, in its earlier stages, rather a language than an art. Little children will often use this language, *i.e.*, sing tunes correctly, before they can articulate. To the voice there is practically but one scale instead of twelve. It is, in effect, a musical alphabet of eight tones, produced in its different positions with no change of mental impression and no consciousness of sharps or flats. To illustrate: the singer is conscious of no difference between the key of B and the key of C, while the player uses five sharps in playing the former and none at all in playing the latter. The tonic sol-fa notation is a natural outgrowth of the vocal side of music. The following is a brief account of its origin and growth:

In the year 1844 a young nonconformist clergyman named John Curwen became pastor of a Congregational church at Plaistow, in the eastern suburbs of London. He had an unusual love for children, and great faith in music as a means of interesting and improving them. But he was, himself, musically deficient. His deficiency was so marked that a wager was made among his fellow-students at college that he could not be taught to sing the scale correctly within a given time. Mr. Curwen agreeing to receive a certain amount of drilling each day. The story goes that he accomplished the feat, but with nothing to spare. In after years he pursued the study very earnestly, and endeavored to impart to the children of his parish whatever he succeeded in gaining for himself. But the results were far from satisfactory. Hearing of a new method employed by a philanthropic lady at Norwich (Miss

Sarah Glover), he visited her school, saw, and was conquered. "Now," said he, "I have a tool to work with."

What he saw in Miss Glover's school was this. Discouraged, as so many have been, in the effort to teach the complicated signs of the staff, she had discarded it altogether, and was using in its place a notation made up of the initials of the musical syllables; the letter *d* standing for *do*, *r* for *re*, etc.

It was the farthest possible from Mr. Curwen's thoughts that through this new notation he was destined to reorganize the whole art of music, but such proved to be the case. His success in teaching the young people of his charge led a few others to make a trial of the novel device. They, in turn, carried the light to others, and thus the system gradually gained a foothold among the people. But the progress was very slow, and for a number of years the work was almost entirely non-professional. The movement was the offspring of philanthropy, and it was long dependent upon that worthy parent for its sustenance and growth. Every form of prejudice was instinctively arrayed against it,—religious, for it was a humble dissenter, and could lay no claim either to artistic or apostolic succession; social, for at first it was used chiefly in ragged schools and among the lower classes; musical, for it set at naught the traditions of the elders, and boldly proposed to show "a better way" to the professional scribes and pharisees who occupied the highest seats in the synagogues. It was indeed, as Mr. Curwen afterward described it, "a pariah in the musical world." Yet the bantling exhibited a marvelous vitality. Discouragement was its meat and drink, and misfortune was as oil to the flame.

Mr. Curwen was a wise master-builder. His own musical deficiency was made the chief corner-stone of the edifice. Distrusting his personal ability to carry on so great a work, he gathered around him a corps of earnest and able teachers, nearly all of whom were children of the system, and, with their advice and coöperation, he slowly and patiently shaped the method. After realizing the educational power of the new notation, it was his aim to develop Miss Glover's device into a complete system, leading by natural steps from the simplest expression of music as a language to its highest revelation as an art. Being a born educator, he saw that the instrumental notation of music, the staff, needed a vocal notation as an interpreter. He also saw that the familiar musical syllables invented by Guido d'Arezzo eight centuries ago furnish the groundwork of a perfect notation for the singer, and thus create a natural highway through the world of music.

His published works are voluminous, covering all musical facts and principles, from the first lesson as given to a little child up to the most abstruse law of acoustics as set forth by Helmholtz and other eminent scientists.

The details of Mr. Curwen's work do not fall within the purpose of this sketch. The following are the leading features of the subsequent history:

A partial failure of his health compelled him to give up his pastorate, and his time was thenceforth devoted exclusively to perfecting the tonic sol-fa system and to extending the movement, till it became, as the London "Times" expressed it, "the only national and popular system of teaching vocal music worthy of the name."

In 1851 he began the publication of the "Tonic Sol-fa Reporter," which has since continued as a monthly journal, and the official organ of the movement. The work spread quietly among the people, and was unknown to the general public till the year 1857, when a concert was given, with a chorus of three thousand children, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. An audience of thirty thousand was called together by the novelty, and one of the London papers said: "It was left for an almost unknown institution to draw a larger concourse of persons than has ever been attracted in this country to a musical performance."

This extraordinary success at once lifted the movement into national importance.

During the following year a concert was given in Exeter Hall, which, in a different way, exercised an equally effective influence in favor of the system. The programme was made up entirely of classical music, to show that the notation is as useful in high art as in elementary work. The first concert won the favor of the general public, the second, of cultivated musicians, and thus the whole ground was practically covered.

In 1867 a chorus of seventy tonic sol-fa singers went to Paris with their conductor, Mr. J. Proudman, to take part in a musical competition in connection with the International Exhibition. They won a triumphant success. Their singing excited the utmost enthusiasm. A special laurel-wreath was bestowed upon them by the Emperor, with a gold medal, a diploma, and the badge of the Orpheonists of France. Their return to London was equally triumphant. They were accorded a public reception by the most eminent musicians of the kingdom, who thus gave a recognition which some had been slow to concede to what they regarded as a musical heresy.

To gain possession of the Board schools was naturally a prominent desire of the pro-

moters of the movement. To keep the system out of the schools was an equally strong determination on the part of those who preferred the old ways. The struggle lasted for many years, now one side and now the other gaining the advantage. It was a hand-to-hand contest between medieval and modern methods, and, as such, could have but one conclusion. Tonic sol-fa now has practical possession of the schools of the kingdom.

In 1875, the Tonic Sol-fa College of London was incorporated, and it is now the center of influence and authority for the movement in all parts of the world. One of the most valuable features of the system is the series of certificates issued by the college. They are carefully graded, from the "junior" for school children up to the diploma of the "graduate and licentiate" of the college. This plan renders charlatanism among teachers impossible. No one can make a claim beyond his deserts, as is sometimes done in the musical profession, as in all others. Whoever represents himself as a tonic sol-fa teacher must prove his standing by the proper certificate, or his claim will receive no consideration.

It may be thought strange that this sketch does not include a description of the technical characteristics or peculiarities of the system by which so radical a change is being wrought in the musical world. But experience has proved that any verbal statement is so inadequate as to be only a disappointment to the reader. Nor is this to be wondered at. The system is based upon nature. Nature's ways are simple. The reader could not be made to understand from a mere schedule and descrip-

as technically employed in music, refers to the key-tone — the lowest or foundation-tone of the scale. "Sol-fa" represents all the musical syllables. The whole term, therefore, means that tones are studied in their relation to the central or key-tone, and that the syllables are used to aid by the power of association and by affording a natural or vocal system of notation. The movement arose in England as a reaction against the unnatural "fixed-do" method, and the name carried much weight at the outset by showing that the new system was based upon the true principle of key-relationship.

The public should realize that the value of the tonic sol-fa system is fully established. It long since passed beyond the experimental stage and took its place among the educational forces of the day. But as it is still comparatively new in this country, a few facts and statements are herewith given to show (1) that a reform in musical methods was needed, and (2) that the means for accomplishing the reform are completely supplied by the new notation.

First. The staff notation confuses the learner by the uncertainty of its signs. Nearly every character employed has several different meanings, and the same musical fact or truth has several different signs. This can best be shown by an illustration. A musical phrase is printed below in three different keys. It will be seen that not only is every note placed upon a different degree of the staff, thus requiring a distinct effort of the mind in reading, but nearly every chromatic sign is different in the three keys. Who but an expert would imagine that *the musical idea is precisely the same in each case?*



tion of the signs and symbols of the tonic sol-fa notation how it succeeds in opening an avenue through the world of music for all mankind. Yet it does so, and the object of this article is merely to call the attention of the public to the fact, in order that the vast benefits of the method may be extended. To understand the system and its application, the proper text-books must be studied.

The question is often asked, "Why this singular name, Tonic Sol-fa?" It seems meaningless to the unmusical. The word "Tonic,"

Second. In the tonic sol-fa notation each separate fact has a distinct sign, and each sign has but one unchangeable meaning in all the twelve keys. In the above example, as has already been stated, the different signs express (or conceal) the same musical thought. In the tonic sol-fa notation, the expression or representation would be precisely the same in each case, the pitch being indicated, according to the ordinary standard, by the words printed at the top "key of C," "key of D flat," "key of E."

Third. The difficulties of the staff are cumu-

lative. Every step of progress leads to new and increased complications.

Fourth. Per contra, the steps of the tonic sol-fa method are perfectly graded. Each point gained prepares for and leads to the next, in educational order. By this method the advanced stages of musical study are as easy and pleasant as the first elementary steps.

Fifth. The value of the new system as an interpreter of the old is proved by statistics showing that tonic sol-fa has produced more staff readers in Great Britain than all other methods combined.

Sixth. The new notation is carried by English missionaries to all parts of the globe, and they find that the natives can learn to read the language of music from it much sooner than they can learn to read their own spoken language.

Seventh. The teachers in the London Board schools are allowed to use whatever method they prefer, but are required to produce certain results. Of the four thousand teachers in that city all, without exception, adopt the tonic sol-fa system. This establishes its value as an elementary or school method.

Eighth. All the classical vocal music is printed in the tonic sol-fa notation— oratorios, masses, cantatas, glees; from Handel's Messiah to Gounod's Redemption, and from the quaintest madrigal of Ford or Wilbye to the latest part-song of Hatton or Pinsuti. In order to supply the popular demand, Messrs. Novello & Co. are reproducing the whole of their immense catalogue of vocal music in the tonic sol-fa notation. This proves its value on the side of higher art.

Ninth. The most eminent English musicians now heartily indorse the movement. When Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, was appointed Inspector of the Training Colleges of the Kingdom two years ago, his first official act was to appoint as his assistant one of the most prominent tonic sol-fa teachers, Mr. W. G. McNaught.

Tenth. The above statement is equally true of the best American musicians, who invariably acknowledge the value of the system as soon as they understand it.

Eleventh. Thousands of amateurs throughout the kingdom are pursuing the study of harmony by postal lessons sent out from the college, showing the incentive to thoroughness which is given by the system.

Twelfth. The tonic sol-fa classes have led in very many cases to the formation of amateur bands, proving that the notation also has great value upon the instrumental side. This was not anticipated by the original promoters of the movement, who supposed the notation to be only suitable for the expression of vocal music.

As mathematics found its key in the nine Arabic figures, so music has found its key in the seven letters of the tonic sol-fa notation. The art is virtually emancipated. It is no longer a deep mystery, to be understood only by the favored few who are born with an exceptional musical faculty. It is brought, by its new method of representation, into conditions which are as easily comprehended by the ordinary mind as the rules of addition and subtraction. For those who possess a natural talent, the tonic sol-fa notation affords the best possible channel for cultivating it. Where the musical gift is deficient, it encourages and develops the latent capacity.

Theodore F. Seward.

OPINIONS OF A CRITIC.

THE question of the value of tonic sol-fa presents itself in two phases. A serious consideration requires that we look not only upon its immediate effect upon present musical effort, but also at its ultimate sociological importance.

As a system of primary education in one department of music, tonic sol-fa has so much to commend it that it scarcely seems worth while to spend time in its discussion. It is already a strong tree known by excellent fruits. To one, therefore, who is concerned simply with local results and existing conditions, there would seem to be only one practical question left open,—How does the education which it is competent to promote stand with relation to the dominant tendency in the cultivation of music?

Tonic sol-fa is admirably adapted to the study of harmony and of singing.

It is ill adapted to the study and practice of instrumental music.

In spite of the multitude of fine phrases that find their way into books and newspapers, the fact is that in this country music is as yet looked upon as a mere accomplishment. Its science is neglected and its popular practice is, as a rule, limited to that phase which yields the most generous (or sonorous) results with the least expenditure of emotional and intellectual force—that is to say, to pianoforte-playing. We may regret this state of affairs, but we are bound to recognize its existence. Now, so long as we confine our efforts to skimming over the surface of music, so long as we continue to vote harmony and the deeper things of the art unessential to popular musical education, and so long as we go on with our present one-sided cultivation of instrumental music to the neglect of vocal, so long we

shall have no need of tonic sol-fa. To the instrumentalist the system presents an utterly inadequate notation, one which places many more obstacles in his path than it removes from the path of the singer. The complexities of the staff notation do not provide embarrassments for the instrumentalist in the degree that they do for the singer, and it is possible that some of them may, in time, be removed. (Wagner's treatment of the parts of some of the transposing instruments in his later orchestral scores might be cited as an indication of a determination to consider simplicity even at the cost of grammatical accuracy.) For instrumental music the staff notation is so beautiful and efficient a system of symbols, however, that an improvement on it is scarcely conceivable. One thing is certain,—no system will supplant it that ignores the pictorial element which is so potent a factor in indicating pitch and time. On this I wish to lay special stress. Our music is growing more and more rich and complex in rhythms, and with every step in this progress toward a greater rhythmical heterogeneity the time signs of the staff notation must advance in our admiration. Try to imagine what a page of Wagner's "Meistersinger" would look like in tonic sol-fa notation. The hopelessness of an attempt to read it as one can read it in our ideographic staff system is apparent at once, and compels a recognition of the inadequacy of tonic sol-fa for all modern music except that written for voices.

But tonic sol-fa has cast away whatever ambition it may once have had to drive out the staff notation. Advocates of the system now confine themselves to urging its peculiar value in teaching vocal music and harmony, and say that it simplifies the study of the staff, a knowledge of which they admit to be necessary for all who wish to cultivate instrumental music.

In both respects their claims are amply justified; indeed, they have so convincingly demonstrated the correctness of their opinions by exhibitions of attained results, that the case has been taken out of court with judgment in their favor on all the pleadings except the demurrer of the instrumentalists. The adjudication is not only complete, but in the *obiter dicta* of the decision are contained the most valuable lessons taught by the controversy. On some of these lessons I should like to offer a few suggestions, keeping what I have called the "ultimate sociological importance" of the system in view.

There is no doubt in my mind that tonic sol-fa is the fittest means at our command for the promotion of popular choral culture; and a more general, more zealous, wiser cultiva-

tion of choral music is the greatest of the socio-educational needs of the United States.

The claim of the tonic sol-faists, that the true method of teaching vocal music is by the intervallic relation of tones, and not by absolute pitch, is unquestionably sound. A sense of absolute pitch is the possession of the few—a highly favored and exceptional few, even among professional musicians. There have been great composers who did not have it—Raff, for instance. To acquire it is all but impossible; to teach it to the masses in schools and choirs is utterly impossible. To bring to the pupil a knowledge of intervals independently is the aim of other methods of instruction; but tonic sol-fa teaches all intervals in their relation to a fundamental tone, the key-note; and in this fact lies its superiority. Tonality, which is impressed upon the mind by this means, distinguishes the complex modern art from the comparatively simple and half-developed art of the Middle Ages.

Tonic sol-fa is in accord with the scientific basis of music. While it teaches sight-reading—the first aim of every system of musical instruction—just as thoroughly (to say no more) as its chief rival, it teaches it more quickly, and by keeping before the learner an ever-accessible starting-point to which he may recur in moments of perplexity, it inspires him with confidence in himself and interest in the composition. There is nothing surprising in the fact (which I believe to be indubitably established) that learners by the tonic sol-fa method acquire a remarkably deep and enthusiastic interest in music. Each successive step in the study of a work lays bare something of its harmonic structure and affords a glimpse to that extent of the operations of the composer's mind. Every such perception creates a bond of interest. Choir-singers know what this means; they know that at no other time do they feel themselves so close to the heart of a composition as while they are helping to sing it. A German writer, Hermann Kretschmar, has aptly stated one of the benefits derived by the individual from the cultivation of choral music, in these words:

"Whoever belongs to a singing society in which study is wisely conducted, at each performance accomplishes a work and receives a reward analogous to those of a painter who has copied a masterpiece. And he who has spent a generation in such a society can cherish his recollections like a museum."

Schumann emphasizes over and over again the advantages to be derived by the musical student from singing. "Sing diligently in choirs, especially the middle parts; this will make you musical," he says in one of his "Musical House and Life Rules," and in another he gives utterance to words which might have

been adopted as a motto by the tonic sol-fa party: "Even if you have but little voice, learn to sing from the page without the help of an instrument; it will sharpen your hearing."

To make the community "musical" in fact, not merely in affection—this should be the aim of musical instruction; and for several other reasons than those already given tonic sol-fa lends itself with superior advantage to the mission. A few more appropriate words from Schumann as to desirable aims: "It is not enough to know your piece with your fingers; be able to hum it over without the pianoforte. Quickened your fancy so as to be able to keep in mind not only the melody of a composition, but also the harmony belonging to it." "You must make yourself able to understand music from the printed page."

The advantages which accrue to the individual from the study of choral music are transmitted to the community. The musical taste of a city or town may be accurately estimated from the extent and character of its choral activity. There are said to be over three hundred cities and towns in Germany containing each a choir and an orchestra capable of performing classical music. There are not twenty in the United States.

On these premises a deduction of the value of a system of instruction which addresses itself with peculiar energy and potency to choir-singing can easily be made.

There are features in tonic sol-fa which seem to mark it as the agent called to free our musical cultivation from certain dangers which lurk in the dominant instrumental tendency. Good instruments are not a universal possession, and bad instruments work mischief to popular hearing and taste. Instrumental music, moreover, seems to be entering a degenerate stage from which vocal music has

been rescued within the last half century,—that is, since the operatic scepter passed out of the hands of Italy. Brilliancy of technique is now the property of nearly every public performer, and instrumental music is being threatened by that decadence which all art history proves is the constant companion of "virtuosity."

This is one danger from the evil influence of which the encouragement of singing societies can save us. Against another the tonic sol-fa teachers, acting in the spirit of Schumann's wise injunction, have interposed a splendid bulwark. They prohibit the use of the pianoforte in teaching. Thereby they prevent learning from degenerating into imitation, which, in its ultimate effects, discourages excursiveness of thought and activity of the imagination. Better still, they stimulate the pupil to exercise the faculties which are most actively called into play in the correct interpretation of music. Beautiful tone-production is the most essential and most individual process in music-making. This process pianoforte-playing reduces to a minimum. So far as pitch is concerned (a thing of primary care in vocal music), the pianoforte-player is relieved of all responsibility by the mechanism of his instrument. The tones answer to the touch of his fingers; he does not need to exercise his intelligence or his ear in the matter. The tonic sol-fa pupil, on the contrary, is compelled to cultivate acuteness of hearing and to study with great painstaking the emission of each tone. In the hands of the pupil who plays it, or imitates it in the study of tones and intervals, a pianoforte which is out of tune is an evil of frightful magnitude which holds the pupil in its grasp and either stunts or deforms his faculties. Over the instrument of the tonic sol-faist there stands a monitor who can both detect faults and remedy them.

H. E. Krehbiel.

COMRADES.

ONE steed I have of common clay,
And one no less than regal;
By day I jog on old Saddlebags,
By night I fly upon Eagle:
To store, to market, to field, to mill,
One plods with patient pater,
Nor hears along the far-off heights
The hoofs of his comrade clatter.

To field, to market, to mill he goes,
Nor sees his comrade gleaming
Where he flies along the purple hills,
Nor the flame from his bridle streaming;
Sees not his track, nor the sparks of fire
So terribly flashing from it,
As they flashed from the track of Alborak
When he bravely carried Mahomet.

One steed, in a few short years, will rest
Under the grasses yonder;
The other will come there centuries hence
To linger and dream and ponder:
And yet both steeds are mine to-day,
The immortal and the mortal;
One beats alone the clods of earth,
One stamps at heaven's portal.

Henry Ames Blood.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Song in Camp.

THE article on the "Songs of the War," by Mr. Brander Matthews, in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for August, brought back to my memory vividly an experience at Murfreesboro', just after the battle of Stone's River. There was a good deal of gloomy feeling there. The losses in the army had been terrible; and, besides, there were among the troops a large number of Kentucky and Tennessee regiments, to whom the Emancipation Proclamation was not palatable. A number of officers had resigned, or tendered resignations, on account of it. One day a whole batch of resignations came in, all written in the same handwriting and coming from one regiment, including nearly all the officers in it, assigning as a reason their unwillingness to serve longer in consequence of the change in the purpose and conduct of the war. The instigator of these letters was found, and dismissed with every mark of ignominy — his shoulder straps were cut off, and he was drummed out of camp. This heroic remedy caused the officers whom he had misled to withdraw their resignations; but the thing rankled. A few days afterward a glee club came down from Chicago, bringing with them the new song,

"We 'll rally round the flag, boys,"

and it ran through the camp like wildfire. The effect was little short of miraculous. It put as much spirit and cheer into the army as a victory. Day and night one could hear it by every camp fire and in every tent. I never shall forget how the men rolled out the line,

"And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave."

I do not know whether Mr. Root knows what good work his song did for us there — but I hope so.

Henry Stone.

The Confederate Strength in the Atlanta Campaign.

THE paper by General Joseph E. Johnston on the Atlanta campaign, in the August number of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, asserts that on the 30th of April, 1864, the strength of the Confederate army was "37,652 infantry, 2812 artillery with 112 guns and 2392 cavalry," — in all 42,856. The return of the army on file in the War Department signed by General Johnston and attested by his adjutant-general, for April 30th, 1864, shows its "present for duty" almost 53,000:

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Infantry..... | 41,279 |
| Cavalry..... | 8,436 |
| Artillery, 144 pieces..... | 3,277 |
| | <hr/> 52,992 |

The difference between these figures and those given by General Johnston from the same return is, that

* For Cantey's strength, see General D. H. Maury's return April 22d, 1864.

† For Loring's strength, see General S. D. Lee's return May 10th, 1864.

in the magazine he gives the footings of the column of "effective total." This, in all Confederate returns, includes only sergeants, corporals, and private soldiers for duty. That the cavalry had an effective total of but 2392 with 8436 officers and men for duty is accounted for by the fact that a large number of horses were grazing in the rear because of the scarcity of forage at Dalton. They were brought to the front and the men became effective when Sherman's army began to advance. General Johnston's statement that his artillery comprised but 112 pieces is a manifest error, for the return plainly says 35 companies, 144 pieces.

The battle of Resaca was fought on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of May. Prior to that time, the Confederate army was reinforced by General Mercer's brigade of four Georgia regiments, which had been on garrison duty on the Atlantic coast. A footnote to the return of April 30th records that one of these regiments, the 63d Georgia, joined the army "since the report was made out," and that its effective total was 814. All of these regiments had full ranks; 2800 is a low estimate of their line-of-battle strength. Cantey's division,* 2 brigades of infantry and 2 batteries, 5300 for duty, came from Mobile about the 7th of May and was stationed at Resaca. Loring's division, 3 infantry brigades and 2 batteries, from General S. D. Lee's command, with 5145 for duty and a detachment of 550 from French's division, reached Resaca May 10th, 11th, and 12th. Meantime a regiment of the Georgia State line, estimated as six hundred strong, had been added to Hood's corps.

General Johnston had at Resaca at least 67,000 men for battle and 168 pieces of artillery. General Sherman had at most 104,000:† the odds against General Johnston when "the armies were actually in contact" were as 100 to 64, instead of "10 to 4," as stated in his article.

On the night of May 16th the Confederate army evacuated Resaca. On the following day, at Adairsville, it was reinforced by General W. H. Jackson's cavalry command, 4477 for duty, which was increased to 5120 by June 10th. On the 19th of May at Cassville the division of General French joined the army with 4174 effectives, exclusive of the detachment which was at Resaca. Another Georgia State line regiment, estimated as 600, was added to Hood's corps, and Quarles's brigade, 2200 strong, came on the 26th of May at New Hope Church. A comparison of the return of April 30th with that of June 10th shows an increase to the fighting strength of the army of 3399 from the return of men "absent with leave" in the corps of Hood, Hardee, Wheeler, and in the artillery. The return of May 20th is missing, but that of June 10th shows an increase since May 20th of 649 "returned from desertion" and 799 "joined by enlistment."

For French's detachment, see General French's report of "effectives when joined."

† For Sherman's army at Resaca, add 5300 for cavalry joined between May 1st and 12th to his strength May 1st of 98,797.

General Johnston has to account between April 30th and June 10th for men available for battle at least:

| | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------------|
| Present for duty at Dalton | April 30th | 52,992 |
| Mercer's brigade | May 2d | 2,800 |
| Cantey's division | " 7th | 5,300 |
| Loring's " " | May 10th, 11th, and 12th | 5,145 |
| French's detachment | May 12th | 550 |
| French's division | " 19th | 4,174 |
| Jackson's cavalry | " 19th | 4,177 |
| Jackson's cavalry increase before June 10th | | 643 |
| Quarles's brigade | May 26th | 2,800 |
| Two regiments Georgia State line | | 1,200 |
| Furloughed men returned | | 3,399 |
| Recruits | | 799 |
| Returned deserters | | 649 |
| | | <hr/> 84,328 |

All these figures are official except for Mercer's brigade and the two regiments of the Georgia State line.*

The return of General Johnston's army June 10th is the first on file in the War Department which includes all these reinforcements. It shows "present for duty":

| | Officers. | Men. |
|-----------------------|------------|--------------|
| Infantry | 9049 | 47,554 |
| Cavalry | 1332 | 22,372 |
| Artillery, 187 pieces | 257 | 4,414 |
| | <hr/> 6538 | <hr/> 64,340 |
| Or in round numbers | | 71,000 |

The difference of over 13,000 is accounted for by losses in battle, desertion, and increase in absent sick. The incomplete return of Medical Director Foard shows killed and wounded May 7th to 20th, inclusive, 3384. The return of June 10th shows 1551 killed and died since May 20th, indicating fully 6000 wounded. The same return shows 569 deserters. The 1542 prisoners captured from Hood and Hardee, shown by increase of absent without leave in their corps, account for the remainder without examining the returns of Polk's corps and the cavalry.

General Johnston's army reached its maximum strength on the New Hope Church line, where he must have had 75,000 for battle when the armies faced each other May 27th. General Sherman's army † there numbered, of all arms, for duty, 93,600 men, and several brigades of this force were employed in guarding trains and watching roads in all directions, for Sherman's army had no rear. Odds of less than 5 to 4 against him is "the great inequality of force" which General Johnston complains compelled him "to employ dismounted cavalry" in holding this line.

In a footnote to his article General Johnston says:

"I have two reports of the strength of the army besides that of April 30th, already given: 1. Of July 1st, 39,746 infantry, 3855 artillery, and 10,484 cavalry; total, 54,085. 2. Of July 10th, 36,901 infantry, 3755 artillery, and 10,270 cavalry; total, 50,926."

The return of July 1st shows "present for duty" all arms, officers and men, 64,578, instead of 54,085. (As in case of the return of April 30th, General Johnston gives only the "effective total.") The loss since June 10th is accounted for by 1114 dead, 711 deserters, 1042 increase in absent without leave (prisoners), and 3693 in increase of absent sick and wounded.

None of the returns of this army, either under Johnston or Hood, make any account of the Georgia militia, a division of which under General G. W. Smith

joined the army about June 20th near Kenesaw, making its available force on that line nearly 70,000 men.

The return of July 10th gives the present for duty 60,032, instead of 50,926, the loss since July 1st being 1377 deserters, 526 dead, two regiments sent to Savannah, and prisoners and wounded. This with the Georgia militia (increased to about nine thousand when the army reached Atlanta) represents the force turned over to General Hood July 18th, viz.:

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------|
| Infantry | 47,571 |
| Cavalry | 13,318 |
| Artillery, 187 pieces | 4,143 |
| Militia (probably) | 5,000 |
| | <hr/> 65,032 |

General Johnston asserts that the only affair worth mentioning, on his left at Resaca, was near the night of May 14th, when "40 or 50 skirmishers in front of our extreme left were driven from the slight elevation they occupied, but no attempt was made to retake it." In his official report, made in October, 1864, he says that at 9 o'clock at night of May 14th he "learned that Lieutenant-General Polk's troops had lost a position commanding our bridges." Comment upon the generalship that would leave a position commanding the line of retreat of an army in charge of 40 or 50 skirmishers within gun-shot of a powerful enemy is unnecessary, for it was not done. The position was held by a line of men. It was carried on the evening of May 14th by a gallant charge of two brigades of the Fifteenth Corps of the Union army. Reinforced by another brigade, they held it against the repeated and desperate efforts of Polk's men to retake it. The battle lasted far into the night. General John A. Logan, in his official report of it, says that when at 10 o'clock at night "the last body of the enemy retired broken and disheartened from the field, . . . it was evident to the meaneast comprehension among the rebels that the men who double-quickened across to their hills that afternoon had come to stay." General Logan also says that by the capture of this position "the railroad bridge and the town were held entirely at our mercy."

The Fifteenth Corps lost 628 killed and wounded at Resaca. The troops in its front, Loring's and Cantey's divisions and Vaughan's brigade, according to their incomplete official reports lost 698. Much the greater part of this loss must have been on the evening of May 14th, for there was no other line-of-battle engagement on this part of the field.

General Johnston characterizes the battle of May 28th at Dallas as "a very small affair," in which the Confederates lost about 300 men and the Union troops "must have lost more than ten times as many." This was an assault made upon troops of the Fifteenth Corps by two brigades of Bate's Confederate division and Armstrong's brigade of Jackson's cavalry dismounted, supported by Smith's brigade of Bate's division and Ferguson's and Ross's brigades of Jackson's cavalry. Lewis's Kentucky brigade attacked the front of Osterhaus's division without success. Bullock's Florida brigade charged along the Marietta road and was driven back, with heavy loss, by the fire of the 53d Ohio regiment. Armstrong assailed the position held by Walcutt's brigade across the Villa Rica road and met a bloody re-

* For strength of Jackson's cavalry division, see General S. D. Lee's return May 10th, and the return of General Johnston's army June 10th, 1864.

† For strength of General French's division, see his return of "effectives when joined."

For strength of Quarles's brigade, see Johnston's narrative, p. 575.

For Sherman's strength on the New Hope line, see his return May 31st and deduct Blair's Seventeenth Corps, which did not join the army until June 8th.

pulse. General Bate officially reported the loss in his division as 450. General Walcutt in his official report says that "244 dead and wounded rebels were found in my front," and many were doubtless removed. The Confederate loss in this "very small affair" was, therefore, over 700. The loss of the Fifteenth Corps was 379, or about one-half the Confederate loss, instead of "more than ten times as many."

General Johnston assumes that General Sherman used his entire army in the assault on Kenesaw Mountain, when, in fact, he employed less than 15,000 men. The remainder of the army was not engaged, except in the continuous battle of the skirmish lines. The assaulting column of the Army of the Cumberland, directed against Hardee's corps, was composed of 5 brigades about 9000 strong. The formation was such that each brigade presented a front of but two companies. The leading regiments lost very heavily; those in the rear suffered few casualties. General Thomas reported the entire loss as 1580. The attack of the Army of the Tennessee was made upon the Confederate intrenchments held by French's division and a part of Walker's, by three brigades of the Fifteenth Corps, numbering 5500 men. Their formation was in two lines; their total loss 603, three-fourths of this falling on the regiments in the first line.

General Johnston expresses the belief that Northern soldiers could not be repulsed with casualties so small as reported at Kenesaw. In this he, unwittingly perhaps, compliments Sherman's army at the expense of his own. On the 22d of June, five days before the battle of Kenesaw, he tells us that the divisions of Stevenson and Hindman were repulsed, in an assault on the Union line, with a loss of one thousand men. These divisions, June 10th, numbered over 11,000 for duty. Their loss, therefore, was but 9 per cent., while that of the troops of the Army of the Cumberland engaged at Kenesaw was 17 per cent.; of the Army of the Tennessee, 11 per cent. In both cases the loss sustained was sufficient to demonstrate the futility of further effort. In neither case was it a fair test of the staying qualities of the troops who on many fields had shown their willingness to shed any amount of blood necessary when there was reasonable hope of success.

E. C. Dawes,
Late Major 53d Ohio Regiment.

CINCINNATI, September 8th, 1887.

A Rejoinder to General Robertson by Colonel Mosby.

IN THE CENTURY for August, General Beverly H. Robertson defends himself against the charge of having disobeyed orders in the Gettysburg campaign, and imputes to me the absurdity of trying to prove that Stuart knew nothing about it, and also with defending him against "an imaginary attack." With equal propriety it might be said that General Robertson has defended himself against "an imaginary attack." I never intimated that Stuart was ignorant of his default. Stuart fought at Gettysburg and knew that Robertson did not. The latter affects to be unaware of the fact that two of General Lee's staff have published accounts of Gettysburg, in which they attribute the loss of the battle to the want of cavalry to make the preliminary reconnaissances; and that in the memoir of his chief by Stuart's adjutant, the blame of it is put upon himself

(General Robertson). The accusation against which I defended Stuart was, that by going into Pennsylvania around Hooker's rear with a portion of the cavalry he had taken away the eyes of the army, so that General Lee, like a blind man, had stumbled into the fight. I think I have shown that the fault was not in Stuart's plan, but in the execution of the part assigned to a subordinate. If Booth plays "Othello" with a bad support, the performance as a whole will be a failure, no matter what may be the merit of the chief actor. The complaint against Robertson is, that having been placed with a large force of cavalry in observation, with orders to follow on the *right* of the army *next to the enemy*, he gave General Lee no information of their movements, but followed on the *left*, and never reached the battle-field. He says that he was ordered "to cross the Potomac where Lee crossed," and follow on the *right* of the army. No such instructions were given him, as they would have involved a physical impossibility, as Lee crossed with Longstreet on the *left* at Williamsport. So did General Robertson. His instructions were: "After the enemy has moved beyond your reach, leave sufficient pickets in the mountains, and withdraw to the west side of the Shenandoah, and place a strong and reliable picket to watch the enemy at Harper's Ferry, cross the Potomac and follow the army, keeping on its *right* and rear." In his letter to Stuart of June 23d, General Lee had directed that, if the cavalry passed through the Shenandoah Valley, it must cross on our *right* at Shepherdstown (where A. P. Hill crossed) and move towards Frederick City. Stuart's instructions to Robertson indicated the same general direction for him to go, and, if they had been obeyed, would have put the cavalry in its proper position, between our infantry and the enemy. The Northern army moved into Pennsylvania east of the Blue Ridge or South Mountain, while Robertson's command moved on a parallel line, about twenty miles to the *west* of it. This is the only example in war of the cavalry of an invading army marching in rear of the infantry. He says that, as he was ordered to avoid pikes, he was compelled to go by Martinsburg. But that could not have been the reason for selecting this route, as he actually traveled along pikes nearly all the way; whereas, if he had gone by Shepherdstown, he might have avoided them altogether. The suggestion to keep off turnpikes, to save his horses' shoes, did not require him to change the direction prescribed for him on the *right* of the army. He says he hurried on from Virginia to join the army, and by forced marches reached Chambersburg on the evening of July 2d, and Cashtown on the next morning—which was the last day of the battle. If he had kept on to Gettysburg, he might have reached there in time to witness the last scene of the great tragedy. He had marched from Berryville to Chambersburg in three days—which is exactly the time that it took Longstreet's infantry to march the same distance. But then Longstreet did not pretend to be in a hurry. If keeping behind the *left* wing is the same thing as being on the *right* flank of the army, then there can be no doubt that General Robertson obeyed orders. At Cashtown, he says that he heard that Pleasonton was moving to capture our trains, so he turned off and went to meet him. Pleasonton was then fighting Stuart at Gettysburg. General Robertson made no report of his operations in this campaign, but General Jones, who was

under him, says that at Cashtown an order came from General Lee requiring a cavalry force to be sent to Fairfield, and that in the *absence of General Robertson* he determined to move in that direction at once, and that near there he encountered and routed the 6th United States Regulars. There was only *one* regiment of Federal cavalry there, which thus neutralized two Confederate brigades with two batteries of artillery. If all of our cavalry had been at the front, Meade could not have spared even this one regiment to send after Lee's trains; it would have been all he could do to take care of his own. In the skirmish at Fairfield on July 3d was the first time Robertson's command had seen the enemy since it disappeared from his front at Middleburg, Va., early on the morning of June 26th. Keeping eight days out of sight of the enemy was not exactly the way to carry out Stuart's order to *watch and harass him*. It was his leadership *preceding* the battle that I criticised. In modern war the most important service of cavalry is rendered before a battle begins. General Robertson says that it was at Martinsburg, and not at Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, "*as Colonel Mosby insinuates*," that he received orders from General Lee to join the army. In December, 1877, a letter of his was published in the Philadelphia "Times," in which he justified his delay in Virginia, on the ground that his instructions required him "*to await further orders*," and stated that on June 29th, at *Ashby's Gap*, he received orders from General Lee to join the army, and started forthwith. He fortified this statement by certificates of two members of his staff. The instructions which I recently found among the Confederate archives direct him to hold the mountain gaps "as long as the enemy remains in your [his] front in force." He staid there *three* days after they had gone into Pennsylvania, and now makes no explanation of the delay, but raises an immaterial issue about the skirmish at Fairfield, which simply proves that on the day of battle he was in the rear with the wagon trains. General Robertson says that he gave satisfaction to General Lee. Now, that General Lee was dissatisfied with some one is shown by his report in which he complains that "the movement of the army *preceding* the battle of Gettysburg had been much embarrassed by the absence of the cavalry." I have elsewhere shown that this censure can only apply to the commander of the cavalry who was left with him to observe the enemy. As soon as the army returned to Virginia, General Robertson, at his own request, was relieved of command. No argument in favor of acquittal can be drawn from the leniency that was shown in this case. There was but little of the stern Agamemnon in the character of General Lee.

Jno. S. Mosby.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 24th, 1887.

An Anecdote of the Petersburg Crater.

I was in Virginia in 1864, and the paragraph in General Grant's Vicksburg paper describing the mine explosion and the frightened negro who was lifted "bout t'ree mile" brings to my mind the mining of the Confederate works before Petersburg in the summer of 1864. Among the prisoners captured was one whose face was greatly begrimed, and as he marched by he was saluted by a blue-coat with the remark, "Say, John-

ny! guess you got blown up." "Well," replied Johnny with an oath, "I should just say so; but somehow I got the start of the other fellows, for when I was coming down I met the regiment going up, and they all called me a blasted straggler!"

Henry R. Howland.

BUFFALO, September 7th, 1885.

Ransom's Division at Fredericksburg.

IN the August, 1886, number of THE CENTURY General James Longstreet published what he "saw of the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862."

The omissions in that article were so glaring and did such injustice, that I wrote to him and requested him to correct what would produce false impressions. His answer was unsatisfactory, but promised that, "I [Longstreet] expect in the near future to make accounts of all battles and put them in shape, in a form not limited by words, but with full details, when there will be opportunity to elaborate upon all points of interest."

General Lee, in his report of the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13th, 1862, writes as follows:

... "Longstreet's corps constituted our left, with Anderson's division resting upon the river, and those of McLaws, Pickett, and Hood extending to the right in the order named. Ransom's division supported the batteries on Marye's and Willis's hills, at the foot of which Cobb's brigade of McLaws's division and the 24th North Carolina of Ransom's brigade were stationed, protected by a stone wall. *The immediate care of this point was committed to General Ransom.*"

The italics in this paper are all mine. The positions are stated by General Lee exactly as the troops were posted. Lee's report continues, farther on:

... "About 11 A. M., having massed his [the enemy's] troops under cover of the houses of Fredericksburg, he moved forward in strong columns, to seize Marye's and Willis's hills. General Ransom advanced Cooke's brigade to the top of the hill, and placed his own, with the exception of the 24th North Carolina, a short distance in rear." ... "In the *third* assault" [his report continues] "the brave and lamented Brigadier-General Thomas R. Cobb fell at the head of his gallant troops, and almost at the same moment Brigadier-General Cooke was borne from the field severely wounded. Fearing that Cobb's brigade might exhaust its ammunition, General Longstreet had directed General Kershaw to take two regiments to its support. Arriving after the fall of Cobb, he assumed command, his troops taking position on the crest and at the foot of the hill, to which point *General Ransom also advanced three other regiments.*"

General Kershaw took command of Cobb's brigade, which I had had supplied with ammunition from my wagons, and I repeated the supply during the day.

General Longstreet in his official report says:

... "General Ransom on Marye's Hill was charged with the *immediate care of the point attacked*, with orders to send forward additional reinforcements, if it should become necessary, and to use Featherston's brigade of Anderson's division, if he should require it." And continuing, "I directed Major-General Pickett to send me two of his brigades: *one, Kemper's, was sent to General Ransom to be placed in some secure position to be ready in case it should be wanted.*" And again, "I would also mention, as particularly distinguished in the engagement of the 13th, Brigadier-Generals Ransom, Kershaw, and Cooke (severely wounded)."

General McLaws was not upon the part of the field in the vicinity of Marye's and Willis's hills during the

battle, but his aide, Captain King, was killed on the front slope of the hill near Marye's house.

My own permanent command was a small division of two brigades of infantry,—my own, containing the 24th, 25th, 35th, and 49th; and Cooke's, the 15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th regiments,—all from North Carolina; and attached to my brigade was Branch's battery, and to Cooke's brigade the battery of Cooper.

At the time the fog began to lift from the field, I was with Generals Lee and Longstreet, on what has since been known as Lee's Hill. Starting to join my command as the Federals began to emerge from the town, General Longstreet said to me, "Remember, general, I place that salient in your keeping. Do what is needed; and call on Anderson if you want help."

I brought up Cooke before the first assault to the crest of the hills, and before that assault ended, Cooke took the 27th and 46th and part of the 15th North Carolina into the sunken road in front. The 48th North Carolina fought on top of the hill all day.

At the third assault I brought up the 25th North Carolina just in time to deliver a few deadly volleys, and then it "took position shoulder to shoulder with Cobb's and Cooke's men in the road."

During this third attack General Cobb was mortally hit, and almost at the same instant, and within two paces of him, General Cooke was severely wounded and borne from the field, Colonel E. D. Hall, 46th North Carolina, assuming command of Cooke's brigade.

At this juncture I sent my adjutant-general, Captain Thomas Rowland, to the sunken road to learn the condition of affairs. "His report was most gratifying, representing the troops in fine spirits and an abundance of ammunition. I had ordered Cobb's brigade supplied from my wagons."

After this third attack I was bringing up the 35th and 49th North Carolina of my brigade, when General Kershaw, by a new road leading from the mill below, came up on horseback with his staff at the head of *one* regiment, which he took in just at Marye's house. He was followed by a second regiment, which halted behind a brick-walled graveyard upon Willis's Hill.

About sundown Brigadier-General Kemper was brought up, and relieved the 24th North Carolina with two of his regiments and held the others in closer supporting distance. On the 20th of December, 1862, he sent me a list of his casualties, with this note:

"HEADQUARTERS KEMPER'S BRIGADE,
December 20th, 1862.

"GENERAL: I inclose herewith the statement of the losses of my brigade on the 13th and 14th insts. while acting as part of your command. While a report of my losses has been called for by my permanent division commander, and rendered to him, it has occurred to me that a similar one rendered to yourself would be proper and acceptable. Permit me to add, general, that our brief service with you was deeply gratifying to myself and to my entire command. I have the honor to be, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"J. L. KEMPER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL.
"BRIG.-GEN. RANSOM, COMMANDING DIVISION."

As stated in my letter to General Longstreet dated August 14th, 1886, when I brought to his attention his extraordinary omissions, it gave me unfeigned pleasure to mention properly in my official report the meritorious conduct of those who were a part of my permanent command and those others who that day fell under my direction by reason of my "*immediate care of the point attacked*." My official report exhibits no self-seeking nor partial discriminations.

Upon a letter from me (of the 17th of December, 1862) to General R. H. Chilton, assistant adjutant-general Army of Northern Virginia, wherein I protest against the ignoring of my command in some telegraphic dispatches to the War Department at Richmond relative to the battle of the 13th, General Longstreet indorses these words: "*General Ransom's division was engaged throughout the battle and was quite as distinguished as any troops upon the field*"; and the same day, the 19th of December, I received from both him and General Chilton notes expressing the regret felt by General Lee at the injustice of which I complained. Those original letters are now among the "Official Records" in Washington.

I may be pardoned for remembering with pride that among the Confederate troops engaged on the whole battle-field of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13th, 1862, none were more honorably distinguished than the sons of North Carolina, and those of them who with brother soldiers from other States held the lines at Marye's Hill against almost ten times their number of as brave and determined foes as ever did battle can well trust their fame to history when written from truthful official records."

R. Ransom.

* When credit is not given for quotations, they are from my official report of the battle.—R. R.



THE BAGGAGE GUARD.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Municipal Patriotism.

IT is always much easier to die for one's country than to live for it. The headlong gallop; the desperate burst up the hill-side, guided by the colors that break out again and again through the smoke; the duel-spirit that yearns to lay the ship alongside an enemy, as if that were more than half the battle,—are all sustained and made easier by the sense of personal struggle, of great sacrifices publicly recognized, and of that magnetic influence which is in the eyes of comrades-in-arms. You shall find ten men ready to assume the burdens of war, with such incentives to sustain the war-spirit, where one is ready to espouse and take to himself the homelier virtues and duties of good citizenship,—to study the institutions of his own country, to test for himself the character and influence of candidates, the policies and methods of parties, the dangers which beset the State and the most hopeful remedies for them. Happy is the man who can take contentedly the duties of citizenship as they are carved out for him and presented to him by others; but more implicitly does he serve his country who looks on such duties as his personal service, never to be intrusted to another.

It is quite too much the fashion, just now, to talk as if good citizens, in this sense, were rarer than they really are; as if the mass of American citizens took party as the primary object of their devotion, and looked at the country only through the party. If this were true, it would be the most terrible indictment of democratic institutions by their results that ever was framed; and every one who is interested in the century's history of the great American experiment ought to take a pride in every indication that it is far from true—farther to-day than it ever was before. At no previous time have parties been so much like a bundle of nerves, answering to the slightest touch of circumstance. The smallest tendency to party tyranny is met no longer by willing submission, but by mutterings of discontent, or even by open revolt; and the apparent danger is rather of party disintegration than of party despotism. The man who grumbles about the "slow train," which makes but twenty miles an hour, is simply a personified proof that the day of the stage-coach has passed away; and the man who grumbles at the tyranny of party is merely a similar proof that the Essex Junto and the Albany Regency no longer provide ready-made political opinions for a contented people, or pull Adams down or Jackson up, but that party machines are, more than ever before, the servants of those who support them.

It is mainly, however, on the larger and more state-ly and imposing boards of the national theater that this tendency has thus far shown itself. The voter who has come to claim for his individual conscience the supreme power of private judgment in national politics is still far too apt to accept without hesitation the guidance of his party "machine" in State politics, while he looks upon city politics as practically beneath his notice. He is

affronted by the action of his national party, in any of its attempts to control the action of its minorities, while he gazes tranquilly above and beyond the grossest abuses in his own city government. His Common Council spends months in a "dead-lock" over the appointment of three or four policemen, with "deals" and diplomatic negotiations enough for the management of an empire and hardly enough success for the management of a kitchen; the Fire Department, the Health Department, the Building Department, the Department of Public Works, the Police Department, and the Department of Education, which should be in active and harmonious coöperation, spend the time and effort which should be given to the city service in dealing one another vicious blows through the newspapers and elsewhere; taxation results merely in providing a livelihood for incompetent officials and in thrusting inefficient public service upon the citizens; and still the citizen refuses to learn the essential lesson that there is such a thing as municipal patriotism, and that municipal politics is its only practical mode of expression.

Why should the politics of the city be tied down to the politics of the nation or the State? Is there any identity of interest between the two, such as would be apt to secure efficient city administration by a selection of city officers based upon national party preferences? Every one knows the contrary, from practice as well as from theory: in a few of our cities, the lesson has already developed a strong and effective independent city vote; and yet, take the country through, the individual conscience seems to be almost as inert as ever in this matter. The man who, moved by conscience, takes up his own burden of battle against the abuses of his own city government, is pretty certain of the pity of those who know him personally and of the criticism of those who are strangers to him; he need not expect that which he deserves—the cordial sympathy of his fellow-citizens, their consideration for his inevitable errors, and their rejoicing in his successes. His fellow-citizens have not yet been educated up to that point. We still lack that essential factor in political development—municipal patriotism. Thousands of men have been found ready and willing to die for the United States or even for the individual State. Where are the men who would die for Brooklyn, or Chicago, or San Francisco? Where, indeed, are the men who would *live* for them?

It is an indication of progress, at least, that this last question has every year a larger answer: the growth is not so large as it should be, but it is a growth, not a degeneration. Every year sees an increased number of men who find their most interesting field of investigation in the various problems of city government; who study the American city, its methods of administration, its methods of voting, its abuses and their remedies, with all the intensity which once was peculiar to national politics. Men have even been found willing to abandon wide fields of national usefulness to enter the new battle-ground of municipal administration. Are

their efforts to be forever thwarted by the ill-advised experiments of State legislatures, governing bodies which are removed from the city by every sympathy and interest? Nothing can prevent such a result, unless the municipal patriotism of the citizens has a parallel development, as the essential sustaining power to the new development of municipal leadership. The American city must be left to work out its own salvation, released from the meddlesome interference of the American State legislature; and the only means of attaining such a result is the development of an alert and even irritable patriotism in the city itself. When the time comes in which the citizen shall feel the same sense of personal outrage in the State's interference with his city government that he is prompt to feel in the nation's interference with his State government, the problem of the American city will be very far on the road to solution.

Human history seems to run in circles; new conditions are introduced, run their round of development, and bring the race back to a new phase of the old beginning-point. The tangible current of history began in the cities of the Orient. When fully developed Oriental despotism swept into Europe, individual liberty found its bulwark in the Greek cities; and these, in their decadence, yielded to the new type of individual power represented by the Eternal City. When this power had become a despotism, the individual still cherished his city as his main defense against the tyranny of the Cæsar. In the downfall of the great Empire, it was the cities that stood out like islands in the stagnant waters of tyrannical stupidity which over-spread the civilized world; and the cities, again, led in the rising struggle for individual freedom which has given modern history its character. We may not have all the incentives which led the Hollander to personify his city, to speak of it almost as of a mythological goddess, to count its buttresses and foundation-stones as even dearer than his hearth-stone, and to die on its walls or before its gates with all the patriotism which marked Marathon or Gettysburg. But, when one considers the importance of the American city, the increasing drift of American life into it, the magnitude of the interests, political as well as material, which hang upon its development, and the possible influence which the failure of the American city could exert upon the future history of the American people, he must believe that the field for municipal patriotism is even wider and more important in America than it ever was in Holland, and that nothing is more desirable for our political peace than the growth of an intelligent devotion of the citizen to his own city, and a personal dedication of himself to its healthy and honorable development.

The Seventieth Year of Our National Disgrace.

WITH the 15th of February next we shall enter upon the seventieth year of the United States Government's official license of literary piracy. It was on that day of the year 1819 that Congress formally excluded the foreign author from the protection then first accorded to the American. It may be that at that time this issuance of letters of marque and reprisal upon the literature of other nations was thought to be the best way to build up that of our own, but the protests from business interests which were made against the attempts under the

leadership of Clay, Webster, and Everett to remedy the defect in 1837 and 1838, indicate that less patriotic considerations were at the bottom of this exclusion. However this may be, the failure to repeal the excluding clause has not only dwarfed the growth of American letters and given an abnormal impetus to the spread of foreign ideas among our people, but has exposed us for three-quarters of a century to the just reproaches of the civilized world; and to-day, when the intelligent opinion of the country demands the reform—as for years it has demanded it—the indifference of our legislators to the fundamental question of principle which is involved shows the moral callousness which gathers upon a long-existing wrong. Possibly we underrate the open-mindedness of Congress on this question, but the fact that it is thought absurd to expect on moral grounds the speedy redress of so manifest and grievous a wrong is an evidence of the dangerous disrespect with which the legislative office in this country is invested. The idea is certainly widely prevalent that a question of pure morality has little chance in Congress when there is any opportunity of protest from so-called vested interests. No doubt this conclusion does injustice to many upright legislators, but it is nevertheless a conclusion for which their supineness is largely and especially responsible.

But while Congress, by its inaction, is feeding this sentiment of distrust, it is much to be said of the tone of the literary classes in this country that their innumerable appeals in favor of this reform have been almost invariably on the line of the moral argument. They would be less entitled to the respect of their fellow-men, as in large measure conservators of the ideal, were they to take a less sincere position. Better a thousand times that a copyright law should be delayed another half century, than that this ground should be abandoned for that of mere political expediency. Justice is so necessary to the continuance of the race that it often occurs that there are many reasons for doing a just thing. But it may be questioned whether the moral tone both of him who demands justice and of him of whom it is demanded is not lowered by demanding it on any ground other than because it is right. Expediency has been defined as a lower kind of right, but even admitting this, it is confessedly a *lower kind*, and the acceptance of the lower motive is particularly perilous to a conscientious nature,—character being the attitude toward evil rather than the mere accomplishment of certain conventional acts called virtuous. For surely the habitual acceptance of a ground of expediency tends toward the abandonment or suppression of the higher point of view. And yet this higher point of view is the chief distinction in morals. Who would not be insulted to be asked not to lie because it may lose him consideration, or not to steal because he can make more money by being honest? Indeed, the comparative distances of men from the point of view of the criminal classes may be determined by their sensitiveness to the affront of assuring them that "Honesty is the best policy."

American authors, therefore, do themselves honor in holding out for a settlement of the question on the plane of justice rather than on that of commercial advantage, and in declining to take responsibilities in the matter of copyright legislation which do not appertain to them and which commit them to a line of policy in

which as authors they have little or no interest. Their position has been one of dignity and self-respect; they have contented themselves with urging upon Congress what they regard as the proper remedy—a pure and simple copyright law. They stand ready to give their frankest opinions as to the probable working of any other measure that may be introduced; individually many of them favor one or another of the proposed commercial conditions, but to expect them as a body to urge the particular schemes of other interests, which as a party to the compact they would be obliged hereafter to defend, is one more indignity added to those which they have endured for nearly three-quarters of a century. They are not “irreconcilables” in this matter, and will welcome the establishment of the principle of copyright, with any conditions which, after a full examination of the subject, Congress may impose. These conditions, however, should be proposed and defended by those who profess to believe them wise; and the responsibility of determining what, if any, conditions should be imposed should be made to rest where it belongs,—with the legislative power.

“Constitution Day.”*

THE reflection that it would be wise to make a national holiday of the 17th of September is one which must have occurred to many who witnessed or read of the celebration at Philadelphia of the centenary of the Constitution. A venerable justice of the Supreme Court has pronounced this celebration the greatest public occasion of the kind in our history, and those who witnessed the pageantries of peace in which shone so conspicuously the public spirit of Philadelphia—a constant quantity, it must be said—can pay no higher compliment than to say, as they do, that the celebration was worthy of the event commemorated. Its significance was enhanced by the fact that it was the first public opportunity for the whole country to unite in a reverential recognition of the supreme body of our national law, which now includes—in a settlement not alone of force, but of reason and experience—the national decision upon those differences of interpretation which, like the dragon’s teeth in the fable, sprang up into a harvest of armed men. It is not to be wondered at that so long as the Constitution meant one thing to one section and another to the other, there could be no real unity of appreciation of it: each section dwelt not so much on the grandeur of a common inheritance as on the wisdom of its own theory of government. Happily the danger in this condition of affairs is past, and we have learned from it that it is the part of statesmanship and patriotism not merely to admit but to cultivate kindly relations among all the sections of our diversified country. The serious uses in this direction of such an occasion as the Philadelphia celebration are not likely to be overrated. It has been wisely said that the quickest way to cure the quarrelsome tendencies of children is to provide them with some common ground of in-

terest, even the simplest, such as marching together; and the rule is not without value for the children of a larger growth. Merely to group about a national idea intersectional courtesies and social relations—the want of which kept us sorry strangers before the War—is an incalculable influence in making our people homogeneous and sympathetic. We cannot but think that this influence would be broadened and perpetuated by a formal recognition of the day as a national holiday.

In another aspect the day could hardly fail to have great value. We are not likely, from the nature of the Declaration of Independence, to have any serious differences over its axiomatic pronouncements of political principles; but the fact that the Constitution is likely to change with the needs of a growing country is a reason for cultivating a popular knowledge of its past benefits and an intelligent regard for its conservative influence. Future changes in that instrument—and the day would lead to the consideration of its defects—are likely to be made against the wishes of large minorities and after burning discussion, and it is well that they should have the sanction of the broadest popular acceptance *per se*—such as the later amendments could not have had without a war. Moreover the debates over such questions as the regulation of commerce between the States and the proposed national aid to State education indicate that our future political history is likely to deal largely with questions involving the powers of the legislative branch. Our people, who have the faculty of not crossing bridges till a long time after they come to them, are not less likely than heretofore to rely on chance to take them over future constitutional chasms. But we need the preventive of a broader popular study of the functions of government,—an understanding of what it may and what it may not do. The use of such a holiday would be to aid in supplying from year to year that strength of intelligent sentiment which in national emergencies is the most practical support of all law.

It is easy to say that our national holidays have become occasions for mere rest and frolic. Even thus, since the national foible is not idleness, it would be better to retain them. But aside from the direct patriotic influence of their celebration, the mere existence of Washington’s Birthday, Memorial Day, Independence Day, or “Thanksgiving” is the challenge of a great idea to the mind. The leaders of the “Labor Party” are shrewd enough to see the advantage to their cause of getting a recognition of it into the national calendar, and they are not likely to lose time in setting about it. The contrast in significance and value between “Constitution Day” and “Labor Day,” as one imagines them, well exemplifies the uses to which a national holiday may be put. If the 17th of September needs any other recommendation to the favor of the American people, it may come from the fact that upon that day also was given to the nation one of the wisest and most notable of our State papers,—the “Farewell Address” of its great, unselfish First President.

*On the 8th of June, 1861, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner published in the Hartford “Evening Press” an editorial article favoring the establishment of two new national holidays, namely,—Flag Day, June 14th, and Constitution Day, September 17th. This project—the more appropriate by reason of the national crisis of that year—received considerable attention in the press. September 15th of the same year Mr. Warner published another editorial on Constitution

Day, and that year the day was celebrated in several places, especially in Connecticut and Ohio. On the 12th of June, 1862, Mr. Loomis of Connecticut introduced in the House of Representatives a resolution recommending the establishment of the two holidays. On the 13th, after brief debate, this resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 67 to 33. In 1877, the centenary of the adoption of the flag was generally celebrated throughout the North.

OPEN LETTERS.

Cheap Books.

IT is one of the assumptions of those who oppose International Copyright, either ignorantly or willfully, that this reform will raise the price of books in the United States. We are all agreed that the American people must have cheap books, yet the ordinary answer to this plausible assertion is modeled on Mr. Lowell's memorable saying that "there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by." I think it is possible to make a broader answer than this by boldly denying the assumption. The passing of the bill proposed by the American Copyright League will not raise the price of any class of books in the United States, with one possible exception. To this exception I will return shortly; in the meanwhile I wish to repeat my assertion, that books will not be any dearer in America after we have passed the copyright bill than they are now. The absence of International Copyright makes books cheaper here only in so far as American publishers are willing to take foreign books without paying for them. A consideration of the present condition and annual statistics of the American book-trade will show that the legal right to pirate is not now utilized by most American publishers, and that those who are still privateers seek their booty chiefly, if not solely, among books of one exceptional class.

From the figures published annually in the "Publishers' Weekly," the following table has been prepared to show the different kinds of books published in the United States during the past five years. (The classification is not quite that of the "Weekly," but has been modified slightly by condensation.)

| | 1882 | 1883 | 1884 | 1885 | 1886 |
|--|------|------|------|------|------|
| Education and language..... | 221 | 197 | 227 | 225 | 275 |
| Law | 261 | 397 | 455 | 431 | 469 |
| Science (medical, physical, mathematical, political, and social)..... | 406 | 407 | 511 | 443 | 499 |
| Theology, religion, mental and moral philosophy..... | 347 | 390 | 399 | 460 | 395 |
| History | 118 | 119 | 115 | 137 | 182 |
| Literary history and miscellany, biography and memoirs, description and travel, humor and satire | 559 | 521 | 529 | 501 | 719 |
| Poetry and the drama | 182 | 184 | 222 | 171 | 220 |
| Juveniles | 278 | 331 | 358 | 388 | 458 |
| Fiction | 767 | 670 | 943 | 934 | 1080 |
| Et cetera | 333 | 265 | 329 | 330 | 379 |
| Total | 3472 | 3481 | 4088 | 4020 | 4676 |

Taking up these classes in turn, we shall see what will be the effect on each of the passage of the bill of the American Copyright League. On the first class, education and language, there would be no effect at all, as the text-books now used in American schools were written by Americans and are covered by copyright: it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the American school-boy never sees a book of foreign authorship in school-hours;—I know that I never did until after I had entered college, and then very infrequently. For-

tunately for the future of our country, young Americans are brought up on American books. The foundation of American education is the native Webster's Spelling-book. In some respects the making of school-books is the most important branch of the publishing business, and the passage of the copyright bill would not influence it in any way; American school-books would be neither dearer nor cheaper.

In the second class, law, are included a tenth of the books published in the United States last year, and from the inexorable circumstances of the case most of these books are of American authorship and are already protected by copyright. All reports, and all treatises on practice and on constitutional law, etc., are of necessity national. Now and again an English treatise of marked merit may be edited for the use of American lawyers with references to American cases, but this is infrequent; and not often would the price of any work needed by the American lawyer be increased by the passage of the copyright bill.

Of books in the third and fourth classes—science and theology—very few indeed are ever pirated. Once in every three or four years there appears in England or France or Germany a book like Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," the American price of which is lowered by rival reprints. A large majority of these books are written by American authors; and in general the minority by foreign authors are published here by an arrangement with the foreign author tantamount to copyright. Although purely ethical considerations ought to have more weight with readers of books of this class than with those of any other, yet it would be only infrequently that the price of any book of this class would be raised by giving to the literary laborer who made it the right to collect the hire of which he is worthy.

Taken together, the next three classes on the list—history; literary history and miscellany, biography and memoirs, description and travel, humor and satire; and poetry and the drama—include nearly all of what used to be called Belles Lettres (except fiction), and they supply nearly a quarter of the books published in America. In these and in the preceding classes most of the books are of American authorship, and most of those of foreign authorship are published at just the same price as though they were by native writers. It would probably surprise most readers who imagine that the absence of International Copyright gives us many inexpensive histories and biographies and books of travel and poems, if they were to consider carefully the catalogues of the paper-covered collections which furnish forth our cheap literature. Among the chief of these collections are the "Franklin Square Library" and "Harper's Handy Series." In 1886, there were issued fifty-four numbers of the "Franklin Square Library," one of which was by an American. Of the remaining fifty-three, forty-six were fiction, and only seven numbers could be classified as history, biography, travels, or the drama—only seven of these books in one year, and they were less than one-seventh of the books contained in this collection. In the same year there were sixty-two numbers in "Harper's Handy Series." Deducting four by American authors

we have fifty-eight books issued in cheap form owing to the absence of International Copyright. Of these fifty-eight books fifty-two were fiction, and only six belonged in other branches of Belles Lettres,—only six of these books in one year, and they were less than one-ninth of the series. In these two cheap collections then, there were published in 1886 one hundred and eleven books of foreign authorship, and of these all but thirteen were novels or stories. Not one of these thirteen books was a work of the first rank which a man might regret going without. It may as well be admitted frankly that these thirteen books would probably not have been published quite so cheaply had there been International Copyright; but it may be doubted whether if that were the case, the cause of literature and education in the United States would have been any the worse.

In the class of books for the young there are probably more works of foreign authorship sold than in any other class that we have hitherto considered, but in most cases they are not sold at lower prices than American books of the same character. Indeed, I question whether many English or French books for the young are sold at all in America. At bottom the American boy is more particular and harder to please than the American woman; he likes his fiction home-made and he has small stomach for imported stories about the younger son of a duke. He has a wholesomer taste for native work; no English juvenile magazine is sold in the United States, although several American juvenile magazines are sold in Great Britain. We export books for the young, and we import them only to a comparatively slight extent.

I come now to the one class of books the price of which would be increased by the granting of International Copyright. This is the large and important class of fiction. Of course American novels would be no dearer; and probably translations from the French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Russian would not vary greatly in price. But English novels would not be sold for ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five cents each. We should not see five or ten rival reprints of a single story by the most popular English novelists. There would be but a single edition of the latest novels of the leading British story-tellers, and this would be offered at whatsoever price the authorized publisher might choose to ask, sometimes much, generally little. English fiction would no longer cost less than American fiction. The premium of cheapness which now serves to make the American public take imported novels instead of native wares would be removed; and with it would be removed the demoralizing influence on Americans of a constant diet of English fiction. That American men and women should read the best that the better English novelists have to offer us is most desirable; that our laws should encourage the reading of English stories, good and bad together, and the bad, of course, in enormous majority, is obviously improper and unwise. A well-nigh exclusive diet of English fiction full of the feudal ideas and superstitions and survivals of which we have been striving for a century to rid ourselves, is not wholesome for those who need to be strengthened and enlightened to do their duty as citizens of a free republic. The strongest argument against novel-reading just now is that the novel which an American is most likely to read is Brit-

ish. "Society is a strong solution of books," Dr. Holmes tells us; "it draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves." And in like manner society draws the vice out of what is least worth reading. Unfortunately under the present state of the law, society in America is far less likely to get what is best worth reading than what is least worth reading.

The passage of the Authors' Copyright Bill would tend to correct this evil: it would make English novels dearer, probably; but it would have very little effect on the prices of other books.

Brander Matthews.

Occupations of the Blind.

(EDUCATION OF THE BLIND—CONCLUDED.)

ANY person of average endowments, if deprived of sight in the early part of life, before his habits of seeing have become too firmly fixed, will be able after a few years' experience to overcome all the actual difficulties directly occasioned by loss, and to do the same work that others do in his chosen vocation and do it equally well, though it may be at the expense of rather more time and strength and by somewhat different methods. He will not need or wish to ask for sympathy or special favors or partial judgment from his patrons, but will be glad to stand alone, fight his own battles and rely on his own resources; but he ought in justice to be allowed an equal chance with his seeing competitors, to be able to demand that no discrimination be made against him without a fair trial, that his work be valued wholly upon its merits, irrespective of his manner of performing it, or of the fact that the majority, failing to understand how he is able to do it, hasten to presuppose him unable by consequence.

In reality there are comparatively few occupations in which, so far as they are themselves concerned, the blind may not compete with a fair chance of success; though among those possible, some present far greater intrinsic difficulty than others, and the amount of public credence and support to be counted on in each depends largely upon the number of familiar precedents which can be cited in that particular branch.

It may be laid down as a general rule that those departments of activity which are purely intellectual, or in which the physical elements employed are within the reach of touch and hearing, are all feasible; while those will be the most advantageous in which special demand is made upon the faculties which the blind are forced to cultivate to an unusual degree, such as hearing and memory.

To begin with manual labor: Certain kinds of farming offer an excellent opening, like market-gardening, the raising of poultry and small fruits, dairy work, and like occupations which are carried on within circumscribed limits and all parts of which may be brought within arm's-length. Besides chair-seating and broom-making, upholstery and cabinet work might be undertaken with ease and profit. Great skill with tools is no uncommon thing with the blind, and the joining and polishing of furniture can be done as well by touch as by sight. The qualities and differences in woods and stuffs could easily be distinguished by their texture and weight, and their colors would be a simple matter of memory.

It is a popular fallacy, widespread and wholly baseless, that the blind can tell color by feeling. I regret to say that considerable humbug has been carried on in this respect at certain public institutions and in private, by persons who knew better and ought to have been ashamed of it, for the purpose of astounding and interesting the public. It is a very simple matter to keep beads or worsteds of different hues in different compartments, or to recognize each, when mixed, by size or quality or some slight peculiarity unnoticed by the casual observer, and thus to select with accuracy, as if by the color, and keep up the delusion.

Among the higher forms of skilled labor peculiarly adapted to the blind is that of tuning musical instruments, especially the piano,—an entirely creditable and quite remunerative occupation, in which their exceptionally fine sense of hearing is utilized to the full.

In the higher intellectual spheres the employment of teaching affords a wide and promising field, philosophical and metaphysical branches, as well as languages, furnishing probably the most favorable opportunities; the latter, in particular, giving fullest scope to a fine ear and exceptional memory. There is many a professor's chair in the country to which a gifted blind person might aspire, so far as his ability to fill it is concerned, though to secure the appointment might be another matter. The pulpit and the lecture-platform also offer opportunities and attractions, and have already been honorably represented by members of this class. But the realms in which sight may be most easily dispensed with, and which present the fewest barriers to the entrance and successful progress of those deprived of it, are music and literature. Given a fair amount of ability and natural aptitude, they offer an open, easily accessible plane of activity, with few disadvantages, save for some minor technical points, which may be overcome with scarcely a third more work than others would require. The intense inner life and strong personality, the habits of concentration and introspection, the accumulated imaginative and emotional power of minds in a measure cut off from natural outlets and forced in upon themselves, here find free vent and are brought into active requisition; while in music a superiority in the faculties of touch, hearing, and memory may be utilized to the full.

It may be asked why, then, have so few sightless persons attained preëminence in this branch, while so many who have attempted it have reached only mediocrity. Because, until very recently, few, if any, of their guardians and instructors have had sufficient faith in their capability to give them even a fair training and average opportunities. While their seeing competitors are spending years of time, and thousands of dollars upon their studies, at the art centers of Europe, they are kept at special schools, under the musical guidance, for the most part, of inexperience, indolence, and incompetency, any patient person who can be had cheap being considered good enough to fill the post of teacher at such institutions. I am glad to recall a few exceptions of teachers who are doing good work, and if their number can be increased till a really high standard becomes general, the results of the future in this regard will tell a different tale.

Though not, perhaps, within the limits of my theme, I would fain touch here upon one point, than which none is more erroneously regarded in connection with the blind. I refer to the probabilities for them of domestic relations and happiness.

The prevailing opinion of the world is, that a young person deprived of sight is necessarily doomed to a single and solitary existence; that for him the experiences of love and marriage are altogether out of the question, unless he be united with an unfortunate person suffering from his own or some equal infirmity, or, in very exceptional instances, chance upon a mate so imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice as to espouse, from sheer pity, a person thus afflicted.

This seems at first a fair statement, and would, indeed, be a just conclusion, were it not deduced from unjust premises. That is, if the blind all were, or necessarily must be, the helpless, useless, whining objects of charity which they are generally—alas! often with reason—considered, there could be no two opinions as to the right of expecting any normal man or woman to be doomed to their society for life. But on the other hand, if a sightless person, by undue efforts, or unusual talents, or both, has succeeded in overcoming his misfortune, and in placing himself on a par with others, I see no reason why he may not deserve and expect a fair share of life's happiness in this as in other respects.

I have endeavored in these papers to treat the class under consideration with strict impartiality and candor—as children, as students, as active self-supporting citizens and heads of families—and to prove, for the encouragement of fellow-beings similarly burdened, the comfort of their friends, and the enlightenment of the public, what has long been my own opinion, justified by facts and experience, that loss of sight, though always deplorable, is not necessarily the hopeless and overwhelming misfortune which it is universally thought to be.

Edward B. Perry.

Re-Unions.

It is desired to print in *THE CENTURY* a compact record of the various formal meetings which have taken place between the veterans of the Union and Confederate armies; and in order to make the list more complete, the Editor will receive with thanks information of the less widely known occasions of the kind, including place, date, and names of war-organizations participating,—and accompanied, so far as possible, by printed reports of the proceedings. Address "Re-union," *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, 33 East 17th street, New York City.

The Frontispiece Portrait of Lincoln.

THE photograph from which the frontispiece to this number was engraved was taken in Springfield, Illinois early in 1861, soon after Lincoln's election. A steel engraving of this picture was used on the original ten-dollar greenback and, later, on one of the issues of 5-20 bonds. This photograph belonged to the late F. W. Ballard, to whom it was given by Mr. Lincoln.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Helen.

ON certing subjects I jest know:
There 's gals an' gals, I say,
An' the purtiest — don't care where you go —
Lived yender, crost the way.

Them ankles, round as a rollin'-pin;
That braid which hung way down;
All bright as if the day 'd struck in —
A sky gal on the groun';

A leetle color on her cheek,
Where the blood looks out o' door,
Like them fust changes on the maples
From frost, the night afore —

No use in paintin' a snowdrift white,
I need n't go no fu'ther;
God might, I s'pose — I s'pose he might —
But he never made another.

We warn't no more nor a year apart,
I 'd watched her from a chicken; —
I 'm there, right there, when you 're talkin' heart
An' this 'ere women-pickin'.

We learnt together. At a book
I hed n't no special sence,
But in lickin's — 'stead o' her, I took
The ruler more than once.

I 'd danced long wi' her rether reg'lar,
At most the scrapes in town;
Fact, I hev heerd 't was feared I 'd shake
The darned old tavern down.

I 'd helped her folks at killin'-time,
Or when hay was late in cuttin';
An' when their eatin' warn't quite prime,
Swap a bit of veal or mutton.

As I said, we started head an' head,
But she kept gainin' groun';
At last, my dander up, I said,
"I 'll in, be it swim or drown."

So, 'rangin' on 't some evenin's prev'ous,
One mornin' I hitched the pair;
An', riggin' out my most mischievous,
Druv her, spinnin', to the Fair.

To this 'ere time, to put it nice,
There was nothin' wuth declarin',
'Cept I 'd kissed her onct or twice,
At a huskin' or a parin'.

The grays, I swings! they made things whistle,
A-gittin' to the Fair;
An', like a gold finch on a thistle,
She sot beside me square.

As I was sayin', the grays warn't lazy,
We got there bright an' early;
The dew still glistenin' on the daisy,
The hills with mist all curly.

It ain't my style — doin' things by halves,
I cut the entire figur';
We took all in, from the colts an' calves
To the patent thig-a-magigger.

Ball butter, punkins two foot thro',
Turnips, an' cheese, an' honey,
Pink-eyes, rag carpets, an' patch quilts too —
We seen 'em; an' I slung some money.

I scattered the coppers; an' my pile,
I remarked, I 'd willin' risk it
That a gal I knowed could beat 'em a mile
On gingerbread and biscuit.

We heerd the speech an' lots o' the band,
See the trot an' plowin' matches;
An' I never so much as techt her hand —
Though there was some close scratches.

We made a day on 't: see all the stock,
The fruit, the home manufactur's,
An' got away at eight o'clock,
'Thout any compound fractur's.

The air was closter than I need,
An' gin me a sort o' chokin';
So I druv at no partic'lar speed,
An' tried to pluck up, jokin'.

The makeshift did n't take, somehow,
An', rether wuss than better,
Sez I, "I 'll bring things hum, right now;
If she mittings me — let her.

"Helen," sez I, a-takin' her hand,
"Anent the fire-fly's spark,
That's jest my fix — you understand —
A-burnin' in the dark."

She sot as straight, sir, straight an' still,
As a rabbit in the wood —
On top the choke I took a chill;
She certing understood.

"The goldenrods are comin' on,
The sumachs growin' brighter;
The singin' birds hev quit, an' gone"; —
I squeezed a leetle tighter.

"It's lonesome like (ez you be fair
I know you 'll be forgivin'),
An' I 've a castle in the air
Too big for *one* to live in.

"Since fust we played house-keep together —"
Here come a flash o' lightnin'!
My back-bone felt like a big wet feather,
But I kept my hand a-tightenin'.

"Ever since that day —" an' there I broke.
So did a clap o' thunder:
It seemed as if the hevings spoke,
An' I could see it stunned her.

She dropt them long, thick, sweepin' lashes,
And her face grew white all over,
Like where a sprinklin' of wood ashes
Brings up the new white clover.

I — guess we 'll let the subject drop.
Do you hear that youngster yellin'?
When he begins, I allers stop,
Give the floor to him an' — Helen.

John Vance Cheney.

The Goddess.

(DEDICATED TO T. B. ALDRICH.)

"A MAN should live in a garret aloof,
And have few friends and go poorly clad,
With an old hat stopping a chink in the roof
To keep the Goddess constant and glad."

So thought the poet and so thought I.
A garret I found me without delay,
And hung a picture of lurid gloom —
Dante and Virgil, by G. Doré.

But the saddest picture by far in the room
Was the one I made, with my bottle of ink
Spinning a verse with a thread of thought
While the wind blew fresh through the hat and
chink.

I feared that the Goddess might take a cold,
So I placed a chair in the sunset's flame,
And patiently waited a year for her,
But somehow the Goddess never came.

Frozen and sleepy there I sat,
Wasting my paper by the quire,
And warming my inspiration up
In the far-off heat of the sunset fire.

With picture and ink, and roof and chink,
I might have staid till the end of time;
For the heathen lady betrayed my cause,
And never advanced me the ghost of a rhyme.

So I cut the fringe from my trousers-leg,
A silk hat placed on my ex-combed hair,—
"Farewell," I said to the mean, bare room,
"Farewell," to the clouds and zenith air.

Once more I stood in the busy throng,
My hand by my fellow-beings pressed;
For my friends came back in happy crowds
When they found I knew no more than the rest.

Ah, poet! I would you had known, when you wrote,
How very much sadder the case might be,
To live in a garret, alone and aloof,
With never a Goddess for company.

Karl.

At First Sight.

"HAST thou a heart, O deep-eyed girl,
To match that glance of thine?
Hast thou a soul as rich and sweet,
And may I call it mine?"

"I have no heart, O blue-eyed boy;
I am a maid forlorn,
For I dreamed of you and lost my heart
Long years ere I was born!"

"I have thy heart, O beauteous maid,
And hard within my breast
It leaps to meet its owner sweet,
That it may be at rest."

"And I have thine, O fair-eyed lad;
It flutters like a feather";
"Then since they may not be exchanged,
Let's keep them close together!"

Charles H. Crandall.

"Thou Didst Not Say Me Nay."

I PRESSED thy hand at parting, thou didst not say me
nay;
A smile so soft on dimpled cheek and roguish lip 'gan
play,
I dared to kiss that tempting cheek,
I dared those honeyed lips to seek;
E'en now I scarce believe it true — thou didst not
say me nay.

I asked might I return, Love — thou didst not say me
nay;
And now I have nor rest by night, nor have I peace
by day.
And still I fear to come again,
And half misdoubt my wondrous gain;
And half misdoubt that I have dreamed thou didst
not say me nay.

Jennie W. Netter.

Meditations of a Jealous Rival.

YES, here I lounge and mope,
An abject misanthrope,
As she walks,
And looks up with winsome grace
In *his* red-mustachioed face
While he talks.

Of course she worships *him*,—
You see he's "in the swim"
And I ain't.
When he speaks, to see her laugh
One would think this golden calf
Was a saint.

The fact is, he's an heir
And owns his coach and pair,
And a house
Which he wheedled from "papa,"
Whilst I dwell in quarters à
La church mouse.

I'm but a menial clerk —
I have to grind and work
Like a mill;
And I go with baggy knees
And my coat patched up; but he's
Dressed to kill.

Whene'er I call, alack,
His hat usurps the rack,
Sure as fate;
And she jokes and romps with him,
But with me she's very prim
And sedate.

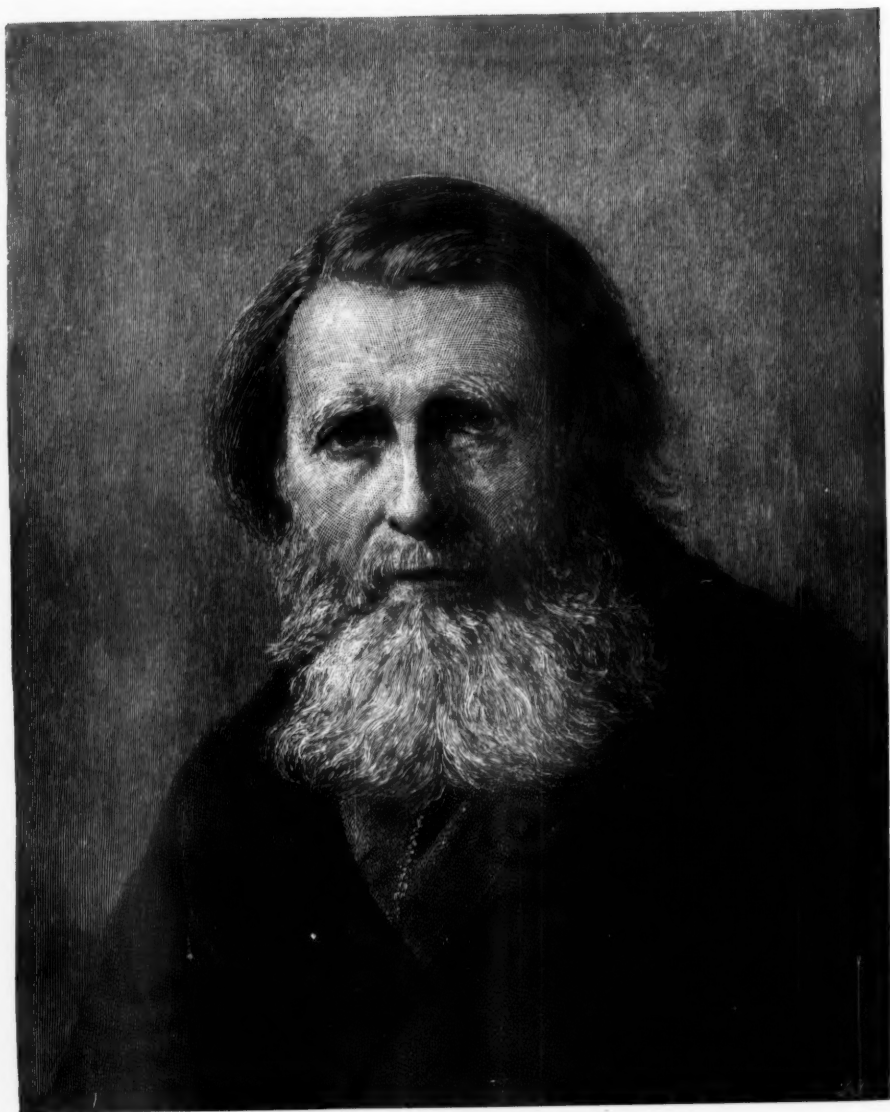
You see the reason why
I moan around and sigh,—
I've no show:
She is all eyes for the swell;
And I guess I might as well
Let her go.

They've turned the corner now,—
She sees me! got a bow!
And a smile!
Lovelier girl I never knew.
P'raps it would be better to
Wait awhile!

W. E. K.

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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD.

W. Ruskin